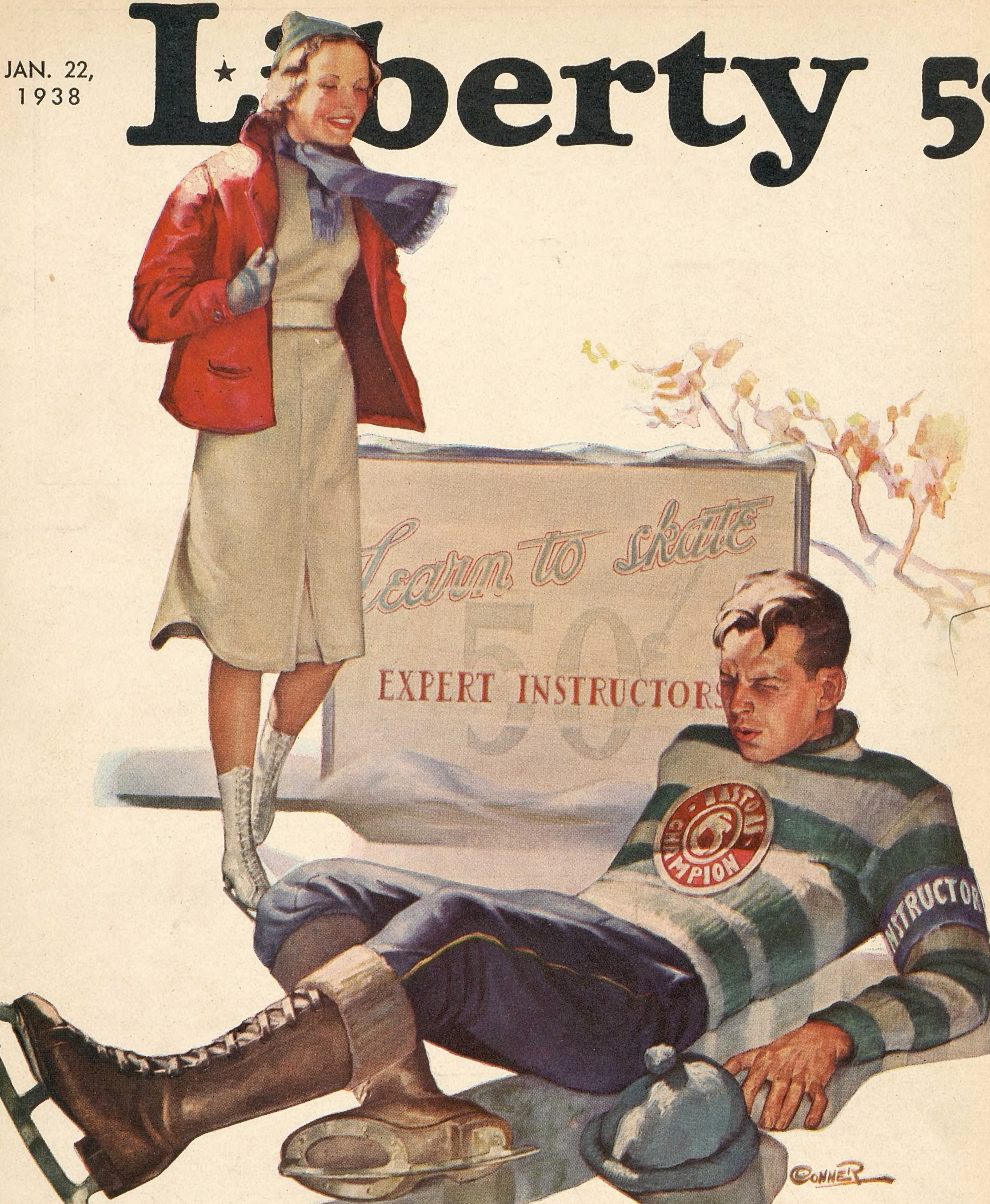
WHY OUR GIRLS BLUSH NO MORE by Rupert Hughes

Liberty

JAN. 22,
1938

5¢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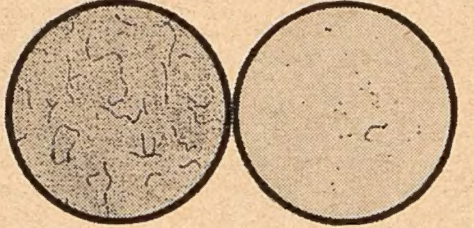
So many times a day *In Danger!*

YOU COURT A COLD several times a day. A draft, for example, may reduce body resistance so that germs residing in the throat get the upper hand. Better gargle Listerine.

SOMEONE COUGHS ON YOU—active germs accompanying colds may be carried by droplets through the air, and deposited in your throat to join other dangerous bacteria. Both may attack the tissue. Gargle Listerine.

FEET GET WET—Once more your resistance may be weakened, by wet or cold feet. Germs may continue their attack, invading the mucous membrane. To control them, gargle Listerine.

YOU KISS SOMEONE—Once more you may receive the active germs of the cold victim by direct contact. Thus, you have been exposed to a cold four times in a single day. Better gargle Listerine.



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The graphs at left show the average germ reduction effected by Listerine Antiseptic in repeated tests. Five minutes after gargling, tests showed germs were reduced 94.6% on the average; fifteen minutes after, 96.7%; one hour after, nearly 80% on the average.

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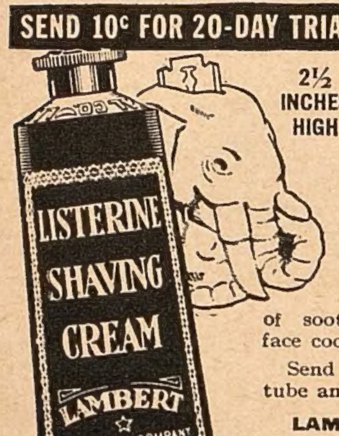

To get you to try Listerine Shaving Cream, we make this unusual bargain offer . . . Used-razor-blade container of genuine porcelain, designed by Esquire Magazine sculptor, Sam Berman . . . and 20-day trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream, both for 10¢. *Offer good in U.S. only.*

Listerine Shaving Cream is great for tough beards and tender skins. A half-inch billows into a face-full of soothing, beard-wilting lather. Leaves face cool, smooth, and eased.

Send 10¢ in coin to get your 20-day trial tube and porcelain used-blade container.

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THINK what it would mean to you and your family to escape heavy colds and their dangerous after-effects.

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LISTERINE *for* COLDS

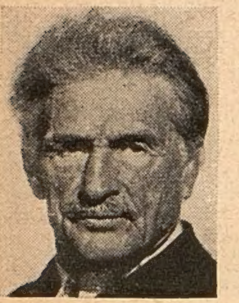
JANUARY 22, 1938
Liberty
VOL. 15, NO. 4

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

BUSINESSMEN WANT FASCISM SAYS MR. ICKES



BERNARR MACFADDEN

MR. ICKES warned us recently that big business desires Fascism. But such a statement is certainly a "laugh."

Fascism is about the last change that any businessman would desire. An executive likes to manage his own business. He certainly does not want the government to tell him what to do . . . to interfere with his management.

Now, what is Fascism, referred to so frequently at this time?

Several of our officials have mentioned it as a menace on various occasions. They have Fascism in Italy, Germany, and Japan, and in all of these countries business . . . all kinds of business . . . is controlled by the state. The government regulates the working hours. It controls the wages, up or down, as desired. A 10-per-cent decrease in wages was ordered throughout Italy on two different occasions.

And what has our government been trying to do through the NRA, for example? What are they trying to do now in their endeavor to pass the wages-and-hours bill? If these efforts are not aimed definitely in the direction of Fascism, then my reasoning is crooked.

Let me repeat that Fascism is the control of business by the government, and there is not a businessman in this country at this time who desires such a foolish regime.

Practically every business that the government has conducted or has interfered with in general management has gone on the rocks. Our railroads, most of them in the hands of receivers, were in fairly good condition before the World War. The government took them over during the war, and although it was supposed to turn them back at the end of this international controversy, it has continued to control them in many of their activities.

Managing a business intelligently is a difficult proposition. One usually has to spend many years acquiring the skill necessary to control intelligently the details of any business. And to allow favorite politicians with little or no business experience to give instructions in business matters can lead only in one direction, and that is toward the bankruptcy courts.

To be sure, when the government is paying losses, ridiculous mistakes can be continued year after year almost indefinitely . . . although governments, regardless of how strong they may be, have become bankrupt in the past, and such a sad fate is possible for us even with all our riches.

While Mr. Ickes is warning us against Fascism, the control associated with this form of government is gradually being forged by the various "must" laws that have been passed and are now being demanded by the government.

And there is the Wagner Act, which gave labor every possible privilege and hardly admits that the employer had any rights whatsoever. That is certainly leading toward Fascism.

Our Washington officials have been turning double somersaults on many occasions to acquire control not only of business but of our national activities generally.

The effort to add six additional judges to the United States Supreme Court was apparently for no other purpose than to enable Congress to pass any law that they might desire, with the assurance there would be no possible chance of its being declared unconstitutional by that judiciary.

And there is the Child Labor Amendment, that the administration has been making extraordinary efforts to pass, which would enable Washington to control the youth of our land up to eighteen years of age.

Much of the socialistic legislation, almost from the beginning of this administration, was Fascist in nature . . . or led directly toward Fascism; and when Mr. Ickes or any other government official warns us of this menacing possibility, his reasoning is defective, or he is just trying to pull the wool over the eyes of our people until they have a regimental control similar to that which the citizens of Germany, Italy, and Japan are enduring at the present time.

Bernarr Macfadden

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JOHNNY CAN'T PLAY NO MORE HE'S GOT PAWALYSIS
Join the Fight Against Infantile Paralysis

Help the President Found The Great New National Foundation

President Roosevelt said in announcing the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis:

"The purpose of the new Foundation is to lead, direct and unify the fight...to ensure that every research agency is adequately financed...to eliminate improper care and needless after effect...to disseminate knowledge to the practising physician who is the front line fighter of the sickness." What will be your response to this nation-wide appeal?

How will you answer the voices of thousands of children who the length and breadth of the land cry out—"Please help protect us from Infantile Paralysis." Certainly your answer will be swift—sure.

Reach into your pocketbook and send in a dollar bill today. Please send your dollar to:

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday

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Wake Up and LIVE

These real-life experiences have an important message for you. Read how these people have found a way to *new energy* and the full, happy kind of life everyone longs to lead

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Rogers

(Right)

"I have a swell time now..."

"Daddy and Mommie had given me the darlingest dress for the Christmas party I'd ever had, but I wanted to cry when I looked at it. My face was just one mess of hickies, and even if I did wear that swell new dress I knew I'd never get any cuts at a dance.

"There isn't any way you can cover up hickies, and they showed up like everything on me because I've got such fine skin. Then Mommie heard Fleischmann's Yeast helps clear up hickies and got me to eat 3 cakes a day. After a month my skin was grand and clear again. I have a lovely time everywhere, now."

LENORE BEARDSLEE

Miss Lenore Beardslee

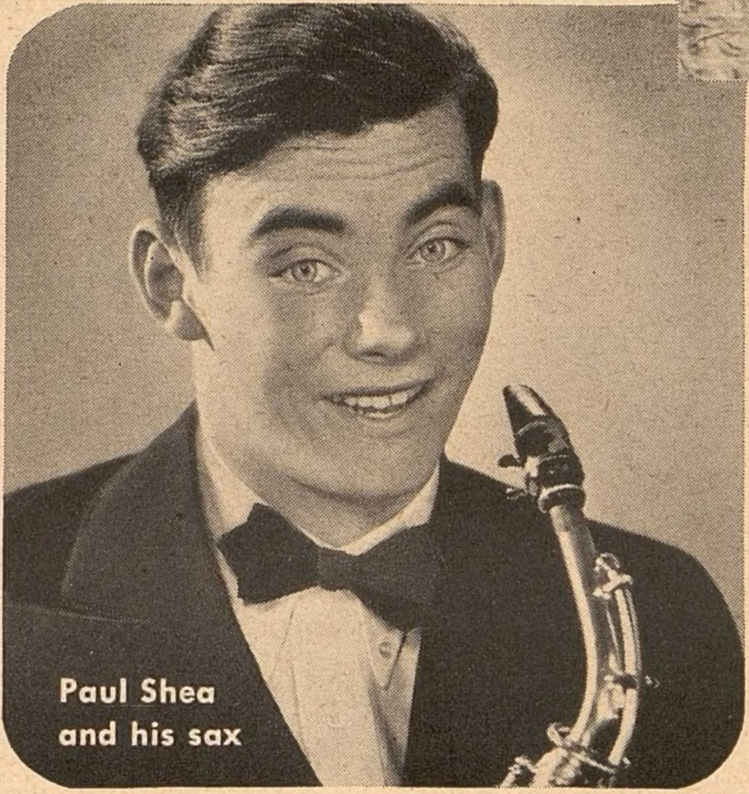
No more "nervous stomach" for Hollywood writer . . .

"Movie writers work 'on nerves.' When nerves give out, inspirations stop.

"Continually working under great pressure, I developed a 'nervous stomach.' I couldn't assimilate food. I got so upset I couldn't write—I felt irritable, became very thin and lost interest in doing things.

"I had read Fleischmann's Yeast was good for people who feel under par. So I began eating it. In a week my nerves had quieted down. My food benefited me. I began writing again and turned out more and better stuff. And my desire to get out and enjoy life has returned."

SHERMAN ROGERS


Paul Shea and his sax

(Left)

"Our orchestra's had a radio tryout . . ."

"Last year I had a fine time. I played a sax in the school orchestra and Saturday nights at a community dance. But this year when school opened my face broke out with fierce-looking pimples. They came around my mouth and hurt every time I'd blow a note on my sax. I felt pretty low and didn't want to go out at all.

"A girl in school with pimples who went to a specialist was told to take Fleischmann's Yeast. I decided to take it myself. After awhile the pimples went away. I played better than ever and our orchestra's had a radio tryout. Boy, I'm glad to tell what a swell pimple chaser yeast is!"—PAUL SHEA

Mr. Eugene Hart

(Left)

"Selling more insurance than ever . . ."

"After I came down to New York to sell insurance, I was in two bad automobile accidents. Altogether I was in bed for about six months.

"Perhaps partly from this inaction, my system got so it wouldn't work without help.

"I used to take Fleischmann's Yeast to get rid of pimples when I was a boy and I remembered that my mother said the reason the yeast helped pimples was that it cleared out the system so well.

"I started eating it and shortly I was regular again. Now I take it right along and feel great. And I am selling more insurance than ever."—EUGENE HART

IT is the prompt action of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.

These microscopic yeast plants get busy at once helping to stimulate the flow of gastric juices. Your entire system is kept cleaner and more active. Skin troubles begin to clear up—your bowels to become regular, that pepless feeling to go.

Each cake is fortified with 4 vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Nerve Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin. Eat 3 cakes daily, a cake about ½ hour before each meal.

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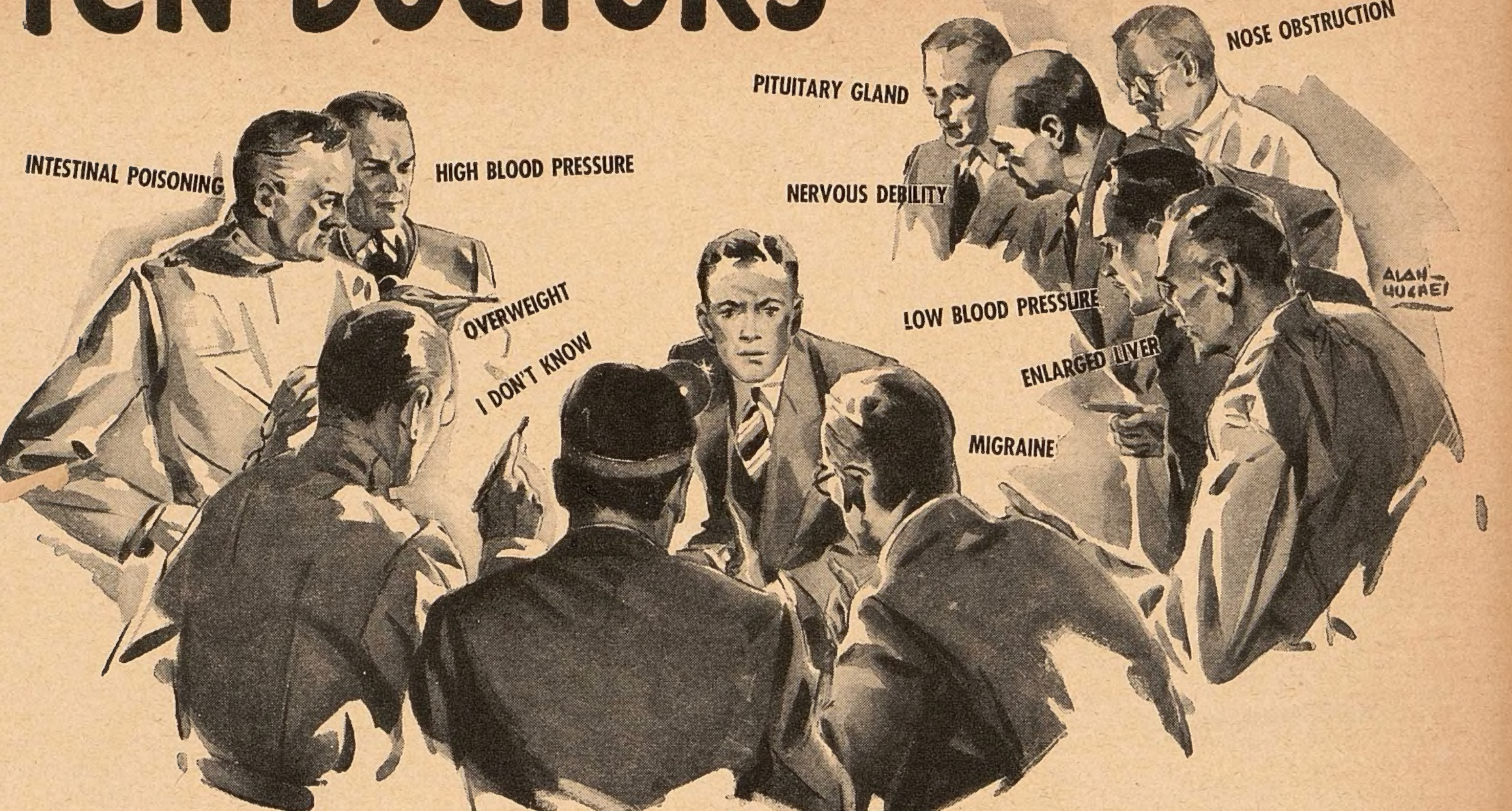
TEN DOCTORS—



NINE WRONG DIAGNOSES

An Amazing Test

℞ *Here are plain facts, presented without prejudice — The bewildering true story of a young man's startling experience*

BY HARLAN HARRISON

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I AM in my late twenties, married, the father of a husky baby daughter. Except for children's diseases, I have never been ill in my life. For the past six months, however, I have been troubled with headaches.

"You ought to see a doctor," said my wife.

But which?

Back where I came from, there was only one doctor in the whole town. In New York there were thousands. So we did what I suppose many others have done: we walked along until we saw a likely-looking sign on a likely-looking building, and rang the doctor's bell.

It was my first visit to a physician in more than ten years. It was also, though I didn't know it, the first of ten visits I was to make to ten different physicians in less than a month!

Doctor Number One said that I had an obstruction in my nose. I don't mean that he leaped at me with the idea. In fact, it was only after the examination was over and I was putting on my clothes, and he was toying with the thought of possible astigmatism, that he remembered that he had forgotten to look at my nose.

And there it was—that nasty little nasal obstruction. I must see a nose man. He knew a good one; and I must tell him that he, Doctor Number One, had sent me, so that the fee "wouldn't be very much."

Then, "Ever had a Wassermann test?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, I advise you to have one. Headaches are sometimes caused by syphilis, you know. I could do the test right now for five dollars."

"Five dollars is a lot of money to us, doctor," I said, "but we'll think it over."

The doctor then wrote two prescriptions.

The first one was for a liquid containing pyramidon, cascara, caffein, and lacto peptin. Pyramidon, I have since learned, is a drug with analgesic properties relieving pain; cascara is a laxative and a liver stimulant; caffein stimulates the heart and counteracts any depressive action of pyramidon; lacto peptin is a stomach stimulant and is also used as a vehicle for the other drugs. This prescription is supposed to relieve headache, improve digestion and bowel elimination, and thus to alleviate a toxic condition.

The second prescription was for adrenalin and rose water. This was to be used in an atomizer to control and shrink the mucous membrane in the nose.

The visit hadn't been very successful. The doctor's personality hadn't been one to inspire confidence. And he couldn't have been very sure of his nose diagnosis, if, after all, he thought the real cause might be syphilis.

Before taking any action, we decided to try one more doctor.

“Have you any children?” was Doctor Number Two’s first question; and it was followed by “How long have you been married?” and “Has your wife ever had an abortion?”

I wanted to ask him how my wife’s having an abortion—which she hadn’t—could possibly give me headaches—at least, the kind I had come to him about!

This doctor’s examination was much less thorough than the first one’s. He told me, finally, that low blood pressure was causing my headaches. It was dangerously low, he said—100. Two nights before, at the same hour, it had been normal—130.

“But how about my nose?”

“A little narrow—naturally narrow across the bridge—that’s all. Couldn’t possibly cause your headaches. I’ll give you injections of strychnine. That’ll raise your blood pressure. But first I want you to have a blood count, a urinalysis, and a Wassermann.”

There it was, that Wassermann again! I made up my mind to take the test. But I didn’t tell the doctor so. I had learned that I could get it done free at the Board of Health. Besides, I didn’t like this man—especially the first questions he had asked about my wife.

Good doctors work hard—harder than ordinary men. They carry the greatest of burdens—life and death. Good doctors do not pretend to knowledge they do not have, and the progressive ones have long since dropped this pretense of omniscience.

But are all practicing doctors this progressive? Do all have the courage, the honesty, to say "I don't know"? The fortitude to resist issuing a prescription for an ailment the nature of which they are ignorant?

To those doctors who are progressive, who are honest, who work hard and faithfully to relieve the sufferings of mankind—we doff our hats.

To others—we recommend this article!

As we were leaving, he came back to his favorite subject.

“Most of my work,” he said pointedly, as if drumming up trade, “is in obstetrics and woman’s surgery.”

I thought then, and I think now, that Doctor Number Two was an abortionist.

I took a Wassermann at the Board of Health. It was negative. I didn’t have syphilis.

And I still didn’t know the cause of my headaches.

“We’ll have to keep on trying,” said my wife; and although we could ill afford it, we did.

Doctor Number Three was a straightforward, confidence-inspiring young man of perhaps thirty, who gave me the most exhaustive questioning and the most thorough physical examination I was destined to receive. He even did a hemoglobin.

When he had finished, he stated flatly that he couldn’t tell what caused my headaches.

My left eye, he said, did not function 100 per cent. He did not think that this was enough to cause headache, but I ought on general principles to see an eye man. I was surprised that he didn’t recommend a man by name. The first doctor had been so particular about my patronizing his special nose man, with whom it is just possible he was going to split a fee.

“Any ethical oculist,” was all Doctor Number Three would say.

As for my blood pressure, it was entirely normal; and there was no trace of an obstruction in my nose.

His fee, like the other doctors’, was three dollars, but, unlike the other doctors, he didn’t say he was cutting his price as a special favor to me. In my rounds, two doctors charged me two dollars and another five, all without apology or explanation; the remaining seven charged three dollars apiece. But, of the seven, this man was the only one who did not say that it really ought to be five dollars.

He was a fine man, this straightforward young physician, and I liked him—but I didn’t know any more than I did before about what was causing my headaches.

Doctor Number Four spent a full hour with me. The big moment came when he took my blood pressure. It was high, very high—140. The evening before it had been normal—130. On the two earlier occasions it had been normal—130—and low—100.

Now even I knew that blood pressure varies some from hour to hour—for example, after a full meal and during unusual excitement or exertion. It happened, however, that all four of these visits to doctors were made at the same time of day and during the same period of digestion, and had been accompanied or preceded by no unusual emotional or physical strain.

“You are overweight,” said Doctor Number Four, “and that makes your blood pressure go up.”

He suggested that I diet to take off fifteen pounds.

To offset the dieting, I suppose, he prescribed globules of hepicoleum, which I have since been informed consists of Vitamins A and D combined with fish oil—a preparation said to be effective in building up resistance and vitality but scarcely calculated to assist in reducing high blood pressure.

An obstructed nose, a low blood pressure, a bum eye, a high blood pressure—that was the score to date.

I use the word “score” advisedly. The thing was getting to be a game. From this point on, we continued our visits to medicine men as much to find out what they would say next as with any hope of getting cured.

But we played fair in every respect. We told each man our real names. We described the headaches to the best of our ability. We said or did nothing to divert him from a fair and honest diagnosis.

We were careful, too, not to select our doctors from any particular section of the city. On our list, when we had finished, were doctors living on Riverside Drive, Fifth Avenue, Central Park West, West End Avenue, and in various other sections of the city.

Most impressive of the lot was Doctor Number Five. When he walked into his waiting room, my wife and I both felt as if we were sitting on a Hollywood movie stage—he was so much like Hollywood’s conception of what a successful doctor looks like. His first words heightened the impression, for they were spoken in a highly cultivated foreign accent. Wholly cultivated, we soon found out, for every once in a while he dropped back into perfectly good New Yorkese.

In spite of his impressiveness, this doctor gave me the most casual examination I had had to date. He skipped lightly over my ears, eyes, nose, and throat, gave scant attention to the sinuses and glands of the neck, stopped a moment at heart and lungs, tried the reflexes, and uncovered a normal 130 blood pressure.

When he had finished, he sat himself with great dignity behind a wide, impressive desk.

“I find nothing wrong with your heart or lungs,” he said, “but you are a little overweight. This is due to the improper functioning of your liver. It does not secrete a proper amount of bile. I will prescribe some pills. You will take two of these three times a day.”

The doctor then wrote his prescription. It consisted solely of caroid and bile salts, a preparation which I am told is widely used to act upon the digestive system and the liver.

With all these things the matter with me—nose obstructed, eye not focusing, blood pressure low and high, liver on a sit-down strike—I was already feeling pretty sick, when up stepped Doctor Number Six and gave me something else to worry about: I had intestinal poisoning.

I must cut down on my eating, reduce my smoking to a minimum—I am a very moderate smoker anyhow—and above all stop taking aspirin to ease the pain in my head. Then he gave me a prescription that was half aspirin! The other ingredients, I have since learned, were caffein, sodium benzoate, amytal, and phenacetin, combined with several coal-tar products to make a potion which might relieve pain but would apparently do little else. He also prescribed sodium phosphate, a mild laxative, digestive, and liver stimulant.

On this medicinal diet I was expected to recover from intestinal toxemia!

I took a terrible beating from Doctor Number Seven—and by beating I mean *beating*. He worked on my head from the outside, the way a phrenologist does when he feels your bumps. Then, with less feel and more punch, he went after my body from neck to sole.

“I have found a reason for your trouble,” he said, when he had finished his thumpings. “There is a nerve over your left eye that is irritated. Your liver is enlarged, too."

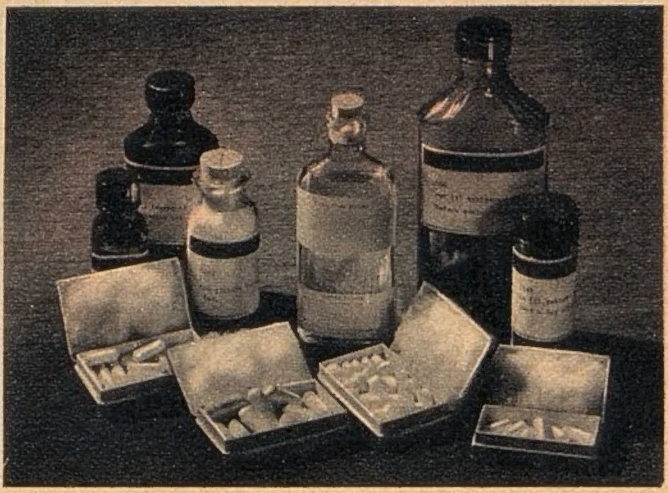
None of the six examiners who had preceded this man had noted this enlarged liver, although I am told that it is one of the easiest conditions to locate even by a superficial examination. Neither did the three doctors who were to follow him note any such condition. Even the man who had said that my liver wasn't secreting enough bile didn't say that it was enlarged.

Oh, well, I was getting used to these amazing inconsistencies, and simply waited for the prescribed course of treatment. This turned out to be a mixture of laradon and amytal for the temporary relief of pain, and another mixture of sodium phosphate and cascara for its stimulating effect on the digestive organs, the intestinal tract, and, of course, incidentally the liver. After I had exhausted these medicines I was to come back and take electrical treatments. Then, he said, my headaches would surely disappear.

Doctor Number Eight skidded through his examination at breakneck speed.

My wife asked him especially about my nose, eyes, and liver, all of which had been found wanting by one or another of the other medicos. According to this man, all of these members were O. K. My real trouble was nervous debility. That was what was causing my headaches.

Whereupon he whipped out his prescription pad and ordered a bottle of aspirin, phenacetin, caffein, and good old bicarbonate of soda. This mixture, as I now know, was merely intended to relieve pain and overcome gastric hyperacidity. Its relation to nervous debility was, to say the least, nebulous.



Just what the ten doctors ordered !

Doctor Number Nine's examination was more or less superficial although much more thorough than the four which had preceded it. He spent a good deal of time on my nose, teeth, and throat, and tested my eyes with unusual care. Then, without the slightest hesitation, he informed me that my headaches were due to the improper functioning of the pituitary gland.

"What's that, doctor?" I asked, for he had certainly pulled a new one on me.

"It's the gland that lies behind your nose and under your brain," he replied. "It isn't doing its work. You must have injections—six or eight."

Two credit marks should be put against this man's name. He didn't pretend to know it all, and he had the good sense to ask me, as only one other had done, if I had ever suffered from head injuries.

The questions the various doctors asked, all the way down the line, varied almost as much as their diagnoses. Only six of them asked me about my own medical history; only four about my family's; only one asked me about my diet; only five about my occupation; only these two about possible injuries to the head.

How many would have asked me about syphilis if I hadn't blanketed them with my Wassermann, I don't know; but I gathered the impression that the recent publicity had made the medical profession suddenly syphilis-conscious—which is fine, if it doesn't develop, at the rate of five dollars per consciousness, into a racket.

The blank spots in their physical examinations also impressed me. Two didn't examine my eyes; two didn't try my reflexes; three paid no attention to my ears; three others to my sinuses; four didn't look into my nose. Except for the thumper, who didn't pretend to make any examination at all in the conventional sense, I should say that the doctors divided about as follows: one, very thorough; two, thorough; three, superficial; two, careless; one, rushed.

Doctor Number Ten was one of the thorough ones. He worked rapidly but with precision, and, so far as a layman could tell, omitted nothing. Then he told me that there wasn't anything the matter with me that would cause headaches, gave me the usual pain-reducing prescription, which he referred to as empirin, told me to keep my weight down and "forget it."

"But, doctor, I thought headaches were always a symptom of something?"

"Not all headaches," was his cryptic answer.

I have checked up on that last point and find that he was technically within his rights. Migraine, which is often called "sick headache," may be classed as an independent disease of more or less nervous origin and of more or less hereditary nature. It comes on at fairly regular intervals, usually on one side of the head, lasts a certain number of hours, usually from dawn to sundown, is accompanied by nausea and followed by hunger.

The only trouble with the doctor's diagnosis was that my headaches were not that kind. They didn't come on in the morning; they didn't confine themselves to one side of my head; they didn't come at regular intervals; and they didn't last for hours at a time. Moreover, they couldn't possibly be hereditary, because there was no record of that kind or any other kind of headache in the family from which I sprang.

The plain fact was that Doctor Number Ten couldn't find what was the matter. He thought he had to guess something—so he guessed migraine; and guessed wrong.

It is not my purpose to base an argument on the facts which I have related in these paragraphs.

This is not an attack on the medical profession; it is simply an account of what happened to one person who turned to it for help. Whether the same situation would exist in the case of any ten doctors selected at random as these were, I don't know. I have been interested, however, to look up the histories and supposed qualifications of these ten medicos, and find, to my distress, that they are a fairly representative lot. Seven have had experience in well known metropolitan hospitals. All are licensed to practice under the supposedly rigid laws of the State of New York.

And, if you remember, this is what they told me:

1. I had an obstruction in my nose, and must see a nose specialist.
2. There was nothing the matter with my nose, but one of my eyes did not focus 100 per cent, and I must see an eye specialist.
3. I had low blood pressure, and must have strychnine injections to raise it.
4. I had high blood pressure and must diet to lower it.
5. My liver was enlarged, and I must take electrical treatments to reduce it.
6. My liver was not enlarged, but it did not secrete enough bile, and I must take pills to make it secrete more.
7. My pituitary gland was not functioning properly, and I must have glandular injections to get it working again.
8. I was suffering from intestinal poisoning, and must cut down on my eating and smoking.
9. I had a case of nervous debility, and must take pills to deaden the pain.
10. There was nothing the matter with me and my headaches were just headaches.

Ten doctors.
Ten diagnoses.
Ten courses of treatment.
All different.
Was any one of them right?

Well, for the credit of the profession, it should be recalled that one man was honest enough to say "I really don't know." That was the young fellow who sent me to an eye man "on general principles." I don't know that he is any better doctor than the other nine, but I am willing to string along with him until I can find at least two other doctors somewhere who can agree on what is the matter with me and what should be done about it.

Meanwhile, I still have my headaches!

THE END

Tempera

By ETHEL DOHERT

The sprightly, exciting story of a Hollywo

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

TO be " temperamental " is, in motion-picture parlance, to be handed all the breaks in the matter of salary and the top spotlight, and then behave like a termagant when things go wrong. A sure sign of the temperamental female is the putting on of superior airs.

MacGregor's technical crew had been afflicted with such a one on the last picture before this one. She was the star, Clarice Clavering. The men were a hard-working lot, for the most part genial, long-suffering. A " regular " person, to them, was the reverse angle on the temperamental. MacGregor was regular and they would break their necks for him. But for the Clarice Claverings of the studio they would not lift a hand willingly—unless, as they exaggeratedly threatened, they might drop a spotlight on them.

There was a lull in the day's shooting while MacGregor went to the front office for a conference, and the actors had scattered to their dressing rooms. The troupe was clustered on the huge dim sound stage.

" Yep, we've got another Clarice, all right," Bill, the head electrician, said gloomily, holding a flaming match in his powerful hands before lighting a cigarette for the dapper Morrison, who headed the sound crew.

" Would you mind holding it a bit closer, me man? " Morrison squeaked in falsetto, a flagrant aping of a " cultured " accent. " And pick up me script, do."

Bill refused to be diverted from his gloom. " What's a script girl got to be temperamental about? "

" What has any one? " Morrison demanded, resuming his normal tone. " And our little Duchess hasn't pulled a Clarice scene—yet."

" But look how she expects us to wait on her," Harry, the property man, complained bitterly. He was a remarkably thin youth who carried the weight of every production on his anxious face and stooping shoulders. " I lug her chair and pick up her things—"

" Don't we all? " Morrison said good-naturedly. " But why, I ask you? "

" Weakness of the male in front of a pretty gal," deduced Handley, the jolly old Saint Nick of cameramen. " We'd better start treating the Duchess rough, like we do you—eh, Jean? " He rumpled the red hair of a girl who was sitting on the floor, leaning against his chair. " On the next picture we'll have a chance to snowball her plenty for six weeks and—"

" Aw, do we have to take her on the snow location? " groaned Bill.

CLIFF stood up suddenly and said: " Let's *black*ball her before we start! " Cliff was the assistant director and fancied himself a modern Simon Legree, dressing the part in riding breeches and boots, speaking always in loud commanding tones. " I'll take it up with MacGregor. There's plenty more script girls who *need* a job."

" Now, that's going too far," Morrison protested.

" You in the habit of snitching girls' chances, Cliff? " Jean spoke up crisply, her cigarette sending a cascade of ashes down her blue slacks.

Cliff justified himself. " She wouldn't be let out of the studio. She got her job through the front office. Let 'em give her to some drawing-room outfit. We make he-man pictures."

" Here she comes," Handley warned him.

Katherine Forsythe was coming down the sound stage. Any woman would discern that the suit she wore was dated, belonging unmistakably to the narrow-shouldered era. But a Paris couturier had shaped it, once upon a time, to a figure which was still a symphony of youth and slender beauty, and Katherine walked in it now with distinction.

She paused a moment and glanced hesitantly toward the group about the property kit. The men were all engaged in elaborate conversation about skis and toboggans. Katherine was not used to being ignored. Nature had given her a face on which glances unconsciously lingered—a vivid coloring, eager eyes, a wistful mouth. In these last weeks, discovering that the dashed, bewildered look which succeeded upon the crash of her father's fortunes got her nowhere in this new world, she had

ntal Lady

ND LOUISE LONG

ript girl and a movie crew on the warpath

MacGregor said: "Because you couldn't relay orders, I'm firing you." She swallowed painfully. "Fair enough."

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

cultivated a purposeful, alert, competent expression. Unfortunately this look, combined with high-bred features, made her appear what the boys called "ritzy."

She braced herself almost visibly and went forward to the group.

"Hi, Toots," Jean greeted her instantly. In one way Jean was Katherine's superior, being the cutter for whom the script girl made a record of the scenes.

Katherine smiled at them all, but no one else except Jean was smiling. Cliff got up grudgingly and shoved his chair toward her. She shook her head quickly and said in her clear soft voice: "Oh, please don't bother!"

It was unlucky for Katherine that Clarice's favorite camouflage had been a fair imitation—except when she was angry—of the manner and speech to which Katherine had been born.

"I just wanted to ask," she hurried on, "if you think I can manage with just sweaters and things up in the snow—or should I take a fur coat?"

The question was important, since her only fur coat was a ratty sable left to her among Aunt Phoebe's things.

Bill's great muscular body heaved itself slowly out of its chair. "By all means wear the mink," he said with heavy sarcasm, and turned to his crew. "Come on, boys, let's get going."

THE others drifted away about various duties, all but Jean. Katherine was biting her lips and there were tears in her eyes.

"What have I done to them, Jean?" she asked, dropping down into Handley's vacated chair.

"It's nothing you've done," Jean said carefully. "It's the way you were raised. They think you're pulling a Clarice Clavering."

Katherine stared at her, incredulity struggling with horror in her face.

"Couldn't you learn to talk American, for instance, kid? That would be a help—"

"Good gracious!" Katherine thought a moment. "I see. . . . I don't know what all their words mean yet, but—"

"You needn't mind learning some of 'em," Jean broke in hastily. "But take your clothes, now. You don't have to look like a million dollars, do you—on your pay check?"

Katherine looked down at the perfect press of the Paris suit. "They're what's left from the sale of my wardrobe. I don't make enough money to buy new ones."

"Well, for Pete's sake, then, get chummy with the boys and let 'em in on the secret! They don't make much more than you do—and they've got families, too. Look, kid, it's kind of important if you want to keep your job. I mean, if one member of the crew doesn't fit—"

"I know. That worries me. But, above all, I want to succeed because—oh, I've decided that human relations are just as important as the technical end."

"You haven't tried very hard on that, have you?" Jean asked.

"No, I haven't," Katherine admitted honestly. "I've been too busy learning to be a script clerk."

"And I'll say you've done a swell job. But this business of human relations, now—if you'd only struck that idea sooner, the boys wouldn't have been fooled by your duchess manners. Anyway, you can make a better start with another troupe. You're safe, since you came in through pull." Jean paused to light another cigarette.

"But if I don't succeed with Mr. MacGregor, I'm out. Mr. Rodman said so when he employed me."

"Oh, my gosh! Well, look. Then get busy right away. Maybe it isn't too late." Jean was looking at her apprehensively. "Though there's only the rest of today and tomorrow night left on this picture."

Katherine checked the words on her lips as she saw Morrison approaching. He hunted about for his wrench and then was reminded of an urgent need on seeing the cloud of smoke around Jean's head. She drew out her crumpled pack and he abstracted a flattened cigarette.

"Thanks, old trouper," he said affectionately. "Always Johnny-on-the-spot for us. Right?"

Katherine sat forward in her chair impulsively, a new idea struggling for expression. Her handkerchief slid to the floor and she saw it as soon as Morrison did, but she waited for him to retrieve it as a matter of course. Only Jean noted the perceptible instant before he stooped, and the tired look he gave the girl.

He rushed away without waiting for thanks, and Katherine said eagerly:

"I should think of doing little things for them, too! We're like a family. The troupe spirit—give and take—"

Jean grinned. "That's the idea. You'll think it out. You've just never been part of a working gang before. You probably looked upon your father's employees as servants."

"Oh, I never knew them. But, Jean, these men must be exceptional. They're such experts, and they care so much about the work—they're so loyal to Mr. MacGregor, and to each other—"

"They're O. K.," admitted Jean. "But the point is, each man has his own job to look after. They've no time to act like the men you've known in your aunt's drawing room—even if they all knew how."

"Oh!" Katherine settled back looking troubled, drawing the handkerchief slowly through her fingers. "Have I—" Her anxious glance focused somewhere beyond Jean's shoulder.

Jean saw her face change as startlingly as a leaden sky when a shaft of sunlight pierces it, and turned her head to see MacGregor coming through the heavy soundproof door. He was tall and loosely put together, almost awkward in his handling of his great length. His brown rock-hewn face was homely, yet it held terrific charm for men, women, children, and dogs alike.

He came straight to Katherine and reached for her script. "I'll have another look at this scene," he said.

As he stood there, running his eyes over the dialogue, Katherine looked up at him expectant, shining-eyed. Jean dropped her gaze hastily, for the girl's face was wide open, and it wasn't fair.

MacGregor smiled suddenly over the edge of the page. "That change you suggested is slick," he told Katherine, and she looked as if she had been awarded an Academy prize.

Jean felt more uncomfortable than ever. If Katherine Forsythe lost this job, she was going to be sunk—absolutely submerged. Even if MacGregor did seem to approve of her, he couldn't be counted upon to stand by her if his picked crew, who had been with him for years, was against her.

He moved away, still reading the dialogue.

JEAN," Katherine asked quickly, "will you lend me a pair of slacks to wear tomorrow night? We're going to work on the ship, you know."

Jean looked at her pityingly. She knew in her heart that Katherine's campaign was too late, but she mustn't let the girl see it. "Sure, kid. I'll bring 'em down tomorrow. Glad I don't have to go on location any more."

MacGregor was on the set planning his scene when Cliff came striding up, full of business.

"Look, boss, we can get Ruth Green for the snow picture—"

MacGregor looked up from the script. "What? But Miss Forsythe is the script girl assigned to this unit."

"That's what I want to talk to you about. Sit down a minute, will you, boss? I'm speaking for the troupe."

MacGregor gave him his attention, sitting on a locker and beginning to draw circles on the floor with a curious old whale lance which was a prop in the picture.

Cliff talked rapidly: "This Duchess now—that's what we call Forsythe—we can't take her on a long hard location. We've got no time to pick up her things and stand at attention, let alone listen to that ritzy voice of hers complaining about the cold and the grub—"

"Is she a whiner?" MacGregor asked in surprise.

"Well, she would be if things were tough. She's the type. Society gal, you know."

Cliff put in that last shrewdly, for it was well known that MacGregor had had a complex on that subject ever since his brief marriage experience some years before with the heiress of a famous fortune.

MacGregor grinned. "They throw fifty-dollar service plates at your head, boy! . . . But Miss Forsythe—"

"She's no sport, I tell you, boss. She couldn't stand the gaff on location—and the rest of us don't feel like putting up with her tantrums."

MacGregor darted a keen look at him. "Location work brings out what you are, all right. Manners and speech are trifles. Maybe yours get on *her* nerves, though she's never betrayed it. But if she's spoiled and can't take it . . . Well, suppose we see how she comes through tomorrow night's location? That will be her first."

Cliff got up. "O. K. But you'd better know, boss, that the whole troupe's sore as goats. And that's not healthy."

"Think it doesn't mean anything to me?" MacGregor flashed suddenly, throwing aside the lance with unexpected vehemence. "That is," he recovered himself, "I've always demanded harmony in my troupe—it makes for better pictures. Now get the cast on the set."

"Comin' right up, boss."

"And put five extra men on your call for tomorrow night—to take the places of fellows who might get hurt. It's going to be hell."

THE ship sequence had to do with a rescue during a hurricane in the South Seas. The old studio ship had been made over from her last appearance as a pirate brigantine into a whaling ship of the period of 1800. She had been equipped with masts partly cut through so that they would fall in the make-believe storm, sails, whaleboats, harpoons, all the picturesque details patterned after old prints.

The generator, sound truck, and big lights had been put aboard during the afternoon, along with the wind machine and the apparatus for making rain. Then the ship had been towed into the outer harbor, where it would be out of camera shot of land lights. At night the actors and technicians would come aboard.

Katherine was to come out on the last tender with MacGregor and the cast—all men for these scenes, dressed in period costume.

Cliff and Handley, Morrison, Harry, and the others were already aboard as the dark descended.

"Tonight," Cliff reminded them, "throws the dice. MacGregor said so."

"Looks like a frame-up to me," growled good-natured Handley. "Though she does get my nanny."

Harry, looking anxious but firm, said: "Well, if the boss sees how she slows up production—"

"That's what we've got to remember," Cliff approved him. "It's up to her. We don't have to do a thing—just give her enough rope. Only be sure MacGregor sees you neglect your own jobs to wait on her, see?"

Katherine, dressed in Jean's slacks and a sweater, scrambled up the rope ladder of the tender, clutching her script under one arm. MacGregor was just behind her, but she did not wait for assistance from him. Nor from the boys who came forward at once as she put one foot over the bulwark. She had been practicing a greeting: "Hi, gang!" but forgot it as she jumped down. Her foot touched a light cable, her ankle twisted under her, and she went headlong to the deck. The heavy book was flung out of her grasp, the crash jarred open the board cover, and pages of the precious script scattered out over the deck.

Men rushed to lift her, others to recover the script, and this was the scene which greeted MacGregor as he clambered over the side. There was no solicitude in his voice when he said to the girl, "Hurt yourself?"

"N-no," she told him, wincing as she put her weight on her foot.

MacGregor was already striding down the deck yelling for Captain Lars, the caretaker of the old tub.

"Hurry up! Signal the tugs to tow us out."

"The old man's boiling," Handley observed. "What's eating him? Set 'em up, boys. He'll want to shoot *pronto.*"

"We've got a hell of a lot of scenes to shoot in one night," Cliff bellowed. "Step on it!"

They all knew, except Katherine, what grinding labor lay ahead. Breakaways to be timed exactly to fall into camera angles—and not hurt the actors. Sloshing about in water, dragging heavy

(Continued on page 14)

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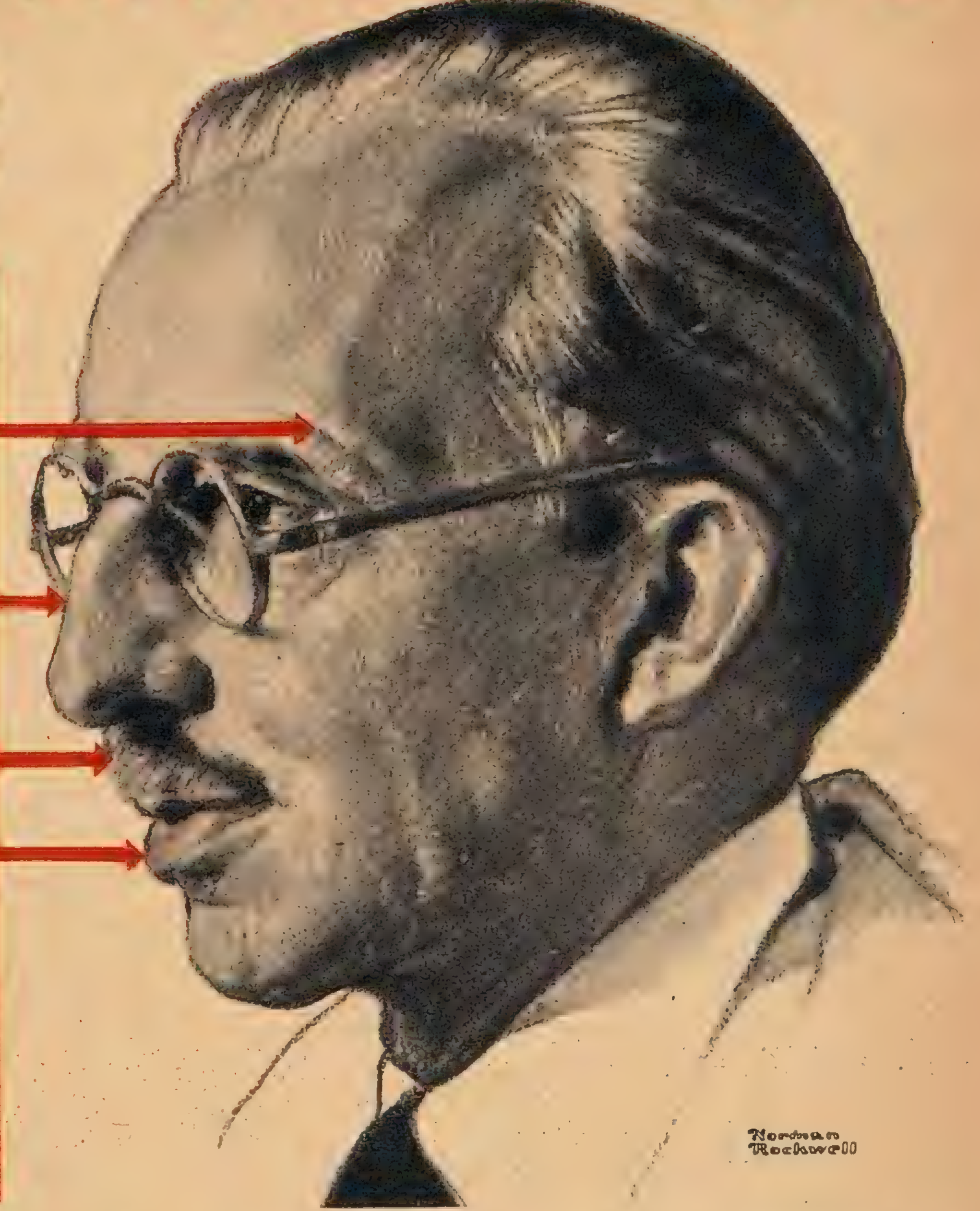

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(Continued from page 12)

equipment over slippery decks, discomfort from the wind created by the machine. Moreover, the California night had turned cold enough to demand smudge pots in the orange groves.

When MacGregor had rehearsed the first scene, he said: "We'll shoot it now." Then he saw Katherine shivering in her sweater. "Why didn't you dress warmly?" he asked gruffly, and turned to the property man who was standing by, ready with a harpoon. "Get her a coat and slicker."

"Please don't b-bother," Katherine begged through chattering teeth.

Harry dropped the harpoon and ran to his kit.

"Just enough rope—" Cliff muttered to Handley.

They all waited for Harry while he brought a man's costume coat and a slicker and helped Katherine into them.

"I'm sorry," she whispered to him, "but I don't possess a heavy coat."

"How about the mink?"

"It's a sable. About fifty years old—and patches of fur gone from the elbows!" Katherine laughed aloud.

"Quiet!" yelled Cliff.

"Camera," MacGregor said tersely, and the actors started their scene under the microphone.

Katherine was bitterly humiliated. It was the first time she had made a sound when a scene was ready for shooting and it was the cardinal sin of the picture world. She wrote down the action with a shaking hand.

Harry returned to her when they were changing setups. "Maybe there's a lot we don't know about you," he said perplexedly. "Like that coat. Say—do you *need* this job?"

Pride struggled for a moment. Then she said simply: "Just about as badly as you need yours, probably."

He stared at her and she wondered at the deepened worry in his careworn young face. He hesitated, looking over at Cliff. But the moment passed as he was sent hurrying on four errands at once.

They got through the dialogue scenes first and then scrapped the sound for the hurricane scenes. Sound could be "dubbed in" later. Now the real work of the night was beginning. But Morrison had been jumping pretty steadily, his crew having to maneuver the sound apparatus in limited quarters. He stood rattling a matchbox and searching his pockets futilely.

For Katherine a great moment had come. She reached into her pocket and eagerly brought up a box of cigarettes, holding it out, open, smiling up at him.

HE looked into her face, astonished, saying awkwardly: "Why—thanks—" as he took a cigarette. Then he saw what it was. An expensive imported affair that only remotely resembled his idea of a smoke. He grimaced and replaced it hastily. "Whew! I couldn't go one of those things!" He turned away, stopped, and then came slowly back to say, "But, gee—it was swell of you to offer it!"

She smiled back at him, but after he had gone she regarded the despised box with suspicion. She had been at pains to buy the brand her father's friends had carried. Meditatively she dropped the box over into the black water, leaning to see it disappear, when she heard Cliff's voice behind her: "What you throwing overboard?"

"Today's lunch," she told him, not looking up.

"Oh!" He tried to see her face. "Seasick?" Then hastily, for fear his voice betrayed triumph, "Poor kid! That's a shame!"

She turned swiftly, sudden happiness flooding her at the first kind word from him. Before she could speak, MacGregor shouted for her and she went to him quickly.

"Did they exit right or left in that last scene?"

"Right. . . . Isn't Cliff a dear, Mr. MacGregor?"

He looked down at her, an absurd little figure in the coat and slicker many sizes too large; at her face, alive and eager and yet somehow wistful under the small brimmed hat. "A dear? That's what you think!" She could not read his expression, but he finished with an impatient lift of the shoulders. "He's an excellent assistant."

Harry was distributing rubber boots and sou'westers, as rain was about to deluge them from the apparatus. In the next scene the hurricane was to strike the ship in all its fury—a hurricane which had already been photographed by the special effects department. The gaff topsail was to fall, carrying its rigging in a tangled mass to the deck. It must be timed to the fraction of a second so that the actors, reefing sail, could play their parts and then jump for their lives.

"Watch where each man runs," MacGregor cautioned Katherine. "They'll never remember in the excitement."

The grips were ready to remove the braces. The cameras began turning, the wind was released, the rain poured from pipes above the actors. They went through the scene. At a shout the breakaway was started, the topmast and boom began to fall. Another shout from MacGregor and the men beneath scrambled for safety.

Katherine forgot danger, her alert mind registering every exit, in spite of crashing timbers and sailcloth. MacGregor was tense, as always when human life was in danger.

"They're free!" he cried exultantly. "Cut!"

He turned, then, to find Katherine pinned under a mesh of ratlines and Cliff trying to haul her out.

"She would!" Cliff said under his breath as every man left his post and assisted in the rescue. When it was ascertained that the girl was not hurt, he yelled at the crew for MacGregor's benefit: "You fellows tend to your own jobs! No time to give unnecessary service here!"

Harry said: "Cripes, Cliff, you don't have to rub it in!" and then retreated hastily before Cliff's level glance.

MacGregor looked like a thundercloud, and Katherine watched the wreckage after that. In spite of her care she fell once or twice on the slippery deck, and to her astonishment the whole troupe rushed to her aid—that is, all but Morrison and Harry, who lagged behind, looking mulish, until Cliff spurred them on. Katherine did not blame MacGregor for his irritation at his crew's diverted attention.

THE night wore on, full of incredible discomfort and confusion and noise. The actor who was to be rescued in the picture was brought in gasping. The mainmast cracked up in a spectacular long shot. MacGregor drove them all relentlessly as he steadily filed scenes away on film. He seemed driven by a demon himself—not of work but of anger.

Handley groaned once and leaned his head against the camera, all his well fed curves drooping grotesquely. Katherine looked at him in concern and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Sit down a minute," she urged, pushing a camera case under him. "You're so tired you've really lost your smile!"

There was an unfortunate lilt in her voice as she tried to rally him, and Handley was edgy with fatigue. He did not look up to see the solicitude in her eyes as he growled, "Heaping coals of fire—because I didn't offer you a seat?"

Katherine drew back as if she had been struck. MacGregor wheeled swiftly and saw the look on her drenched face, her blue eyes blazing. He flinched as sharply as if he expected service plates to come hurtling through the air. But Katherine got herself under control, and said nothing except to give the camera boy a number.

Handley, who had walked away, came back to her apologetically. "I didn't mean to be an old bear—"

She smiled up at him radiantly. "It's nothing! We're all tired enough to bite each other's heads off."

Cliff hurried past just then, and halted in amazement as he saw Handley grinning fatuously at the Duchess. Nothing like an old fool with a pretty girl, was the thought written on his face.

Things went wrong. Breakaways did not always break as they should. The topgallant yard went off into the sea without being photographed. Actors were stupid with weariness, necessitating retakes. Sometimes the rain failed at a crucial moment. Once something went wrong with the film. The troupe did not stop for midnight supper with the cast, but each man hurried down to the cabin when he could, for coffee and a bite of food which Harry had ready.

Cliff began to look sallow and strained. Morrison glanced at him and said:

"How's about some Java?"

"No time!" Cliff threw over his shoulder as he rushed to line up the extras.

Katherine dived down to the cabin and brought up a tin cup of coffee and a sandwich, thrusting them into Cliff's hands. He gulped down the coffee without a word and began devouring the sandwich as he ran.

MacGregor saw the eastern sky lightening ominously and renewed his efforts to get all the scenes before daylight made it impossible.

"I'll take the second camera and get Austin's close-ups aft," he called. "Cliff, you and Handley get the rest of the foremast falling. If it carries the jibs overboard, all the better. That's all the stuff left."

"Oke," said Cliff, rather feebly for him.

Katherine went with MacGregor, and it was while he was rehearsing his scene that he turned to say to her:

"Chase back to Cliff. Tell him to pan down on the rigging as it gives way and then *stay on those fellows*—never mind what happens to the rigging after it falls."

She hurried forward, picking her way through the debris, until she reached the group on the foredeck. Handley had set up for a straight-on shot, and Katherine noted that Bill had not lighted the rigging for a panning shot.

"Listen, Cliff," she began breathlessly, when she saw him reel and clutch at the camera tripod, his face drained of all color.

"Hey!" shouted Handley irately, steadying the camera. Then he looked more closely at Cliff. "Boy, you're seasick!"

Cliff started to deny it and heard Katherine's compassionate voice:

"Oh, you poor dear!"

Katherine looked up, shining-eyed.

He straightened himself with an effort, his humiliation mounting to rage, only to find that Katherine was giving a change of orders to Handley. Apparently not sensing that it was a message from MacGregor, Cliff said angrily, "Who's directing this scene?"

"Why, you, of course, Cliff," Katherine began; "but—"

Handley said worriedly, "Sure you understood? MacGregor told us just what he wants. The rigging—falling into scene and going overboard—"

Katherine shook Cliff's arm desperately, which seemed only to incense him further. "Tell him, Cliff! He *must* stay on the men and let the rigging go—"

"Shoot it the way the boss told us, Handley," Cliff ordered, and stumbled forward to instruct the actors.

With an apprehensive glance at the sky, Handley signaled the grips to stand by for the breakaway, Bill to light the scene. Katherine was still arguing with Cliff when he shouted, "Camera!"

The rigging fell with a crash across the deck and over the side, and MacGregor came running up.

"Get it?" he asked as the camera ceased to turn.

"You bet," Handley announced with satisfaction.

Cliff seconded him: "In the box, boss."

But MacGregor's eyes were on the set-up, the lights.

"Didn't I send word—" he roared. "Miss Forsythe, where are you?"

Katherine came forward. "I gave them the wrong directions," she said clearly. "I couldn't remember just what you said."

Handley was looking alarmed and a little sheepish. "Hey, wait a minute—"

But MacGregor was shouting furiously: "Set 'em up again—and this time stay on the men! We're photographing action—not scenery! You grips get that mess up as best you can and throw it down into scene. We'll lose panning on the rigging falling but it's the best we can do. Hurry up! Don't you see that daylight coming?"

There was no time for explanations or apologies. All hands worked grimly. At the end, Handley started forward. "Look here, boss—"

"Hush!" Katherine whispered fiercely. "You'll only get Cliff into trouble. The troupe must stand together!"

MacGregor came back to them, his face a stern mask. He came directly to Katherine, not looking at the others, and said:

"It's not that I've heard a word of complaint out of you this night—or that I've heard you demanding service or attention from the crew. Nevertheless, because you couldn't relay orders, I'm firing you."

He was watching her with a curious intensity. Her face went white, her eyes dilating with shock and hurt. He seemed to brace himself, as if for an explosion.

She swallowed painfully, and then she said in her soft voice: "Fair enough. You've all been very patient with me." She pushed the wet hat off her head with a tired gesture. "Now we can go below and rest, can't we?"

She picked up her script and walked away, her carriage erect and graceful in spite of her clumsy boots and coats. MacGregor let out his breath with a sigh.

The boys stared after her in awed silence, and then, muttering, surrounded MacGregor, who seemed to be waiting for something, impatiently—something from them.

"She gave it to us straight," Handley said, "but we wouldn't take it—from her—"

MacGregor was paying little attention to him. His eyes were on his assistant director.

"It was all *my* fault," Cliff confessed magnificently. "I was sore and—"

MacGregor smiled for the first time that night. "O. K.," he said. "I didn't think *any* of you was capable of passing the buck." He turned away from them and strode down the wet wreckage-strewn deck.

HE was following a gleam when he followed Katherine into the cabin. She was getting herself a cup of coffee. He put his hands on her shoulders, turning her toward him.

"That look in your eyes sometimes," he said—"has it meant what I hoped it did?"

Reluctantly her long lashes raised themselves. The next instant he had the bulky little figure in his arms.

There was a thunder of feet overhead, then a scrambling down the companionway. Katherine slid hastily out of MacGregor's clasp and moved away from him, wiping her eyes on the handkerchief she had snatched from his pocket.

The cabin filled rapidly with men. Cliff's megaphone voice rose:

"Look, boss. The troupe wants to ask if we can have the Duch—I mean Miss Forsythe—on the next picture."

MacGregor's face was inscrutable. "What's the idea?"

"Well—" Cliff began and then hesitated.

"Tell him what Harry said up on deck," Handley prompted.

"Yes. Boss—she's a real duchess, not a phony."

MacGregor looked at Katherine, who was coming out from behind his big handkerchief with a new light in her face. "I was just about to ask her to come—in one capacity or another. How about it, old trouper?"

Her gaze clung to his for a long moment, then she turned and looked shyly at the others.

"Oke," she said briefly. She stepped over to the table and picked up some tin cups. "How's about coffee—I mean Java—for the whole gang?"

The cups slipped out of her trembling hands. With a shout of relieving laughter, the troupe, as one man, leaped to pick them up.

THE END

Chosen for you by the ones who know best!
The authentic gridiron superstars of 1937

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

BY NORMAN L. SPER

☆ THE TEAM ☆

END: Souchak, Pittsburgh.

TACKLE: Hale, Texas Christian.

GUARD: Monsky, Alabama.

CENTER: Hinkle, Vanderbilt.

GUARD: Routt, Texas A. & M.

TACKLE: Markov, Washington.

END: Wysocki, Villanova.

HALFBACK: Chapman, California.

HALFBACK: Frank, Yale.

FULLBACK: Davis, Indiana.

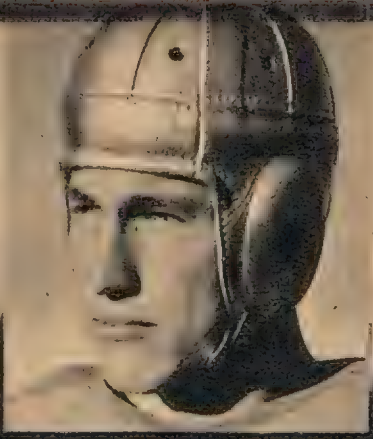
QUARTERBACK: White, Colorado.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

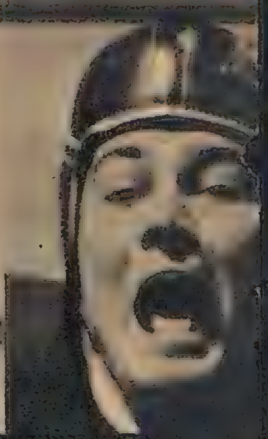
t Frank, Yale
alfback.

Sam Chapman, California—Halfback.

Corbett Davis, Indiana—Fullback.


Byron White, Colorado—Quarterback.

Frank Souchak, Pittsburgh—End.


I. B. Hale, Tex
Christian—Tac

AFTER compiling, tabulating, and recording the 1,445 football players' All-Players All-America returns from ninety-seven universities and colleges that participated, your reporter must come to the conclusion that the balance of football power for the 1937 football year was decidedly in the East. In glancing over the first, second, and third All-Players All-America teams as chosen by the players themselves, you will see that of the thirty-three players named, twelve of them are from Eastern schools; the Midwest and the South each have six representatives; the Pacific Coast five; and the Southwest four.

The true indication of this poll's value is realized when the final compilation showed that the 1,445 playing judges from the ninety-seven schools had played in approximately 760 football games. That means that in every one of the major football games played during this past season the 3,000-odd players who were displaying their football wares before the millions of fans were being judged by their opponents for the honor of being named on Liberty's All-Players All-America Team for 1937.

The All-Players All-America and All-Sectional football teams are rated by the players themselves exclusively, the players choosing only those players against whom they have played. Each one of the 1,445 playing judges named his all-opponents' team, and they recorded their choice only after they had opposed their candidate on the football field. These playing judges, co-operating with Liberty and your reporter, named only the foremost player for each position and then rated on his fundamentals as required for that position.

For example: The tackle was judged and rated for his speed, his ability in charging, blocking, running interference (if opponents' football system required that qualification), his defensive ability, ability to diagnose opponents' plays, and his aggressiveness. For the other positions other fundamentals, as required, were rated. Each fundamental was read separately, the playing judge estimating by a percentage the value for each requirement.

No one can dispute the players' right to choose the men who are entitled to the *real* All-America honors. They see a more accurate picture of their opponents' value, more so than any other individual at a football game. Their values are determined only by actual experience—experience that means bumps and bruises. The weaknesses in players that trained observers never see are detected by these playing judges.

This reporter's opinion has no value in the All-Players All-America selections; he is merely the tabulator who records the choices made by the players themselves.

The most interesting factors in this players' consensus to determine an All-America football team worthy of the name are the intersectional games. The importance of this vital point was established definitely when the right to hold down the various positions was decided. For the halfback berth here's what happened: There were six hot contenders for the honor. They were Clinton Frank of Yale, Marshall Goldberg of Pittsburgh, Sam Chapman of California, Robert McLeod of Dartmouth, Sid Luckman of Columbia, Joseph Kilgrow of Alabama. These players were regarded as high in fundamental percentages and vote percentages. Goldberg, Pittsburgh's candidate, led the field by a scant margin until the returns from Duke University players were compiled. Not one of the Duke players who competed against Goldberg in the Pittsburgh-Duke game at Durham, North Carolina, gave him support. In reading a running account of that game, this reporter noted that Goldberg was thrown for losses of three to seven yards more than a dozen times during that fracas. The Duke players split their votes between Stebbins and Cassiano of Pittsburgh, Little and Burnette of North Carolina, Berlinski of North Carolina State, Konemann and Appleby of Georgia Tech, and Wood of Tennessee. Fourteen players thought Wood's game against them better than any other halfback they met.

Leroy Monsky, Alabama—Guard.

Carl Hinkle, Jr., Vanderbilt—Center.

Joseph Routt, Texas A. & M.—Guard.

Vic Markov, Washington—Tackle.

John Wysocki, Villanova—End.

Clint Frank of Yale earned Number One halfback honors because 97 of the 101 opponents who played against him, whose ballots were recorded, gave him a fundamental percentage of 93.13. As 97 of the 101 playing judges voted him one of the best halfbacks, his vote percentage averaged 96.03. To determine his composite or total percentage, his vote percentage of 96.03 and his fundamental percentage of 93.13 were totaled. That total was divided by two and the composite percentage of 94.58 was reached.

Chapman of California became Frank's All-America teammate, with a total of 93.05 per cent. Fundamentally, Chapman led Frank. The Californian received a percentage of 94.36. Because only 100 of 109 judging opponents accorded him top honors, his vote percentage brought his composite values down to 93.05.

Here's how the first four halfbacks compared according to their judging opponents:

Player	Vote Percentage	Fundamental Percentage	Final Composite
Frank	96.03	93.13	94.58
Chapman	91.74	94.36	93.05
Goldberg	88.71	93.91	91.31
Luckman	87.26	83.88	85.57

The player who received the highest percentage of this year's team was Byron "Whizzer" White, the quarterback supreme, from the Rocky Mountain Conference school, the University of Colorado. Of the 131 players who competed against the gridiron flash on the football field whose returns were recorded, 131 honored him as their ace quarterback. In fact they named no other quarterback. He was the only player to receive a unanimous vote.

The University of Missouri players were the All-Players All-America balance wheel in the "Whizzer" White poll. These Missouri players considered him the greatest player they played against all year. And they played Nebraska, Michigan State, Kansas State, Iowa State, St. Louis, Oklahoma, U. C. L. A., Washington U., and Kansas. All of his Rocky Mountain Conference opponents who played intersectional games were of the like opinion as to "Whizzer's" abilities. These 131 playing judges rated him fundamentally with an average of 94.45 per cent. Couple that with his 100-per-cent vote percentage and you have the fancy figure of 97.22 for a final total.

It is interesting to note that this sensational football star from the University of Colorado was the nation's highest scorer for the 1937 season. In Colorado's eight scheduled games he totaled 122 points for the season. White is a Phi Beta Kappa in scholastic work, and won one of four Rhodes Scholarships awarded his district in 1937.

The players established conclusively that there were few standout fullbacks. Corbett Davis of Indiana finally nosed out Osmanski of Holy Cross and Wolfe of Texas. Because of the greater vote percentages given Davis, the First Team honors went to this twenty-two-year-old senior from the Hoosier State. Minnesota's players did not rate Davis the best fullback they had played against. Weiss of Wisconsin received the majority of their votes. But they did not ignore Davis completely; about 43 per cent of the Minnesota players sided with him. Those players, however, gave the Indiana fullback an exceptionally high fundamental rating. Regardless of Minnesota's returns, Osmanski and Wolfe could not overtake his composite average. The players from Brown and Temple universities lessened Osmanski's percentage enough to let Davis earn the honor.

"Whizzer" White—a unanimous vote for this season's highest scorer.

Settling the right to First Team honors among the linemen proved a tougher assignment. The players who finally won the end positions won by the narrowest of margins. It was particularly noticeable that the East had the greater number of great ends. Although Holland, the Negro boy from Cornell, earned Second Team honors, he could not be placed on the All-East squad. Souchak and Wysocki, also representatives of Eastern schools, were accorded that right because they were named on the All-Players first team.

Frank Souchak of Pittsburgh and John Wysocki of Villanova edged Holland of Cornell, Bershak of North Carolina, Sweeney of Notre Dame, and King of Minnesota out of First Team positions. Of the 102 players who competed against Souchak and voted in this poll, 99 chose him.

ysocki's 110 voting opponents cast 106 ballots for him. Wysocki's fundamental percentage overcame Souchak's slight vote-percentage lead.

Carl Columbus Hinkle, Jr., captain and center for the Vanderbilt Commodores, was an almost unanimous choice. This 6-foot-2½-inch, 180-pound senior starred in almost every game that Vanderbilt played this year. It was his strong defensive work that earned him the respect of his opponents. Aldrich of Texas Christian followed right behind Hinkle. It was the footballers from Southern Methodist University that split the difference between Aldrich and Hinkle. Of the eighteen returns received from S. M. U., all but two chose Hinkle. Ohio State was the other school that split their ballot against Aldrich, Miller of Indiana receiving the greater number. The returns from the other schools, such as Arkansas, Texas A. & M., Fordham, Centenary, Texas, and Rice, carried enough strength to have him beat out Fordham's great snapper-back Wojciechowicz. Wojy lost to Aldrich when 50 per cent of the New York University players, none of the T. C. U., and 80 per cent of the Pittsburgh players supported him. All others gave him high marks.

I. B. Hale, the giant tackle from Texas Christian University, and Vic Markov, the University of Washington player, edged out Beinor of Notre Dame, Franco of Fordham, Matisi of Pittsburgh, and Gatto of Louisiana State for the tackle positions.

Hale, the 230-pound junior from Dallas, Texas, has been called the tackle that coaches dream about. Only nine players failed to indicate his prowess in the line out of the 130 players who opposed him.

The difference between Beinor and Markov was slight. Although Beinor was the unanimous choice of only one school, Drake, the returns from Minnesota, Northwestern, Pittsburgh, and Illinois gave him a high average. Markov, on the other hand, received three unanimous decisions. U. C. L. A. failed him by only one ballot, while Washington State gave him sixteen out of their twenty. In fundamentals both players were rated about even.

Only one player who was named on last year's All-Players All-America team received the like honor this year. He is Joe Routt, the outstanding guard from Texas A. & M. Few of the "experts," if any, considered the potential values of this six-foot, 193-pound senior during his junior year. But the players who opposed him during the 1936 season quickly realized his abilities and gave him All-America football honors.

The eleventh member of the 1937 All-Players All-America team is Leroy Monsky, a 200-pound guard who is captain of the University of Alabama squad. Monsky beat out Stockton of California and Zarnas of Ohio State for the First Team berth.

And again the players have spoken with their All-America Football Team. And may we repeat that these selections—the All-America and All-Sectional teams—are exclusively the players' choice—players who know football values long before the experts write about them.

THE END

All-Players All-America Second and Third and All-Sectional Teams

THE SECOND TEAM			THE THIRD TEAM	
Bershak	North Carolina	End	Sweeney	Notre Dame
Beinor	Notre Dame	Tackle	Matisi	Pittsburgh
Stockton	California	Guard	Hooper	Cornell
Aldrich	Texas Christian	Center	Wojciechowicz	Fordham
Zarnas	Ohio State	Guard	Twedell	Minnesota
Franco	Fordham	Tackle	Gatto	Louisiana State
Holland	Cornell	End	King	Minnesota
Goldberg	Pittsburgh	Half	Kilgrow	Alabama
Luckman	Columbia	Half	McLeod	Dartmouth
Osmanski	Holy Cross	Full	Wolfe	Texas
Sims	Georgia Tech	Quarter	Meek	California

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Benton, Arkansas; Boyd, Baylor; Dreher, Denver; Waters, B. Y. U.; Jordan, Georgia Tech.; Kavanaugh, Louisiana State; Smith, Oklahoma; Dohrmann, Nebraska; Schwartz, California; Strode, U. C. L. A.; Masterson, Miami U.; Warren, Alabama; Shoemaker, Alabama; Dalovisio, Tulane; Smith, Alabama; Hill, Howard; McDonough, Utah; Soffe, B. Y. U.; Acker, S. M. U.; Steen, Rice; Peters, Washington; Wendlick, Oregon State; Giannoni, St. Mary's; Stone, Stanford; Schwartz, San Francisco; Coffer, Santa Clara; Hays, Tulsa; Druze, Fordham; Davis, Dartmouth; Miller, Yale; Radvilas, Columbia; Daly, Manhattan; Platukis, Duquesne; Zachary, Purdue; Kovatch, Northwestern; Fitzgerald, Chicago; Nelson, Michigan State; Lannon, Iowa; Kelker, Western Reserve.

TACKLES: Schoenbaum, Ohio State; Mellus, Villanova; Shirey, Nebraska; Krueger, Kansas State; Grimstead, Washington State; Sprague, S. M. U.; Schleckman, Utah; Woudenberg, Denver; Kinard, Mississippi; Gatto, L. S. U.; Marconic, North Carolina; Strickler, V. M. I.; Russell, Auburn; Ray, Vanderbilt; Brunansky, Duke; Miller, Tulane; Kimberley, Montana State; Brill, Colorado; Young, Texas A. & M.; Wyrick, U. C. L. A.; Zagar, Stanford; Stoll, California; Wolff, Santa Clara; DeVarona, California; Van Ranst, Cornell; Schlidgen, Dartmouth; Chesbro, Colgate; Kevorkian, Harvard; Babertsky, Fordham; McKeever, Cornell; Isbell, Army; Maras, Duquesne; Toll, Princeton; John, Yale; Siegel, Michigan; Midler, Minnesota; Schreyer, Purdue; Speelman, Michigan State; Woltman, Purdue; Kaplanoff, Ohio State; Voights, Northwestern; Cieslak, Detroit.

GUARDS: Zitrides, Dartmouth; Bock, Iowa State; English, Nebraska; Slivinski, Washington; Kriel, Baylor; Gillespie, B. Y. U.; Wallace, Denver; Merlin, Vanderbilt; Lipscomb, Duke; Wrenn, North Carolina; Heikkinen, Michigan; Kuharich, Notre Dame; Czernecki, Marquette; Sivell, Auburn; Wilcox, Georgia Tech.; Hall, Tulane; Smith, L. S. U.; Buckner, Tulane; Moak, Mississippi State; Smith, Colorado U.; Biggs, Colorado College; McGarry, Utah; Mayne, T. C. U.; Jones, Texas A. & M.; Rogers, T. C. U.; Hoptowit, Washington State; Jorge, St. Mary's; Huston, Oregon; Kirk, Missouri; Player, Navy; Kawchak, Carnegie Tech.; Nee, Harvard; Lezouski, Pittsburgh; Frank, Georgetown; Barberi, New York U.; Oldershaw, Santa Barbara State.

CENTERS: Gallagher, Yale; Brock, Nebraska; Dougherty, Santa Clara; Moore, Colorado; Sabados, Citadel; Wolf, Ohio State; Miller, Indiana; D. Gormley, L. S. U.; Smith, Tulane; Hill, Duke; Woods, Clemson; Scudder, Colorado College; Herwig, California; Ericksen, Washington; Betty, Missouri; Hartline, Army; Katz, Temple; Eck, Colgate; Walker, Boston U.

HALFBACKS: Cleveland, Kansas State; Howell, Nebraska; Gray, Oregon State; Schindler, U. S. C.; Washington, U. C. L. A.; O'Brien, T. C. U.; Lain, Rice; Maio, Denver; Cheney, Colorado; Mayberry, Florida; Little, North Carolina; Tipton, Duke; Heap, Northwestern; Pingel, Michigan State; Puplis, Notre Dame; Isbell, Purdue; Van Every, Minnesota; Wasylik, Ohio State; McCormick, Notre Dame; Berlinski, North Carolina State; Wood, Tennessee; Mattis, Tulane; Burnette, North Carolina; Cooper, Utah; Neismith, New Mexico; Jaeger, Santa Barbara State; Todd, Texas A. & M.; Cogdell, Rice; Sloan, Arkansas; Sullivan, Rice; Popovich, Montana; Roche, Santa Clara; Fay, Stanford; Stebbins, Pittsburgh; Cassiano, Pittsburgh; Renzo, Temple; Kopcsak, Carnegie Tech.; White, Princeton; Craig, Army; Heineman, Texas Mines; Konemann, Georgia Tech.; Appleby, Georgia Tech.

FULLBACKS: Manders, Drake; Karamatic, Gonzaga; Stringham, B. Y. U.; Hartman, Georgia; Meade, Maryland; Farkas, Detroit; Weiss, Wisconsin; McDonald, Ohio State; Ditt, North Carolina; Andrews, Tulane; Rohm, L. S. U.; Lafferty, Davidson; Whitehurst, Centenary; Cherry, Hardin-Simmons; Brazell, Baylor; Nielsen, Arizona; Cruver, Washington; Kolberg, Oregon State; Littlefield, Washington State; Bottari, California; Szakash, Montana; Hackney, Kansas State; Struck, Harvard; Patrick, Pittsburgh; Flamiglietti, Boston U.; Pappas, Temple; Lee, Carnegie Tech.; Wood, Navy; McLaughry, Brown; Lalor, Colgate; Perron, Catholic U.

QUARTERBACKS: Patterson, Baylor; White, Tulsa; Sims, Georgia Tech.; Gmitro, Minnesota; Sonnenberg, Marquette; Shu, V. M. I.; Kinnick, Iowa; Magnusson, Utah State; Robbins, Arkansas; Ferry, St. Mary's; Pavelko, Santa Clara; Acquarelli, Loyola (L. A.); Di Natale, Boston College; Harrison, Penn State; Carnelly, Carnegie Tech.; Howe, Dartmouth; Brumbaugh, Duquesne; Hackney, Duke.

ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

MIDWEST			EAST	
King	Minnesota	End	Wysocki	Villanova
Beinor	Notre Dame	Tackle	Matisi	Pittsburgh
Zarnas	Ohio State	Guard	Hooper	Cornell
Wolf	Ohio State	Center	Wojciechowicz	Fordham
Twedell	Minnesota	Guard	Zitrides	Dartmouth
Schoenbaum	Ohio State	Tackle	Franco	Fordham
Sweeney	Notre Dame	End	Souchak	Pittsburgh
Heap	Northwestern	Half	Goldberg	Pittsburgh
Pingel	Michigan State	Half	Luckman	Columbia
Davis	Indiana	Full	Osmanski	Holy Cross
Gmitro	Minnesota	Quarter	Frank	Yale

PACIFIC			MISSOURI VALLEY	
Schwartz	California	End	Smith	Oklahoma
Markov	Washington	Tackle	Shirey	Nebraska
Stockton	California	Guard	Bock	Iowa State
Dougherty	Santa Clara	Center	Brock	Nebraska
Slivinski	Washington	Guard	English	Nebraska
Grimstead	Wash. State	Tackle	Krueger	Kansas State
Strode	U. C. L. A.	End	Dohrmann	Nebraska
Chapman	California	Half	Cleveland	Kansas State
Gray	Oregon State	Half	Howell	Nebraska
Karamatic	Gonzaga	Full	Manders	Drake
Meek	California	Quarter	White	Tulsa

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE			SOUTHERN	
Jordan	Georgia Tech.	End	Bershak	North Carolina
Kinard	Mississippi	Tackle	Strickler	V. M. I.
Monsky	Alabama	Guard	Lipscomb	Duke
Hinkle	Vanderbilt	Center	Sabados	Citadel
Merlin	Vanderbilt	Guard	Wrenn	North Carolina
Gatto	Louisiana State	Tackle	Marconic	North Carolina
Kavanaugh	Louisiana State	End	Masterson	Miami U.
Mayberry	Florida	Half	Tipton	Duke
Kilgrow	Alabama	Half	Little	North Carolina
Hartman	Georgia	Full	Meade	Maryland
Sims	Georgia Tech.	Quarter	Hackney	Duke

ROCKY MOUNTAIN			SOUTHWEST	
Dreher	Denver	End	Benton	Arkansas
Woudenberg	Denver	Tackle	Hale	Texas Christian
Wallace	Denver	Guard	Routt	Texas A. & M.
Moore	Colorado	Center	Aldrich	Texas Christian
Gillespie	Brigham Young	Guard	Kriel	Baylor
Schleckman	Utah	Tackle	Sprague	S. M. U.
Waters	Brigham Young	End	Boyd	Baylor
Cheney	Colorado	Half	O'Brien	Texas Christian
Maio	Denver	Half	Lain	Rice
Stringham	Brigham Young	Full	Wolfe	Texas
White	Colorado	Quarter	Patterson	Baylor

FROM GAY PAREE—Rushes I've seen of Danielle Darrieux indicate that this talented French musical-comedy star will click with our film public.

PENNSYLVANIAN—Carnegie Tech grad Boyd Crawford was signed by pictures because of his fine performance in Yes, My Darling Daughter. Surely a Comer!

LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

WIZARD — Magician John Mulholland isn't far from tops right now! All good judges hail him.

IT'S IN THE BLOOD—Frances Rich, Irene's daughter, is completing the Army and Navy Nurse Memorial for Arlington Cemetery—a great assignment for so young a sculptor.

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

Romance beckons, love follows, in a daring, brilliant novel of a modern enchantress and her flaming career

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE appearance of the beautiful Mrs. Doll at the New York funeral of a wealthy man whose name has been linked with hers is the signal for sensational newspaper paragraphs. For this exquisite enigmatic creature is a woman to whom things happen.

Born Glory Pitcher in an obscure Western hamlet, the first threads in the curious pattern of her life were woven when she was a scrawny child of eleven fleeing alone from a flood.

She meets Samuel Doll, running away from California after a fight in which he believes he has killed a man, and he takes her with him to a deserted mountain hotel where he has a job as caretaker. To Doll the lonely Sans Souci Hotel is a refuge; to Glory it is a home.

They have been there for five years when a young man arrives. Sam is away, and Glory, believing the visitor means harm to her foster father, tells him to leave. To show him that she can protect herself, she shoots the tip off a distant pine tree. The man pulls out his own gun and shoots down an eagle.

Then he tells her that he is Jefferson Doll, Sam's son, and that he has been hunting for his father for a long time, to tell him that the man Sam thought he had killed did not die after the fight. Sam is free to go back to his wife and children.

Glory is trying to grasp what this will mean to Sam—and to her—when she hears Sam's burro coming up the mountain. She and Jeff run to break the good news. But the burro is alone. They find Sam on the ground, dead of a bullet wound.

" It was us—when we were showing off," Glory screams. " One of our bullets killed him! "

PART TWO—THE WHOLE WORLD AHEAD

THEY buried Samuel Doll before nightfall, under a giant blue spruce that he had loved. Her first outburst of grief spent, Glory was curiously controlled, in a dull, harsh way that betrayed her suffering. She managed every detail of the burial with efficiency and showmanship, reading from the Bible in her clear bell tones, and lifting her voice to sing Sam's soul on its way:

" Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee . . ."

Then she disappeared. Turned, without a word to Jeff, and slipped off through the trees. The darkness covered the mountaintop and the jagged remains of the Sans Souci Hotel; the stars danced high overhead. Jeff went inside and found the lamps. He sat waiting for her until he fell asleep in his chair.

She came back in the early morning, obviously fresh from a swim in the stream. Her topaz eyes were bright with a steady light.

" I've been thinking," she said gravely. " You'll want to go back real soon."

" I've been thinking, too," he nodded. " I want to take you home."

She said, " Home! " and blinked several times.

" Ma will take care of you, Glory. We owe it to her, anyway, to go tell her everything. Besides, I guess you sort of belong to the Dolls."

" I guess maybe I do." She smiled fleetingly. " I'll start packing."

He frowned as she strode past him. But she meant it. Glory was like that, he was to learn.

He brought her coffee as she worked, and soon he was caught in the current of her swift practical plans. These things they would take to sell. With money for train fare they could get home quicker. These were Sam's treasures, and must be delivered safely to his Sally.

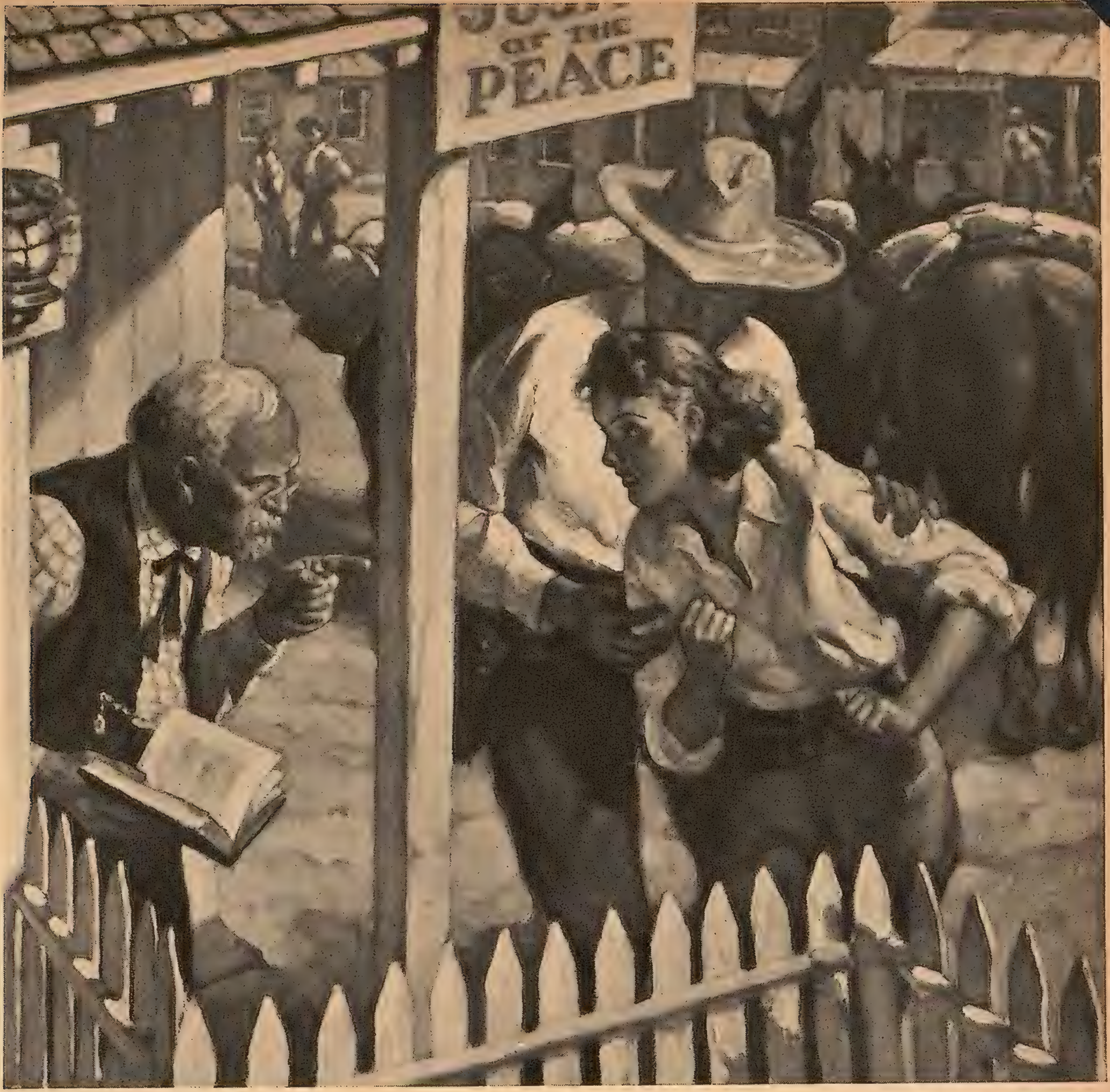
Throughout the following days she was like that—a marvel to the slow-thinking Jeff. In town, at the foot of the mountain, she drove stiff bargains in the trading stores and turned over to Jeff an amount of cash that made him stare blankly. Everything about Glory that first vigorous day they hit town left him feeling blank—unable to express the fierce tenderness he felt. He stood inarticulate when she threw her arms around the plump sweaty necks of the burros before turning them over to their purchaser. He marveled mutely at her quick laughter that buried a sob, at her continual chatter. And he brooded with an odd lump of pain in his chest as he saw her stride up to the bar and order a lemon squash while she waited for change. From the back she was an erect sapling in her khaki breeches, her revolver strapped at her waist. But, studying her through the bar mirror that she was facing, she was startling in her loveliness. An exciting woman. That was the only word. Untamed. Undulled. Everything about her was alive: the sudden flash of her dazzling smile, the touch of fire in her red hair under the glaring bar lights, the odd prancing quality of her topaz eyes.

He strode along beside her in silence as they headed for the station. The train would take them almost as far as the California line. After that, Glory had figured, they would hit the trail with pack horses.

At the end of Main Street, Jeff stopped before a store window. And Glory frowned as she watched him study a cheap little blue woolen suit.

" I'd like to buy you that," he said huskily.

" Me? " Glory giggled. " Me in a get-up like that? Why, Jeff, I'd die of shame."



"Don't hit him," Jeff ordered. "He didn't make the law." The justice pointed a bony finger.

"I just thought—you'd like a dress, maybe," he fumbled.

She caught his arm.

"Come along, you clown. I've never worn skirts in my life and I'm not going to start now."

But Jeff did not put ideas aside so lightly. And as they started to cut through a field Glory realized he was weighted down with an inner conflict. She stopped short and faced him.

"What is all this, Jeff—about a dress?"

"Why, nothing—only I don't know what ma would think of a girl in pants. It's just, you see, ladies always wear dresses and skirts and things. You've never had pretty things, Glory, but I'm sure you'd like . . . Glory! Are you crying?"

She covered her face with her hands, her slight shoulders hunched and voice watery.

"Please don't pick on me, Jeff. Can't you see I'm scared?"

He might be slow in speaking, but Jeff Doll could act. His arms folded around her and he gathered her close.

"I'm scared of your ma," Glory bawled into his leather jacket. "I don't like women anyway. They're measly and mean and I don't want to be like them. I know I'll look queer and act queer up against them. And I'm scared they won't like me. But I can't change, Jeff, and if they don't like me I'll go away."

The decision ended her tears and she looked up with sober calm.

His lips parted but he didn't say anything. He bent over and kissed her. There was a mighty gentleness in his kiss, the promise of protection and reverence.

She stepped back and studied his big homely face in the moonlight. She knew she had found her man, and she accepted the miracle with a fine dignity. Whatever the years might do to her, she knew this man would love her and take care of her.

She said softly:

"Maybe we have time to go back and buy that dress."

But Jeff shook his head.

"You'll wear what you like all your life, Glory. You can wear pants at our wedding if you wish."

Her laughter was something to bathe in, and as they walked hand in hand toward the station Jeff expanded in her chatter.

"Some day I'll be a great lady, and then I'll wear gowns," she told him, and he knew she was spreading out her childish dreams for him to see. "But real *gowns*. Swoopy ones with trains. And I'll have a lovely home with a big mirror like the bar in the Sans Souci."

"You'll have everything, Glory," he promised tersely. "Everything. When I strike oil."

And she laughed happily, knowing it was so.

Twenty-seven hours they rode in the day coach together, and often she slept with her head on his shoulder while he sat stiffly still on the narrow leather seat and memorized her features.

At the border town, as soon as they had bought their horses and their outfit, they went to a justice of the peace. He was an old man who seemed surprised at their desire to get married.

"So you want me to marry you?" he asked kindly. "Where's your folks?"

"In Orange Cove, California," Jeff said. "We're headed there."

The old man picked up a clotted pen.

"Names?"

"Jefferson Doll."

"Glory Pitcher."

"Hum-m. Ages?"

"Twenty-three."

"Seventeen."

"How old?" he snapped harshly.

"Well—I'm almost seventeen," Glory stammered.

The old man laid down his pen.

"You can't get married here at no age like that. Not unless your parents accompany you."

"I haven't any parents."

"Can't help that."

"We've *got* to get married!" Jeff's voice was bruised.

"Can't help that, neither," he cackled.

"Why, you old son of a . . ." But Glory felt herself spun around by the arm.

"Don't hit him," Jeff ordered her briefly. "He didn't make the law."

Glory's fury subsided, but her eyes blazed.

"Let's get out of here," she steamed.

"You'd better before I have you arrested." The justice stood up and pointed a bony finger. "He's got no right traveling around with a minor that is . . ."

BUT Jeff and Glory had fled, terrified at the word "arrest." With one common purpose they unhitched their horses, mounted, and rode away. It wasn't until they had put a mountain between themselves and the town that they halted and pitched camp.

He took her hand clumsily.

"I wanted everything to be so fine and happy."

"I hate the law," she said fiercely.

"We'll find a state where they don't care how old you are," he faltered.

"God and I don't care about ages, Jeff. You and me belong to each other. I don't know why—but it's so."

His hand tightened on hers.

"But I wouldn't want you to regret—a wedding of some sort is so much to a girl . . . . I wouldn't want you ever to be sorry."

"Jeff," she said with an almost mothering tone, "I'm never going to be sorry for anything I do. It's piddling business—regretting."

"Oh, God!" he whispered. "I love you so."

With a little sigh she went into his arms.

But the subject of legal marriage became an obsession with Jeff as the days of traveling together went by. There was that obstinacy in his make-up which amused Glory, and which she recognized as his great strength, for he would never quit until he got what he wanted. Now he wanted to own her. He wanted to know she was his wife. The force of her passion bewildered him, giving rise to the fear he could not express that he might lose her, that only legally could he be sure of holding her. His, she discovered, was a gentle love all the way through, a tender awe and a doglike devotion.

He was so endearing, and even his odd homeliness was lovable and reassuring. She remembered that when she first laid eyes on him she had thought that he was good. Deeply good. And his love was good, calling on the best in her. But there must be a wicked streak in her somewhere that wasn't nice. True, she thought, and sighed, she had sprung from common people, and she had grown up without the order of home life and school routine such as Jeff had known. Maybe that life of conforming to clocks and laws was the answer, and her impulses were more savage than wicked. Because she didn't feel wicked. She was proud of having a good earnest man love her, and she wanted terribly to be worthy all through the years.

JEFF was visibly unnerved as they rode into the little town of Orange Cove. His lips were grimly set, he spoke less than ever, and the occasional smile he gave Glory was brief and defiant.

"He's afraid of his ma," she told herself, and, womanlike, resented another woman's hold. As they rode down the dusty road dotted with houses built up off the ground, Glory found herself feeling pretty sassy. Mother or not, no woman was going to browbeat her Jeff or bring a cowed look to his eyes.

Presently Jeff turned off the main road and pointed to a low brown house in a clump of pepper trees. Glory's heart bumped. She saw the woman almost instantly. A tall angular figure in blue, hanging out washing.

"You go ahead, Jeff dear, and break the news."

He nodded grimly and galloped on ahead. Glory pulled up by a big eucalyptus and sat very still, watching every detail. She saw Jeff jump from his saddle and hug his mother, and saw the woman cling to him possessively. Presently they disappeared into the house.

Glory sighed. It must be awful to hear of your husband's death. Even if you had been separated for years, you could never forget a loving kind man like Sam. She must tell Mrs. Doll of all the dear things he had said about his Sally, about his home. . . .

It must have been an hour later that she heard Jeff's call and saw him waving to her from the porch. She rode toward him slowly and dismounted. Mrs. Doll appeared at the door as Jeff came to the gate to meet Glory.

"Ma, this is Glory," Jeff said. But neither woman paid any attention to him. For suddenly Glory knew she should never have come, and that she could never stay in the face of this woman's opinion of her. There was something evil in the way Mrs. Doll looked at her. Even the marks of recent tears did not soften the forbidding angry face.

"Why, she—she's a *hussy!*" Mrs. Doll exploded, her thin hands clenching.

Glory backed away. Jeff must have been right about the pants. This woman was shocked, outraged. Glory thought she had never seen a human being as starched and polished as Jeff's mother. Mrs. Doll's faded blue house dress and her white apron were as stiff as palm leaves. Her skin was harsh from scrubbing; her eyeglasses caught the light and threw it back at you. Even her grayed hair seemed varnished to her head.

"Ma, you don't know what you're saying!" It was Jeff's voice, angry and pained.

"No? Let me tell you, young man, you don't know what you're *doing!* Me go down to a preacher and stand up with you—to marry *her?* Never! Believe me, a woman can spot them, if you can't. Small wonder she's been living with you along the trip. And she can't take me in with a story about Sam finding her as a little kid."

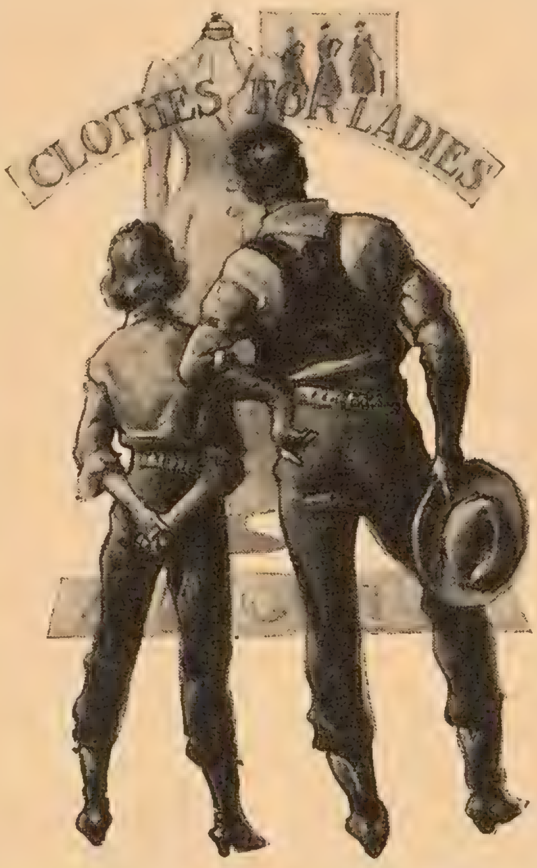
Glory stiffened. What was the woman saying? And what was she intimating about her own husband? About the best and most decent man who ever drew breath? She felt herself shudder from head to heels with a wave of anger that hit inward because she did not dare fight—not with Sam's wife and Jeff's mother. And what use would there be to argue or explain to a mind that could think such thoughts and hurl such foul accusations?

With great measured effort Glory turned and walked through the gate. She mounted her horse and headed him back on the road. She did not turn when Jeff called to her, she did not listen to the shrill words that Mrs. Doll was screaming after her. She just rode on.

SHE rode automatically, in a mental daze, not even figuring how or where she might be going. A woman had taken one look at her and decided she was a bad lot. She had said, "A woman can spot them," and maybe it was so; maybe Jeff's mother had recognized the streak of wickedness that Glory had been disturbed about in herself.

As the afternoon wore on, Glory was hit with a new thought. It was obvious that Jeff had not rushed after her. He had called to her to come back, but he had not followed. Evidently his mother had that much hold on him.

Glory stopped short. She seemed to be in a country that was semidesert, though there were occasional small white adobe houses in the distance, and a few trees which had obviously been planted. From the sun she figured she had headed southward. She had left the pack horse behind her, but her own bag was back of her saddle and she had a little cash. She had her gun, too, and she felt safe. And, after all, she had the whole world before her.



That thought made her smile, and a smile restored the gears in her brain. She was hungry.

She spoke softly to her horse and headed on again. A sense of freedom filled her and made her body swell with excitement, psychically sure that some great happiness was waiting down the road.

It was dusk when she sighted a little town ahead, and she slowed her pony down to walk into it. Presently she gave a low cry. At the sight of a familiar figure on his horse—waiting for her at the edge of town. And behind him was the pack horse hobbled in a field.

She rode up with proud triumph and held out her hand.

"Jeff!" she said, and her voice trembled.

His big hand hurt hers in its grip. His homely face was weak with unexpressed love.

"You took a mighty long while getting here," he said finally. "Thought maybe I had misguessed you."

"You're a miracle man. How could you know?"

"They was only two roads." He shrugged. "I went the other way first to get supplies. Then I short-cut through to here. You see, I know this country."

She sighed blissfully and her eyes studied him and his equipment, marking the new things he had bought, noticing that he had left his father's things behind.

"Where are we going, darling?"

He grinned.

"We're going to Indian Joe's and get us a big steak."

"But where are we really going?"

"We're going to Texas, Glory. We're going to the oil fields and we're going to make a fortune. But tonight we're going to celebrate. We're going to mark starting out life together—on our own."

She found out what celebrating meant that night. And she got a taste of what she might expect of Jeff whenever he was feeling high. He was the kind of man who would break out at the seams every so often, and when he did he just naturally drifted into a poker game where there would be a large brown bottle on the table.

This, then, was the way "they" celebrated. Glory hung around until 1 A. M., and then left Jeff a note. She rode out to where they had met that afternoon, made camp, and crawled under her blanket. She felt comforted and blissful, and she stretched out to enjoy her weariness and her happiness. Because she had learned so much about her man that day. He had chosen her and had come to her—all prepared. He had decided on their future. He had not referred to his mother or the unhappy break of the early day. And in a town where he was known from boyhood he had met up with men friends and cut loose. It was the first complete assurance Glory had had that Jeff wasn't an all-round thorough goody-goody.

He stumbled into her little camp around moonset, with yards and yards of little endearments which he mumbled soulfully. The inarticulate Jeff evidently stored up great vaults of thoughts to spend when liquor unlocked his tongue. But in ten or fifteen minutes he was nestled against her, snoring uproariously.

And Glory laughed to herself.

She laughed to herself again the next day when she noted how he fought a hang-over. But she was wise enough not to refer to it. They were late getting started, but when at last they hit the trail for Funeral Mountain, Jeff stood up in his saddle and took off his hat.

"Texas!" he announced. "Jefferson Doll is coming! And, Texas—I'm bringing Glory!"

She knew, if she became old and rheumy and kept her teeth on a table at night, she would never forget the figure he cut at that moment. And she lifted her voice to sing, just because she had to express her own exaltation:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah—"

And his voice joined hers. In that way they began their journey.

They took it slow and steady, and the weeks piled up without their caring to count. Occasionally they would meet a couple of prospectors. But for the most part they were alone for days on end. Soon they were traveling due east through mountain passes that reminded Glory of Sans Souci, except that it was hotter. So hot that they rose with the sun and traveled only very early and very late in the day. They worked down the eastern border of California and crossed through Needles. Then they swung southeast around the Harqua Hala Desert in Arizona.

That frightened Glory, clamping her spirit with an eerie forsaken feeling. That mesa country is probably the most arid and deserted section of the whole United States, and its heavy desolation got into Glory's soul like a disease. She became snappish, bordering on the hysterical. At night the stars were too largely bright, and the cactus in the moonlight stretched fantastic arms, while rocks and dunes assumed terrifying shapes.

She could not sleep, and in the harsh coldness of the night drank tea endlessly. Her ravages on the food and water, too, were slightly mad, and her opinion of Jeff when he tried to deny her was something he wanted to forget.

Somehow, they got lost. No doubt Glory's desert mania had confused Jeff and thrown him off. According to the map he carried, on the back of which he had noted every direction an occasional Indian or cowpuncher had offered, they should have reached a water hole at the end of the second day. But, as far as he and Glory could see, the scene never changed. There were not even definite landmarks. Sand all about them, the near stretches dotted with sand dunes and cacti, the far distance skylined somberly with brooding mountains that never came closer. When they camped the third night, Jeff assumed a great cheerfulness which only served to irritate Glory further. He refilled her small canteen from his large one and warned her not to be reckless.

"Not but what we'll find water tomorrow," he added firmly.

But they didn't.

What does the desert hold in store for Jeff, steady and courageous—for Glory, avid for life and love? Next week's chapter leads them to a momentous meeting which stirs new and strange emotions in Glory's wayward heart.

They love their school!

A SCHOOL OUT OF A

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

THE buildings stand atop a commanding ridge in Briarcliff, in New York's beautiful Westchester County; but they rise out of an old dream—the dream of a boy who had more than the usual hardships to battle in building himself into a man.

They constitute the new Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School, these buildings. And the radiantly healthy children who live and play and study there are the fruition of the dream.

More than half a century ago Mr. Macfadden dreamed of a school that would educate the very young—a boarding school that could be run without profit to the educators, that would train the body as well as the mind, would make its pupils happy and healthy as well as wise.

Three years ago he worked out a plan by which this became possible. A group of twenty-five children were installed in his original Foundation School at Hackensack, New Jersey. Each child, on entering, was weighed and photographed. Accurate records of physical conditions were made. Most of the children were underweight and almost all displayed postural or other defects. After six months of schooling under modern scientific methods, more photographs were taken.

In every case there was revealed in these photographs an almost incredible physical improvement.

Newspapers carried the story to the far corners of the earth. Hundreds of parents wrote Mr. Macfadden, saying in effect: "If you can do all that for these twenty-five children, won't you do something for mine?"

Some of the writers were wealthy. Most of them were in moderate circumstances. A number were very poor. But all were earnestly trying to do their best for their children. There were lone parents who found it almost impossible to supervise their little ones. There were some who had found that servants could not be entirely depended upon for the care and upbringing of children. In some cases the breadwinner's working hours made regular meals and proper sleep impossible.

Boys and girls, through no fault of their own nor of their parents', were developing physical and emotional difficulties; turning into "problem children."

Then there were the children of professional couples, mothers and fathers who had to travel continually, people who could not provide regular schooling.

"We'll have to have a new school," Mr. Macfadden said. "A bigger school. We'll take as many of these children as we can, and make the cost of tuition as low as possible."

This school on the ridge in Briarcliff opened last October 1. The children live in a three-story many-roomed red-brick mansion. Stately pines and oaks tower over its landscaped grounds. From its spacious sheltered west veranda one can see the Hudson, a three-mile-wide ribbon of blue or gleaming silver that turns to gold when the sun goes down.

In the mansion, once owned by the Gustav Schwab family, are the dormitories, the playrooms, the administrative offices, and the kitchen. The classrooms are in a modern brick edifice just north of the mansion.

The staff comprises registered public-school teachers, carefully selected, headed by a capable woman who is resident manager. It teaches all that is covered in the public schools of New York—and more.

It has come to be accepted by educators that students who leave private schools to enter public schools invariably find themselves a year behind children of their own age. This is not true of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School. Since its inception no child transferred to a public school has dropped back even half a grade. Much of the progress of these children is credited to their perfect health.

The children eat meals approved by Mr. Macfadden—whole, natural foods rich in bone- and muscle-building qualities, vital foods, an abundance of vegetables, honey and brown sugar for sweetening, butter, meat three times a week, fish once a week, the Walker Gordon best certified raw milk available in a country rich in pasturage. Good food, and plenty of it. There is always a second or a third helping if the child desires it. Mr. Macfadden believes that a hearty appetite indicates a healthy child.

The problem of clothes is a simple one. The school furnishes corduroy slacks for a modest fee and parents are not encouraged to give their children an extensive wardrobe. Three changes are considered sufficient, with a Sunday outfit for special occasions. During the summer months the girls wear sun suits and the boys wear shorts. Linens and some clothing are purchased at wholesale rates by the school and furnished at cost.

The children rise at seven o'clock each morning, and after washing, brushing their teeth, and dressing, are ready for fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises under a competent physical instructor before the hot-cereal breakfast. Each child has a place in the bathroom of his dormitory for toothbrush, washcloth, towel, comb, and cup. If he is old enough to read, that place is marked with a label bearing his name. If he is too young to read, a star of a color matching his toothbrush handle indicates the location of his belongings.

Happy children! Mr. Macfadden in center.

If you visit the school, ask permission to watch a group of youngsters of preschool age—three to five years old—get dressed. Already they are learning to care for themselves.

A little girl not quite four will be told by her teacher: "Mary, when you have put on your stockings I will put

HAT ROSE REAM

The story of an inspiring experiment in education

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

r. Macfadden with his realized eam. Right: They're not a burden !

on your shoes and lace them for you."

Mary puts on her stockings. Soon she will probably put them on herself, without being told, and her teacher will say: "As soon as you have put on your shoes I will lace them for you."

Step by step she learns the process of dressing. Before long she is lacing her own shoes. In another week she will have learned how to draw up the covers of her bed, smooth them out, fold the extra blanket into a roll, and cover it neatly.

Little Johnny may put his suit on backward and have to be extricated. Or he may not do a particularly wrinkleless job of bedmaking. It doesn't matter. He is praised warmly because he has tried, without being shown more than a few times, to do as the older children are doing.

He may stand before one of the low-placed mirrors in the bathroom and comb a ragged Z into his hair where the part should be; but he is not rebuked for its lack of straightness, nor is his pride hurt by having it silently done over by the teacher. He wins a compliment, instead. Later he'll learn to get it straight.

After breakfast, the children go to the bathrooms. Regularity of bowel movements is considered of extreme importance in youthful lives and a daily chart is kept.

Morning classes are held from eight thirty to eleven, with a fifteen-minute recess during which a fruit-juice drink is served.

An hour of free play period precedes luncheon. For rainy weather there are playrooms in the main building. A gymnasium is being installed in the schoolhouse. Most children bring to school some favorite toy or doll, and there is a room especially set aside where the youthful owners may keep these treasures and play with them.

Just as the children learn to make their own beds, they learn to set a table.

Luncheon is followed by a one-hour rest period, and then there is another hour and a half of outdoor play while the sun is still high. That time may be spent in playing with baseballs or footballs, on the horizontal bar or traveling rings, in boxing, in sledding on the fine safe hill just west of the main building, or in a variety of other ways. An instructor watches the children, but they are free to amuse themselves outdoors as they wish. At three thirty, after a glass of milk, there is another hour of school for the older children.

Much of the school's thirty-six acres is beautifully wooded, and hikes and picnics are arranged frequently. Deep in a ravine east of the school is a brook, where next spring a swimming pool is to be constructed.

The boys and girls learn arts and crafts. They draw freehand sketches with crayons and paints. There isn't a flower that grows in the woods up there that hasn't been somehow reproduced in crayon by the children. The walls of the bedrooms are hung with these sketches.

And when they don't paint flowers they paint the sun sliding down to rest behind the hills on the other side of the river. Boy, you never saw such sunsets!

In every group of children there is a certain percentage who cannot carry a tune, who have no "singing" voice. "Monotones," they are called. But there are no "monotones" at the Foundation School. Every child is taught to sing. Every child is given free instruction on the piano. A teacher has been found who makes even the most unmusical children tone- and rhythm-conscious. The children learn to read and write music before they ever sit down at the piano. And they learn to play the instrument.

A dancing teacher comes to the school once a week. There are folk dances, and class playlets in which there are plenty of dances and jigs—and sometimes all the boys and girls are there, in costumes made at the school, dancing with all the zest of professionals.

The older boys and girls, after their shower baths, are in bed at seven thirty every night. The younger children are sleeping soundly by that time.

It's a year-round school, with one hour of school work a day during the warm vacation months—one hour of individual tutoring for those who have been at all backward in any subject—and lots of recreation.

The site of the Foundation School was chosen not only because of its natural advantages, but also because of its easy accessibility to parents living in or near New York. It is less than an hour's drive from the heart of New York. And you should see all the people who come to inspect the buildings and the grounds—especially on Sundays.

Because its teachers have been selected with the utmost care, the school promises to fill yet another need for parents who cannot give their children constant care. It is equipped to take care of three- and four-year-olds. It is equipped to care for younger children, even for a limited number of two-year-olds.

A year ago one mother sent her boy to the school. This year she enrolled both the boy and his sister.

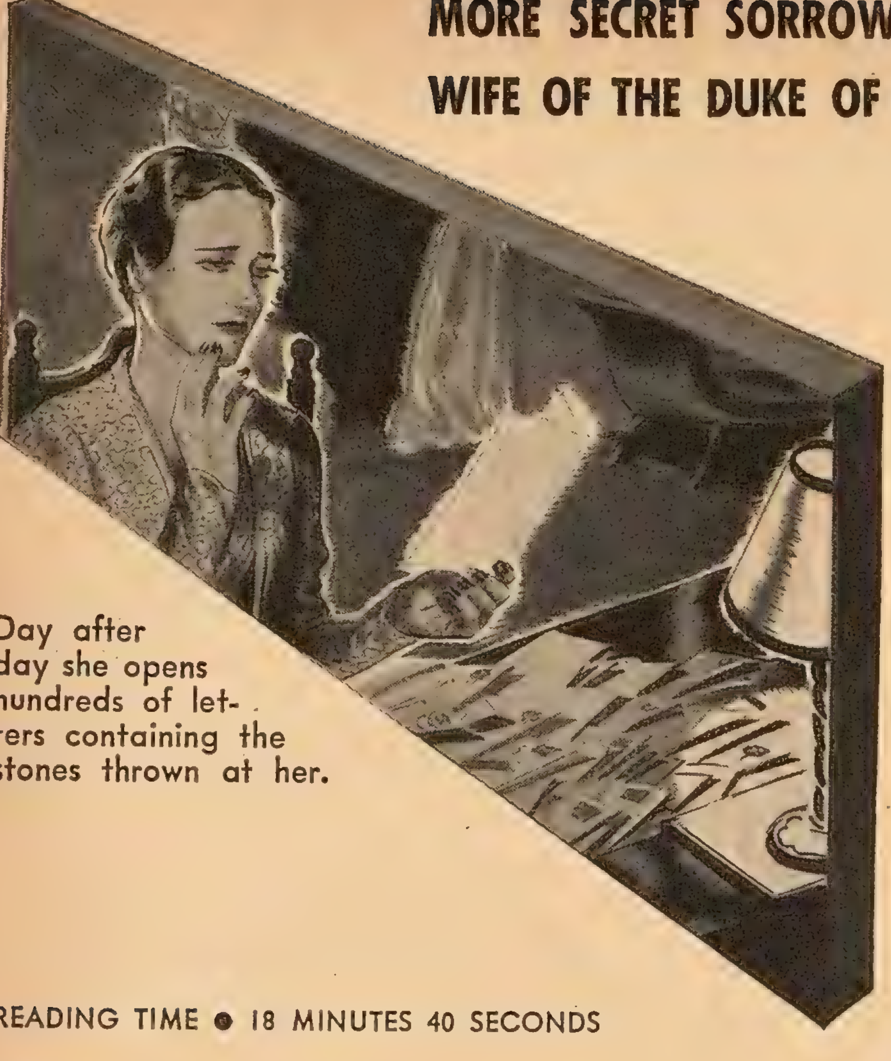
"They can live at your school more cheaply than I can keep them at home," she wrote Mr. Macfadden. "And you've done such wonders with Frank, I'd be a selfish fool not to let you have Geraldine too."

Education without profit to the educators, with immense profits to the pupils—the vision of a practical idealist has become a reality at the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for Children at Briarcliff Manor, New York.

THE END

MORE SECRET SORROWS OF THE WIFE OF THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

Poison Pens



Day after day she opens hundreds of letters containing the stones thrown at her.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE Duchess of Windsor reads all her fan mail—and she receives more letters than a movie star. For a year they have poured in at the rate of thousands a week. They are not weeded out by a secretary. The Duchess herself opens and reads them all as they arrive from the United States, Canada, France, Germany, and England.

The very act is proof of courage of a high order, and in the case of Wallis Windsor of something more—unselfish devotion to her husband and an earnest desire to understand his problems and public opinion concerning them.

These letters contain the stones which are thrown at her. To sit down day after day and open hundreds of them, knowing that some will hurt and shock and sadden, is a Golgotha which the Duchess endures because of a possibly mistaken idea that in this way she can discover what people think, and thus be of service to the Duke.

The tide of sentiment in this flood of mail changes. At the time of the wedding, when romance glowed at its brightest, when people felt that, after all, this famous couple was getting a pretty raw deal, the tone became kindly, the letters carried wishes for happiness.

But as a whole they must have been and must continue to be a strange and terrifying business for this woman whose forty years had been lived in the safe serenity of private life.

The accusation that she was a German agent, that she has Nazi leanings—an accusation which was to bear such bitter fruit—has, of course, been present in the letters. It is rather startling to find that this idea has been accepted in her own land to some extent and upon evidence that amounts to zero-zero. In fact what evidence there is is definitely upon the other side.

Let us consider that evidence for a moment.

When I was in London in the spring of 1936, Mrs. Simpson's name as the close friend and romantic interest of Edward VIII was already well known to newspapermen and to many of my American and English friends. About one thing they were and still are definite. Mrs. Simpson took no interest in politics. No one in the smartest press circles in England—the group that eventually " broke " the story of the contemplated marriage so accurately—but testified then and still testifies that she never took part in politics or state affairs.

Further evidence is in Wallis Warfield's own background. On both sides she comes of old and fine American stock. The Warfields and the Montagues have made history. Her mother's cousin, closer to her than any one except " Aunt Bessie " Merryman, is the widow of General George Barnett, commandant of the Marine Corps during the World War, and it was under the protection of the general that Wallis Warfield made her debut into society. She herself was married during the war to an American navy officer; she lived through the war against Germany as part of the American navy. The blood in her veins is rampantly loyal and patriotic.

That is the evidence. Of course it is psychologically possible that a woman with that heritage and background might become a Nazi agent. But there isn't any evidence that she did. Her enemies, during the bitterest attacks upon her, started the rumor, but confirmation of any kind was missing. It boiled down to the fact that she had upon three occasions met the German Ambassador to England. She had also met the French Ambassador. And the American Ambassador. She had never met Von Ribbentrop alone, never spoken with him except at public social functions.

To read such statements in letters from America must have made the Duchess of Windsor wonder what had happened, temporarily, to the American sense of fair play, of justice, of gallantry.

What do these letters tell her today of the public reaction to the trip to Germany and the cancellation of the headlined American tour?

It is difficult at first glance to understand how the Duke and Duchess of Windsor could have made what seem now such serious mistakes as the visit to Hitler, which, as the Paris Figaro says editorially, " produced the saddest effects," and the selection of adviser for their American trip of Charles Bedaux, French-American millionaire whose " Bedaux hour," according to John L. Lewis, brought about many industrial strikes.

A famous American newspaperman, returning from six months in England, said to me, " It's too bad the Duke made that visit to Hitler. They don't like it in England. And they resent the fact that he put himself in the position to be a bone of contention in America. Up until this time it's been generally believed in England that his brother, George VI, was laying careful plans for Edward's return as an adviser and support of the Crown. Now it's going to take a long time."

As Prince and as King, Edward had had vast experience in diplomacy, in public affairs, in international politics. He should, it appears, have had better sense than to make the German visit.

Why did he go? The puzzling question has too often found the answer, " Oh, he does anything she wants him to do, and you know they say she's a Nazi, and she wanted to go to Germany."

The truth, it appears, is different. The truth is that

e American Duchess Reads Every etter She Gets

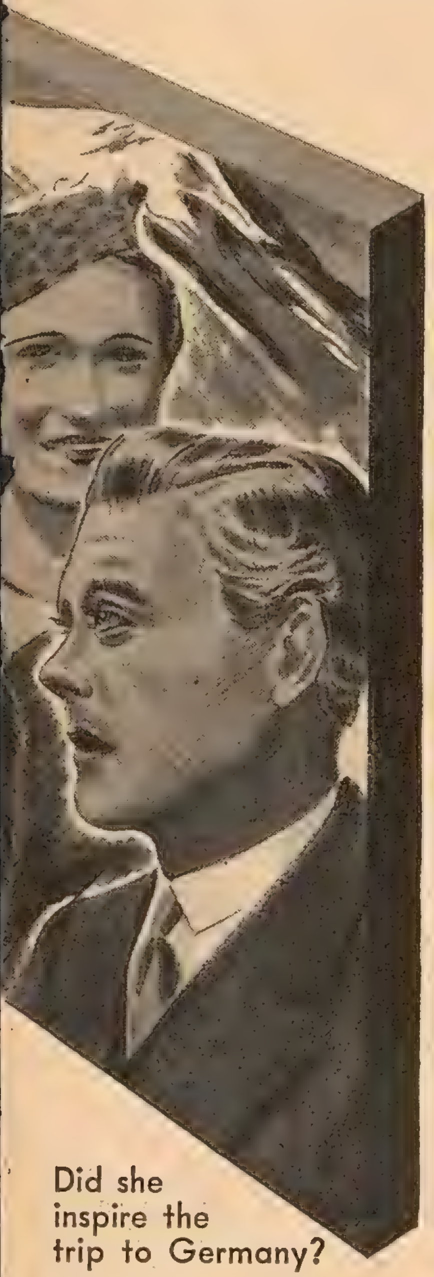
BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A surprising revelation of heartbreak on the trail of history's greatest love story—The second article of a series

the same faults that cost Edward VIII his throne, that brought him to the state of nervous bitterness and ill health from which Wallis Simpson saved him, were responsible for the German trip. His own temperament sent him there—his restlessness, his impatience, his intense curiosity, and that royal will to which he was born and in which he was trained.

He wanted to occupy himself. He was as vastly curious as the rest of the world about Germany and the Hitler regime. He wanted to see how it worked, why it worked.

So he went. His impatience, the same impatience and will which made him rush the idea of marriage to Mrs. Simpson when he was King, without investigating and weighing consequences, sent him to Germany, and it never occurred to him that his visit would be regarded as significant. It is well to remember that he believed completely that the world must believe in his integrity, his honor, his truth.


Did she inspire the trip to Germany?

No one was more utterly astounded than Edward at the misconceptions aroused by his trip. He had been King of England; for twenty-five years Prince of Wales. Was it possible that that long record went for nothing? Was it possible that people could misunderstand and impugn his motives? Couldn't he now, at long last, live the useful private life he had sacrificed so much to gain? Couldn't he travel, see, think, work as he wished?

This is the truth about the German visit, according to unimpeachable sources close to the Duke of Windsor.

And we come, with this truth, to one of the great sorrows of the Duchess of Windsor, before unnoticed.

The life of a woman in love with her husband is part of his life, intermingled with it.

The French newspapers, which took a sane, clear, and impersonal view of Edward's abdication, printed an account of the King's last dinner with Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and his own brothers, the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent. Where they gained their detailed record we do not know, but their reproduction of that famous dinner has not been questioned. Translating freely, it states that at one time the King checked his loyal brother Kent, saying, "It is not in anger that one must defend one's life. It is my life that I now defend." And then, to Mr. Baldwin, "You understand, do you not, that a life is at stake, as well as a crown?"

Rightly or wrongly, he believed he owed his life to Wallis Simpson, and that without her he could not preserve it.

The Duchess of Windsor still has that life as her great care and tenderness, as every woman holds the life of her husband. But she is a woman of insight and sensitive feeling. And she is watching today a new drama so poignant, so amazing, so psychological, that even to think of it stirs your heart with many feelings.

The King is dead. Long live the King! But her King is not dead. He lives, no longer King. She sees him exiled, sometimes humiliated, misunderstood, trying to make one of the most terrific adjustments any human being in history has ever tried to make.

We can get some idea of it if we see them both during the days of the cancellation of the American tour. There can be no question that the stand taken by American labor was a severe blow to the Duke; a new and unexpected sorrow for the Duchess. And it came like a bolt from the bright heavens of their excited anticipation.

I am told that the Duke, talking with an American called in for consultation, said, "They simply don't understand. I want to go over there. If I can speak to

It was a severe blow to him. She, suffering his hurts doubly, had to stand and watch.

them on the radio—or talk to them in that place where your leaders speak—Madison Square Garden, isn't it?—I could clear this whole business up at once."

"You might have trouble getting to Madison Square Garden," the American told him. "Labor's red hot over there now."

The Duke of Windsor squared his shoulders and his blue eyes blazed. He must, in that moment, have looked very like the young Prince of Wales who insisted over and over again upon going into the trenches with his soldiers during the war. In that moment he was determined to come to America and win from us understanding.

No one has ever doubted the courage of Edward of Windsor. We are perhaps forgetting that, as he said in his first address to his Empire, as King, "I am better known to most of you as the Prince of Wales, and although I now speak to you as King, I am still the same man."

That is, for the Duchess as for us, the crucial point of this whole story. For he is *still* the same man. The same man who upon his visits to America was hailed and cheered and feted; who won our hearts as an ambassador of good will. The same man to whom all doors were flung wide open and who now, for the first time in his life, had a door banged shut in his face with ugly words.

The Duchess of Windsor, loving him, suffering his hurts doubly, had to stand and watch.

But of what was she thinking, this bright, poised, kindly woman whose one desire was to ease this shocking moment for the former King? Stanton Leeds, in Cards the Windsors Hold, quotes her as saying before the abdication, "He means so much to England, to the world. He is what we have all looked forward to, and nothing—nothing must be done that will present a false picture of him, show him otherwise than he is. He is a sensitive man and a brave one, and he is thinking of every one, from the humblest to the highest. That is his duty as a Prince."

Still a Prince, she must know how difficult was his adjustment to this new position where he could be so misunderstood, where what to her seems black injustice could strike at him, halt his dreams, tie his hands. A few short months ago he had been King and Emperor. Now—the change in his position must have been brutally brought home to her. They hadn't, it is obvious, expected anything like this. She, his wife, believed and believes that his desire is to help others to greater happiness. Had he thrown away that chance forever? What would it mean in the years to come, in their marriage, if he had?

EVERY wife knows the daily difficulties of marriage. If things don't go well at the office, if the boss is being tough, if a man loses his job, if his pet schemes are frustrated because of incompetence or jealousy. Other women know what it means when their husbands are going through the efforts of creative work—or when they are bored because their lives are meaningless, and playtime all the time drives them frantic.

Edward of Windsor is an Englishman. That he loves his wife madly there can be no doubt. But the English husband always has been and continues to be ruler in his home. The center of it.

The Duchess of Windsor, aside from the many headline events, the heartbreaks of this adjustment her man is going through, must have also the normal everyday problems of the first year of marriage in the secret books of this year she has lived through.

Through her mind, as the conferences about the American tour went on in the luxurious suite of their Paris hotel, must have passed the words of that resolution passed by the Baltimore Federation of Labor: "Whereas Baltimore, the former residence of the wife of the Duke of Windsor, is to be the first city whose labor is to be studied by one who while resident here in no way showed the slightest concern nor sympathy for the problems of labor or the poor and needy."

Baltimore. Her own home town. "One who while resident here in no way showed the slightest concern nor sympathy for the problems of labor or the poor and needy." One who—that meant herself, Wallis Warfield. But she had been a *child* when she lived in Baltimore! They must know that. She and her mother had lived in a very tiny house in a plain street, and her mother had done the cooking and made Wallis' small dresses and often enough they themselves had had trouble making ends meet. She'd been a schoolgirl, spending summers at Wakefield Manor in Virginia with beloved Cousin Lelia, and then a girl in her teens dreaming, as all girls she knew did, of the Baltimore Cotillion. Other American girls were like that—gay, carefree, eager for fun, encouraged by American men, especially in Maryland, to be charming and gay and decorative.

Then she had married and gone away to California and China—surely, surely they couldn't hold it against her that as a child, a young girl, she hadn't taken part in labor movements. No one had talked much then—before the war—about labor in Baltimore. It had never touched her life; she never heard of it. Now, today, surely they must realize that the woman of forty, the Duchess of Windsor, might have changed, broadened, learned more of life and labor and sorrow and the poor and needy, might be vitally interested in the things that absorbed her husband. Had these very men who made this resolution been interested in labor when they were children? Would they wish to be judged at forty by the things they had done and thought at eighteen?

THEREFORE be it resolved, that the Baltimore Federation of Labor warns all Baltimore trade unionists of the potential threat to free labor and to free democratic government itself of slumming parties professing to help and study labor and that all those who either as emissaries of dictatorship or as uninformed sentimentalists support a stretch-out system, whether it be the old Taylor system or the more modern Bedaux anti-labor stretchout—"

"*Uninformed* sentimentalists"?

Could they possibly mean Edward of Windsor? Didn't they know what Edward, Prince of Wales, had done for the laboring man of England, how he had been his friend and his idol? Didn't they realize that in his own country the Prince had had much experience with labor unions and their leaders, and that such men as Jim Thomas and Bob Smillie had been his close friends, had come to him for advice, for justice, and had in turn advised him? Didn't they remember that his visit, as King, to the Welsh miners when he said, "Something will be done about this," had caused many of the old order to say that Edward VIII was dangerously friendly to the working classes?

"Emissaries of dictatorship"? Edward VIII, who had demanded freedom for himself and paid for it the highest price history records?

"Professing to help"—"slumming parties"—but what did they mean? Why should the Duke bother if he didn't mean it? Was her man, who had been a King, to be condemned to an idle, frivolous life without reward for his years of service to the peace of the world?

No one knew better than his wife Edward's restless, energetic mind. At forty-three he couldn't retire from active life, he couldn't be content to idle, travel for pleasure, live a purely social existence. It would destroy him.

There had been a time in England when it was said that Edward did not want to be King at all. That he would never be proclaimed, but would, upon his father's death, give place to his brother of York. It is said that it was Wallis Simpson who changed that bitter attitude on Edward's part. His friendship with her, the closest he'd ever known, coincides exactly with his change toward his future destiny. It may be only a coincidence, but even as a coincidence it must be set down here.

There is a peculiar irony for her in the fact that she who inspired him to work, who cheered him toward his great destiny, who encouraged him to plan and dream for his subjects, had cost him the throne. Was she now to cost him a chance to use his gifts as a man also?

No wonder she cried impulsively, "Let us go to America, David! I do not believe all the people feel that way. They will understand."

But the truth is that the American people didn't understand and still do not.

The Prince of Wales had been well sold to us as a charming, romantic, royal ambassador of good will. As a lovable playboy. As the dictator of fashion. As the hero of romance, the king from a glittering fairy tale. We never, actually, believed it, even when we heard about how hard the Prince of Wales worked, how many serious duties Edward VIII must fulfill. We thought of him as always wearing shining uniforms, sitting on a throne with a crown on his head, or slipping away to have some fun. We had overlooked all the serious, constructive work he had done at home and throughout the Empire.

Now why this sudden business about housing and industrial conditions?

If the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had planned to come to her own land as part of their honeymoon, they would perhaps have been accused of seeking a "triumphal tour"; they would perhaps have been subjected to more publicity than any two people ever knew; but they would have been received with cheers, tears, and we should have understood. Ironically enough, their seriousness of purpose defeated them. It didn't come next in the story; it didn't fit the romance; it was wrong casting, too.

Housing? There must be something more to this than met the eye.

As for their connection with the unfortunate Mr. Charles Bedaux—of whom most of us had never heard until we discovered him as an extremely unpopular figure in American labor—as to Mr. Bedaux—

But to understand that, to see how these two famous people came to find themselves in such a mess, it is necessary to go back to the beginning of their new life.

Upon December 11, 1936, following his famous broadcast, Edward left England "for some time."

From the villa at Cannes, Wallis Simpson must have followed him upon that dark, lonely, fogbound farewell.

As she thought that night of Edward sailing away from his England, the famous words of Rupert Brooke may have sung a litany of sorrow in her heart.

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
> And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
> A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
> Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
> Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
> And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
> In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

An English poet had written that of England. It was in all their hearts, and how much more strongly in the heart of Edward, England's King. For all his high head and brave calm, this night, somewhere within him, England's King no more, words like that, meaning that same thing, must be sounding.

Could love be enough? Could she make up to him for home and country and family and throne and all?

And now, when he needed her most, she could not be beside him because of her divorce decree. Even an hour together, to say those words that must be said, to talk together of the world-shaking events that had occurred, as two people must, to give each other that reassurance which they must both have craved as the thirsty crave water, even an hour together was denied them.

Over them hung that divorce. If they saw each other, it might not be granted. They might be accused of any sort of evil.

There appears one moment in those days of separation which must have brought Wallis Simpson to the last degree of pain, as you must see when you come to read again the message of Queen Mother Mary following her son's abdication, as Edward's future wife must have read it.

Perhaps when he was safely in Austria, when she was resting at Cannes, in spite of their separation she thought their troubles were almost over. Saw ahead peace and love and a useful private life and the glory of being Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Windsor. We know, at least, that she drew upon her courage, that she concentrated upon becoming gay and cheerful, to insure him that happiness for which he had sacrificed so much.

But the path ahead held unexpected sorrows for this American woman whom a King loved. She was not, for one thing, to become Her Royal Highness—and that in itself is a strange and sad little story. Nor to know her husband's family. And upon that path she met, as one who seemed simply a generous friend, when friends were badly needed, Mr. Charles Bedaux, and knowing the manner of that meeting and that association explains how the greatest of her new sorrows came to the Duchess of Windsor.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth

1—Her middle name is Minerva and she studied in Paris. A sensation was caused by her utterly frank history of a great American trust; but her writings of Lincoln are more fondly recalled. Despite the pompadour, you may recognize her features in the early photo near by. Who?

2—Jadwiga Jedrzejowska and Anita Lizana swing a nasty what?

3—Is a flageolet a musical instrument, a member of a sadistic religious cult, or an Italian paving stone?

4—On the radio, who is the creator of Baby Snooks?

5—Modern harvesting machines owe their greatest debt to which inventor?

6—Engelbert Humperdinck wrote what fairy-tale opera?

7—Who was the Divine Sarah? The Yama Yama Girl? The It Girl?

8—What game is played with a pelota at Havana frontons?

9—Which rodent mammal, with completely webbed hind feet and a flat tail, is renowned as an engineer?

10—How many U. S. Liberty Loans were there?

11—What is the tealike beverage, containing caffeine, that South Americans drink?

12—Which islands were purchased with Alaska from Russia?

13—What trio of popular songs can be unscrambled from the following jumble: Love Thrill Good Night Kiss Still Romance Lifetime Take to I You I'll of a?

14—Clara Barton was president of what from 1881 until 1904?

15—What Italian adventurer (1725-98) loved and told?

16—Robert M. McBride & Co., Harcourt, Brace & Co., and W. W. Norton & Co. are all in what business?

17—Does Bernarr Macfadden advocate vegetarianism?

18—How many wheels has a jinrikisha?

19—Exquisite what comes from Limoges, France?

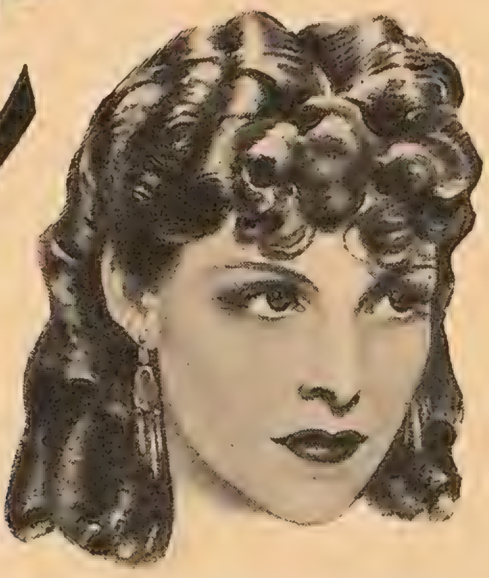
20—What former ruler owns Doorn House?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 9.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Mondays.

Casanova's Women:

CÉLESTE MAKES UP HER LOVER'S MIND



. . . and a rueful adventure befalls the greatest gallant of them all! A colorful tale, alive with sparkle

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

THAT evening Casanova went alone to the Palais Royal, to the opera. Extravagant for once, though with no woman to astonish, he paid for an entire box and stretched his long legs in a discreet corner, out of the candle glare.

The piece was Les Fêtes Vénitiennes—God knows, a poor enough thing, but it had to do with Venice, his colorful birthplace, whither his heart turned when his mind was low.

You might wonder at his melancholy. His purse was full, his reputation in Paris was still best side up, he was at the moment contemplating an honorable career. That is, he was in love—so deep in love that he thought of marrying. Céleste had prompted the idea. At the mere sight of her beauty, generous yet spiritual, of her strange misty eyes, poetic yet brave, he had offered himself as her lover—meaning no harm, not meaning anything, in fact, beyond the immediate proposal. But she had looked at him under her dark lashes and had asked whether he thought he would make a good husband. Since she mentioned it, he thought he would; but she shook her head.

He had been pleading—for how many weeks now? She was not offended at his persistence; at times she seemed to encourage it; but again she would shake free of him, as on that afternoon. She couldn't accept his invitation to the Comédie; she was engaged. For a woman to say that to an avowed and fair-playing suitor! There could be no other engagement unless there was another man.

At the Comédie they were giving Tartuffe. Casanova handed back his tickets and went to the opera. Music and thoughts of Venice would fit his mood.

Seated in the dark corner, he watched the first act, where the cheerful Venetians are diverted by the palm reading of a beautiful gypsy. Casanova had made a note of her good looks when he saw the opera before, and tonight, as the critics would say, she confirmed that initial impression. But unless he was mistaken she now added a few lines to the dialogue, and their philosophic import engaged his attention.

"Fortune! Fortune! Who's next?" she cried. "Turn your hand up, read your fate!"

"Read your own," called a voice from the stage crowd. "Who'll be kissing you tomorrow?"

There was a burst of operatic laughter. The gypsy waited for dramatic silence, then answered in a quiet voice, with just a dash of melancholy, "We never foretell for ourselves."

"Why not?"

"Once foretold, it comes true."

Casanova had just shifted to a more comfortable posture in the chair when he heard the door of the box open softly and close again. A well dressed man, somewhat shorter and older than himself, entered on tiptoe, then drew back with surprise.

"Ah, I intrude!"

"Not at all," said Casanova. "There's room for both of us."

"If you insist," said the man, helping himself to a seat out in front.

Casanova, glad of any surprise in a dull evening, studied his unlooked-for guest. Evidently a gentleman with marked self-possession who was in the habit of casting a deliberate and appraising eye on the occupants of the other boxes, particularly on the ladies, or of adjusting a lorgnette to inspect the stage. One or two of the actors, having noted his arrival, returned his gaze. The gypsy was still on the scene, but she betrayed no interest in him. After a moment he put his glass away, leaned his head back, and drank in the pleasant music.

At the end of the act, after a little duet of hand clapping from the front seat and the rear, the man turned around, and Casanova looked into a smooth oval face, not too conceited, not lacking in good nature.

"I entered the wrong door, monsieur. All my apologies! A ridiculous mistake."

"Consider the box yours, monsieur. You will give me pleasure. Meanwhile I propose a glass of champagne. Against bad music one should be fortified."

"How true," said the man, exchanging bows with Casanova to decide who should go out first. "The opera is not what it was. Ten years ago—ah!"

At a table in the restaurant, after the first taste of wine, he began to bare his soul.

"To be frank, monsieur, my invasion of your box was not an accident. I usually sit there. Tonight, when I learned that a tall distinguished gentleman had got there before me, I— But my insignificant affairs weary you?"

"If you stopped now," said Casanova, "I should suffer the disappointment of my life."

"Monsieur, I am at present in love. The lady has beauty and she is also of an ancient family. I should mention her wealth if anything so sordid were pertinent."

"Is she married?"

"Monsieur, she uses her maiden name. Into her history otherwise I have not pried."

"I congratulate you," said Casanova, motioning to the waiter for more champagne. "Marriage should be approached with a broad mind."

"Not that I lack curiosity," the man admitted, "but the right moment has not offered itself. She is of a character so direct, so sincere—Monsieur, it occurs to me that I haven't the privilege of knowing your name."

"The same thought occurred to me. I don't know yours."

"Raymond de Labellay."

"Casanova."

They both stood up and bowed. Then, as they were reseating themselves, the face of Monsieur de Labellay suddenly lighted.

"Casanova! How extraordinary! Casanova!"

"You were telling me of the lady."

"Monsieur Casanova, this chance encounter is memorable! Your name echoes in the world."

"My dear Monsieur de Labellay," said Casanova modestly, "notoriety may afflict the best of us. You were saying that the lady is direct and sincere."

"Ah, yes. She is, but she hesitates to make up her mind."

CASANOVA smiled and raised a warning finger. "Be on your guard, Monsieur de Labellay! She *has* made up her mind. They always do. But, assuming such a possibility, what form does her indecision take?"

"She thinks she loves me, then she thinks perhaps she doesn't. It occurs on alternate evenings, or would if she saw me every night. She has a distressing tendency every now and then to cancel our engagements at the last minute. That is why I came to the opera. She's expecting me. I resolved to let her expect."

"But of course you sent your regrets."

"Not a word," said Monsieur de Labellay. "For her own good I forced myself to be cruel."

Casanova looked grave. "Even in the exercise of discipline we should be tender."

Under the criticism Monsieur de Labellay flushed slightly, and Casanova sought to bend the conversation in a pleasanter direction.

"So I chanced to appropriate the very box you and she occupy on happier evenings!"

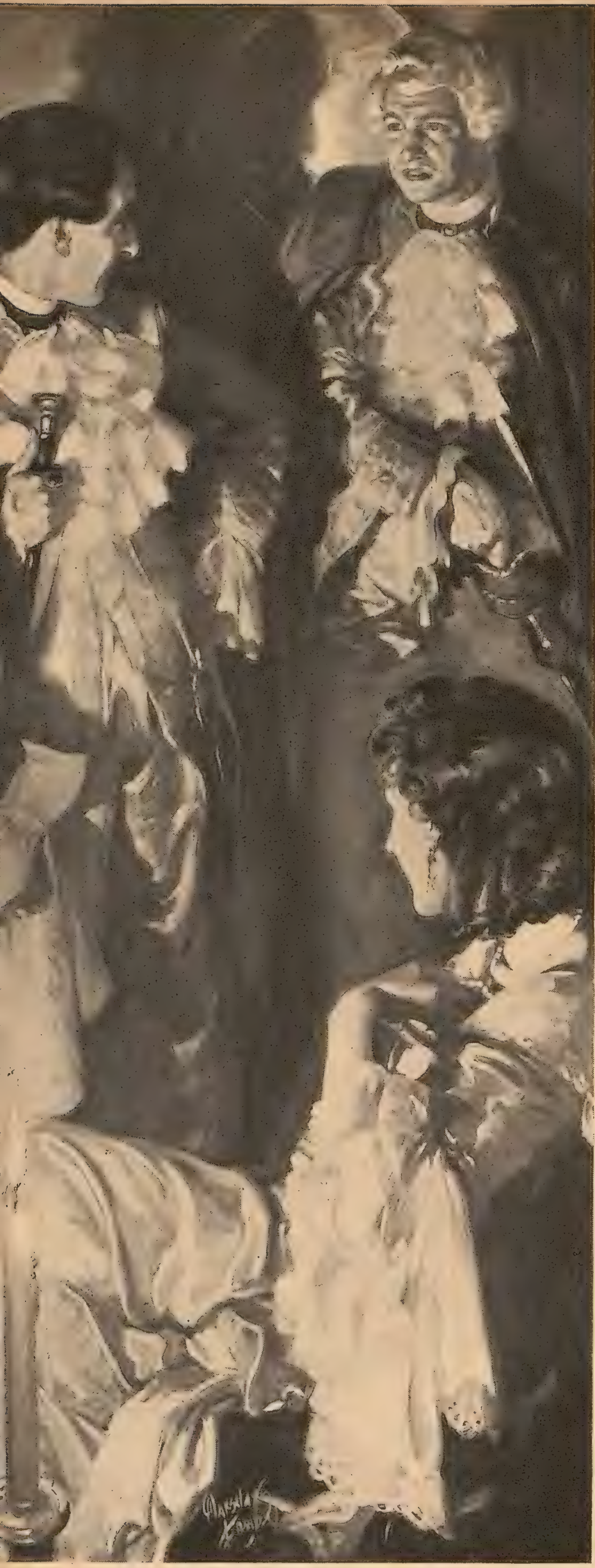
Monsieur de Labellay replied with a certain briskness: "I never take her to the opera. She prefers uninterrupted conversation. We spend the evening, when she permits, in her drawing room."

"Ah!"

"Rue Saint-Honoré. A noble house, exquisitely furnished."

Casanova studied him thoughtfully. "Monsieur de Labellay, you have already missed several minutes of the second act."

His companion, with a slight unsteadiness of hand, raised his glass. "God grant I may miss the rest of it!"



"Your remark is unseemly," said Monsieur de Labellay. "It would not occur to a gentleman." He placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"I am entirely of your opinion," said Casanova; "but since you feel that way about it, what brought you to the opera tonight?"

"If I might tell you in great confidence—" De Labellay took assurance from the rapt attention in the dark face across the table. "For some months—that is, for quite a while before I had the privilege of knowing this lady—and indeed for a brief period afterward—I was involved with an actress."

"The gypsy, perhaps?"

"Your penetration is uncanny!"

"We have much the same tastes," said Casanova. "But if you continue to assist at her performances she'll think you are still involved."

Monsieur de Labellay looked worried. "She is of a ferocious temperament. And how tenacious!"

"Your generosity must have been handsome."

"I really gave her little," protested Monsieur de Labellay. "She refused a diamond. She said she wanted me."

Casanova seemed impressed. "A tribute to essential merit."

"That wasn't what she mentioned," said Monsieur de Labellay. "A most disconcerting woman! Her eyes, as you may have noticed, are of an unnatural depth. You feel as though you were sinking into them, especially when she is angry. She declared me faithless, and in certain relations contemptible. But she swore also that she would love me forever, and she pointed out, Monsieur Casanova, that the prospect, though perhaps uncomfortable for me, was even worse for her."

"You still see her?"

"Only when I cannot escape."

"And she suspects the existence of this lady?"

"Most unfortunate!"

"Monsieur de Labellay, may I offer friendly advice?"

"But I should be grateful!"

"Keep the two women apart."

"My God, Monsieur Casanova! Do you suppose I would let them meet?"

"I refer to your life, to your emotions, to your soul. Before you offer yourself to this admirable lady, the gypsy, for you, should not exist."

Monsieur de Labellay turned mournful. "She does exist—I can't stop her!"

"In that case—this is the heart of my counsel—give up the lady."

Monsieur de Labellay permitted himself a short irreverent laugh. "Give her up! Before you say that you ought to see her!"

"A privilege I should enjoy."

THE reply was by way of mere courtesy, but it gave Monsieur de Labellay an idea.

"If I now appeared after all—unavoidably detained—and with a third person whose presence would be more of a damper than my staying away—"

"A thousand pardons," said Casanova, with an edge in his voice, "but I lose the thread of your thought."

"It's no distance at all, and my coach is in the street."

"Your idea, as I surmise," said Casanova, "is to impose me on the lady as the evening's crowning disaster."

"My dear monsieur! If I seemed to imply anything so stupid—"

Casanova beckoned to the waiter for his bill. "I was on the point of remarking, Monsieur de Labellay, that your idea commends itself. The strategy is far more subtle than the absence, may I say the ungracious absence, you first proposed. Continue the discipline and take me to her."

Casanova had the bill paid in no time, and they found the coach where it should be, and side by side they jolted over the cobblestones toward the Place Vendôme.

"That gypsy at the opera," began Monsieur de Labellay—

"Naturally," agreed Casanova, thinking of something else.

"Had her fortune been favorable," continued Monsieur de Labellay, "she might have gone far. Such wit, such good sense! That is, when she was happy. But a player's life is sad, necessarily. They provoke admiration, yet a man can't attach himself permanently to an actress."

"I understand it is difficult," said Casanova.

"She offered to give up the theater and devote herself to the home," said Monsieur de Labellay. "She assured me it would be no sacrifice, and I believe she thought so. But you can't rely on what a woman says when she's in love. That is your experience, is it not?"

The coach was stopping, and Monsieur de Labellay, in the prospect of rendering uncomfortable the lady he hoped to marry, forgot his own question.

The butler, mildly astonished, admitted them to a drawing room at once spacious and intimate, rich with the portraits of those who had used it. A deliberate ceremony of candlelighting—then a pause while he went to inquire whether his mistress, as he feared, had gone to bed, and whether she would feel like getting up again.

"A typical French home of the fine tradition," explained Monsieur de Labellay in the tone of a museum guide. "I am gratified to offer, while you are in my country, an example of our way of life."

Casanova was pacing up and down the middle of the carpet, unmindful of interior decoration. Monsieur de Labellay reflected that all Italians are children at heart and one should make allowances.

AT the sound of a foot on the stair, he and Casanova faced the door, ready to bow when the lady entered. She was tall, stately moving, somewhat pale. You could see her chiseled features in half the pictures on the wall—a very proud nose, a very human mouth, an honest searching in the eyes. She came in with a firm glance at Monsieur de Labellay, but the sight of his companion confused her.

"Céleste, permit me to present my friend Monsieur Casanova, the famous visitor from Italy."

She and the visitor were looking each other in the eye. Neither bowed.

"I have met Monsieur Casanova. I know him well."

"If you knew her, why the devil didn't you say so?"

Casanova, always at his best in a crisis, spoke quietly:

"I came, Céleste, only to ask pardon for detaining your admirer. Against his will I have held him in conversation. When I learned he was on his way to you—"

"How did you know where I was going?"

"You named the Rue Saint-Honoré—"

"Monsieur de Labellay," interrupted Céleste, "do you talk me over with your friends?"

"He did me the favor," said Casanova, "to describe an ideal woman. I recognized you."

Grasping at last the fact that he was being defended, Monsieur de Labellay lapsed into dumbness. Céleste and Casanova still looked at each other.

"I am not very hospitable," she said at last. "Will you be seated?"

She put her hand on the back of a chair as though to steady herself, and sank slowly down. Monsieur de Labellay sat, but promptly stood again, since Casanova remained on his feet.

"So you are friends!" said Céleste. "In a large city, how little we know of those we see most often!"

"I met him this evening," said Monsieur de Labellay.

Céleste raised her eyebrows. "Where?"

Having made a bad start, Monsieur de Labellay floundered, and Casanova watched him with amusement, unwilling this time to bring rescue.

"It was at the opera," said Monsieur de Labellay, too harassed to invent offhand.

Those honest eyes drew down sharply. "Ah, you went to the opera?"

"I stopped for a moment—on my way."

She turned pleasantly to Casanova. "I thought it was to be the Comédie this evening."

Casanova smiled. "It would have been, had you come."

Monsieur de Labellay groped desperately. "*Who* was going to the Comédie? You don't mean this evening—she had an engagement with me."

"I should say it differently." Céleste could express disdain without impairing the sweetness of her voice. "I thought it was *you* who had the engagement."

Monsieur de Labellay, seeing there was no other door, tried the truth: "Céleste, I went to the opera deliberately

—of my own will. I wished to show you that I am not to be trifled with."

She laughed softly. "And who is so reckless as to trifle with you?"

He was sincere at last. "I love you, Céleste. When you hesitate, when you give me hope and then teach me to despair, I lose my wits. I wish I loved you more nobly, but who could deserve you? Such as I am, I love you with all my heart!"

"So do I," said Casanova. "Such as I am. I am glad we can all talk plainly. As you have just pointed out, Monsieur de Labellay, neither of us is the perfect lover, neither deserves the happiness we seek. You probably deserve it more than I do." He glanced at Céleste. "I agree with Monsieur de Labellay that your hesitation should end. Choose between us now."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Monsieur de Labellay. "You make me seem a party to that ultimatum. You can't take a high hand like that if you're really in love. The woman should have all the time she wants."

Shine
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"Come back in an hour. I'm out to lunch now."

"You don't believe in disciplining them—is that it?"

"Your remark is unseemly," said Monsieur de Labellay. "It should not be uttered in a lady's presence. It would not occur to a gentleman."

He placed his right hand on the hilt of his sword. But Casanova laughed—an uncomplimentary laugh. "I do not admire the remark, but I thought it worth quoting, since it was yours."

Monsieur de Labellay appealed to Céleste: "Does it sound like me?"

Céleste addressed them both, but her eyes were on Casanova. "This conversation gives me no pleasure and I fail to grasp its purpose. What is there here to make me love either of you?"

Monsieur de Labellay took his hand from his sword. "I am ashamed of myself, Céleste. With your permission, I will leave you now. Also with your permission, I will return tomorrow evening. I shall wear, as it were, sackcloth. May I hope that you will forgive?"

She held her hand out for him to kiss. "Come tomorrow. You needn't wear sackcloth. I never forgive, but quite often I forget."

When Monsieur de Labellay started for the door, Casanova did not accompany him, and to Monsieur de Labellay, therefore, it seemed an inappropriate moment to leave. "May I have a word with you outside the house?"

"At your pleasure," said Casanova, "and at my convenience. I must have a word first with Céleste."

"In that case," said Monsieur de Labellay, "there should be some one here to protect her from your lies."

"Raymond!" warned Céleste softly.

Casanova's temper was rising. "I shall tell the truth."

"You couldn't."

"On second thought," said Casanova, "you do well to stay. You, not Céleste, need a defender. I can't get that gypsy out of my head."

Monsieur de Labellay strode into the room again. "Coward! Dastard!"

"Which gypsy is this?" asked Céleste.

"Tell her!" shouted Monsieur de Labellay. "Tell her if you dare!"

"Perhaps," said Casanova, "I should protect the woman's reputation. She seems, on the whole, deserving of respect. To associate her with you would be no kindness."

Monsieur de Labellay smiled. "I *thought* you would retreat."

"Monsieur Casanova," Céleste broke in with startling vigor, "I must hear all you know about that gypsy!"

Aware of the mistake he had made, Casanova threw himself on her mercy. "It was jealousy spoke, not I."

She refused to be deceived. "Tell me!"

"I cannot."

She rose to her feet. "I must bid you good night. You will not come here again."

He bowed, and went toward the door with that dignity which was one of his many contradictions.

"Ahem!" Monsieur de Labellay cleared his throat triumphantly. The sound wrecked Casanova's good behavior. He returned to the drawing room.

"For an hour or more, Céleste, Monsieur de Labellay confided his passion for the actress at the opera who plays the gypsy. In his own words, he was involved with her before he met you, and he still has to attend a performance now and then to keep her pacified. Had she not engrossed him, he would have arrived here earlier this evening. My advice then was to give up the gypsy or give up you. Now, for the sake of womankind, I hope he will give up both."

He paused, breathing hard.

Céleste's eyes were blazing. "If it is true," she said, "you are indeed a dastard to tell it. I almost fell in love with you, Monsieur Casanova, but I forced myself to think of the name you have for slyness. Tonight my cure is complete."

After that he could find no reason for staying. Through the darkness he hurried to his room near the Bastille. He had committed every known blunder; but perhaps de Labellay, when left to himself, would do as badly. By tomorrow Céleste would regret her haste.

But when he presented himself at her house she would not see him, nor on the afternoon following; and on the third morning he learned of her betrothal to Monsieur de Labellay.

That evening he went to the opera. This time he bought no ticket, but presented himself at the stage door, coin in hand to bribe the attendant.

"And who do you wish to see?"

"The actress who plays the gypsy."

"Up that stairway, monsieur—the first turn to the right."

Casanova found the first turn to the right. He also found a policeman, who looked him over from head to foot.

"The actress who plays the gypsy," explained Casanova.

The policeman must have been expecting him. "Come this way, monsieur."

They walked to the door not of a dressing room but of the manager's office.

"Have the kindness to enter, monsieur."

The manager was a small stoutish person of a nervous disposition but extremely polite.

"Monsieur?"

"I wish to see the actress who plays the gypsy."

"Ah! Naturally!" The manager seized a piece of paper and began to write—doubtless a pass to the dressing rooms. "You have known her long, monsieur?"

"Er—ah—not long," said Casanova.

"How recently have you seen her?"

"I should like to know," said Casanova, "why you write down my replies."

"Monsieur," said the manager, "the police require this report. Your friend tried to kill herself today. The authorities are interested in all her acquaintances."

Casanova walked through the night, meditating. He was weary of Paris. And a little weary of himself.

THE END

READING TIME • 36 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

MR. LUDWIG in last week's installment began comparing Roosevelt and Al Smith and compared their services to each other, particularly in 1928, when Roosevelt for the second time nominated Al for President and Al talked him into running for governor of New York, though he would have preferred to stay a year longer at Warm Springs. Having paused to compare the two Roosevelts, Franklin and "T. R.," the biographer returned to the former as governor and reviewed that championship of "the forgotten man" which so definitely foreshadowed the New Deal.

PART SEVEN—"FRANK" AND "AL" . . . AND THE "NOBLE EXPERIMENT"

JUST when Smith was defeated in the Presidential election Roosevelt rode to victory as governor of Smith's state of New York. The powerful leader who had lifted the younger man to second place, in order to strengthen his own hand, lost out in the struggle for first place—he even saw himself defeated in his own state, of which he had so long been the idol.

When, that evening, a friend of the Roosevelts told the mother of the governor-elect that from now on Franklin should be looked upon as a Presidential candidate, that distinguished lady, inaccessible to the bribe of fame, definitely rejected the suggestion. But in that same moment Smith must have seen his friend and follower transformed into the menacing rival. With all the honesty in the world these two were fated to see their friendship first overshadowed and then broken.

From New York Smith kept a sharp eye on Albany—it is not true, as his enemies say, that he actually went there—in order to keep informed as to what his friend, now occupying his chair, was doing and contemplating. He hoped to retain a portion of his power by putting into play his influence and experience. But instead he was compelled to look on while his friend and successor dismissed his two most trusted officials, for Roosevelt did not intend to have his speeches written for him by a woman, however clever she might be, nor did he intend to keep at his side a man who obviously wanted to be governor himself.

But would not the younger man at least seek the counsel of his experienced friend and predecessor in office? That would have been in keeping with Roosevelt's amiable nature. It was obviously the misanthropic Louis Howe who checked him, for Howe, whose harshness stuck out all over him, was the best protection Roosevelt had against the dangers of his own easygoing nature. So for weeks Smith waited in vain for at least a call from Albany, just as a mother might wait for a call from her newly married daughter, whom she has had to bestow on another but whom she still hopes to rule from afar, while the young woman has long since and all by herself reached a perfect understanding with her husband.

"Frank" and "Al" when Roosevelt was Governor

The alienation was complete.

When Roosevelt stood for re-election in 1930, Smith nevertheless worked for him, and there was a great to-do about "Al" and "Frank."

Although he denied it, Smith must have subconciously hoped to obtain in 1932 what he lost four years before, and he would need the help of the friend who had become so powerful.

The principal issue in these elections was prohibition, for the nation was then at loggerheads over a problem which to us Europeans appeared to be extraordinarily comical—to wit, whether man might or might not drink alcohol.

Thirty years hence no one will at all understand how the political life of a mighty people could for years center about this point, and how every citizen could be credited with enough intelligence to choose a President but not with enough to know how much drink he could stand.

The profoundly conservative sense of the American reveals itself anew in this matter, for he went through a national struggle to rid himself in time of a mass regulation which had at a certain moment been necessary. Even today we see the ridiculous situation that the traveler in a transcontinental train suddenly finds himself compelled, between the hours of twelve and five, to become an ascetic saint because he happens to be passing through a dry state, and then after five he is once more permitted to become a bacchanalian reveler, pauses which put one in mind of the terrifying moments in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In those days Roosevelt was one of the few who refused to be burdened with this banal problem, saying that it was not, under any circumstances, to overshadow the problem of electric power. He saw that water was more important than wine.

And at the same time he was looking for a way out between wets and drys which would enable him to capture votes for his great projects.

His victory was the greatest in the gubernatorial elections of the United States, and having a plurality of 725,001 votes, he said, laughing, "I cast that *one* myself." But nothing moved him so deeply as a check for one hundred fifty dollars which the cripples of Warm Springs forwarded to help him toward victory. For it was a symbol of the time when he was gathering health and inner strength for the period of determined achievement. Could this strength have been expressed in figures, the check from Warm Springs would have had to cover millions.

The first two fighting years of his governorship had

How F. D. R. lost a famous friend, was hailed

Roosevelt and Smith -A President is Born

doubled the lust of battle within him. Because of the crisis he reduced the expenses of his second inauguration from $21,000 to $3,000, and at the same time increased correspondingly the points in his program. The decisive point astounded every one, including his friends. For in the general eclipse of social conditions there were, as always, many—and among them sincere friends of this man of action—who advised him to assert himself as dictator. Roosevelt himself reported in his inaugural address:

"Not long ago I received a letter from an eminent editor, telling me tearfully that all local government had broken down, and begging me as governor—note the unconscious willingness to accept a czar or absolute dictator in the governor's chair in Albany—to usurp and assume the functions of the officials duly elected by the communities themselves. He ended with the suggestion that, if I did not do so, the alternative would be to call out the militia and establish martial law.

"I cite this as an illustration of the present dangerous tendency to forget a fundamental of American democracy, which rests on the right of a locality to manage its local affairs—the tendency to encourage concentration of power at the top of a governmental structure, alien to our system and more closely akin to a dictatorship or the central committee of a communistic regime."

Then, as always before and since, Roosevelt turned upon such ideas. He declared that it was much more necessary to raise the representatives of the people to the level of lawmakers, and to put experts everywhere in positions of power; for, rather than assemble a group of docile representatives who merely said yes or no, it would be cheaper to elect a leader once for all and then let votes be sent in by mail. For, he said:

THE GOVERNOR'S VIEW OF MASTER MINDS AND LAWMAKING YES-MEN

"The doctrine of regulation and legislation by 'master minds,' in whose judgment and will all the people may gladly and quietly acquiesce, has been too glaringly apparent at Washington during these last ten years. Were it possible to find 'master minds' so unselfish, so willing to decide unhesitatingly against their own personal interest or private prejudices—men almost godlike in their ability to hold the scales of Justice with an even hand—such a government might be to the interests of the country; but there are none such on our political horizon, and we cannot expect a complete reversal of all the teachings of history."

The fact that such a militant attitude could in the long run be only useful to the governor does nothing to detract from its sincerity. For Roosevelt had adopted this attitude in his youth. Later he had confirmed it, never had he abandoned it, and today he can only go on reaffirming it if he is not to contradict himself completely. He did not take his cue from the times; the times rather developed toward him.

Now a juncture was effected between him and the time, for the catastrophe of 1929 produced in America effects similar to those produced by the German collapse of 1918: here too a man had promised in all his speeches that he was "leading the nation toward glorious times." Kaiser or President, he was believed, and when the prophecy was not fulfilled the speaker of those words was, certainly without regard to the question of personal guilt, held responsible by a people which felt itself to have been betrayed. After the United States had been governed, for decades, by banks and industrial companies, the time had become ripe for the emergence of an opponent of great wealth, even though he were not an opponent of capitalism. It had once more become a thankful job to be a liberal, and a Democrat to boot.

The thoughts and visions of Louis Howe became more tense, therefore, as he saw the President he had chosen, or at least dreamed of, coming closer. During the years of Roosevelt's governorship Howe had lived half of every week with him in Albany, the other half in New York, spending his week-ends with his family. Through him Roosevelt, handicapped physically by his partial paralysis and socially by his position, maintained unbroken contact with political circles. The network of letters which since his sickness had been thrown over forty-eight states was now looked after largely by his friend; and by this means, as well as through Howe's current reports, he learned which leaders of the opposing party were for him, and which of his own party were against him.

For distrust of him could not stop short at the party line; it increased among the rich even if they were Democrats, while faith in his moral character stirred the poor even if they happened to vote the other ticket.

It was the activity of his wife which now provided a real link between the governor and certain parts of the people, for her work had increased with his. She too was for the most part with him only half the week, as was his friend. The other half was taken up in New York by her teaching job and her social and editorial activities, so that these two were bound to each other more than ever by their life in the movement. Friends still tell how the long family table had a telephone at each end, and every one of the children had a different political opinion.

When Franklin's half brother died, the father's wealth added new strength to his freedom, and since in addition to that both parents were earning their own living, they were in a position to spend $50,000 a year, until the crash halved this amount. From his own means and through the gifts of some rich people Roosevelt was able to build up Warm Springs, "my other state"; and it was—and still is—his habit to spend several weeks there every year.

ATTENTION OF SECRETARY WALLACE: HYDE PARK IS A FARM

In spite of this he had not then and still has not a large fortune. Indeed, all he has is his own house, and when his political enemies sought to annoy him by allusions to his estate, he answered that it did not belong to him but to his mother, and that furthermore it was a farm. "Must our farm be called an estate merely because I'm governor, or because it's been in the family a

s the champion of the common man, and won his landslide triumph at the polls

ng time, or because there are flower gardens there? Call it by its right name, a farm. I don't like estates and I do like farms."

There is more in this than a jest about words. One recognizes once more the aristocrat who would rather appear less than he is, and in any case does not want to be confused with the newly rich who always want to appear more than they are. In the above sentences he does not defend himself against the reproach that he who fights for the poor ought not to be rich; he only wants to put things as they really are, to which he adds that this is how he prefers them, too. Herein is revealed an harmonious and at the same time self-conscious nature which says yes to its destiny because it is its own.

WHOEVER, like the author of these lines, made his first visit to the United States in 1928, believed he had entered a country of gamblers. It is not his task to tell Americans, a decade later, about that epoch through which they all lived. But that even after the crash the government understood little I can testify from a conversation with President Hoover, who early in June, 1931, offered the assurance that by the fall of that year everything would be all right again.

Roosevelt, who during that whole period of happy stock speculation had directed his policy against the exchanges and the banks, could point out during the crisis that it was a tragic irony that "without earthquake and flood, without war or any other form of destruction, the nation had been reduced to this condition." He unmasked the phrase of the money men, which had it that the crisis was "only psychological"—for when bankers begin to talk psychology there is always disaster. He showed the contradiction in Hoover's theory which sought to guarantee ever-increasing wealth by ever-increasing production.

Al Smith in his office in the Empire State Building.

Roosevelt had become friendly with Hoover in Wilson's day, and he had nothing against a man who through his own intelligence and industry had become so wealthy that in comparison with him the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, with salary and private income, was poor. It was rather Hoover's circle of friendships which disturbed Roosevelt; the same thing happened in the end with Al Smith, too, who drifted as far from the poor circles of his origin as Roosevelt from the rich circles of his. For in that collapse of a great nation the decisive question was not whether the candidate was a wet or a dry; the issue was, in truth, only that of rich and poor.

HOW HE SPOKE UP FOR "SLAVES WHO BUILD PYRAMIDS"

Roosevelt's platform was therefore more a credo than a program. The speeches and articles which were the basis of his campaign in 1932 used only the all-too-easy criticism of the present as the starting point for his proposals. Still, these proposals for reform were only the outer garb: under it beat the heart of a man whose life had gradually made him the mouthpiece of the poor. Whether he seeks to advance the pension age to sixty or fifty, or demands complete publicity on the incomes of directors of large public enterprises; whether he seeks to prevent the cultivation of poor soil or the creation of new farms for a nation which has lost half its purchasing power; whether he would declare all interest above 7 per cent illegal, and unemployment insurance of all citizens desirable—whatever it is, the same basic note runs through everything and unifies the whole, hence the grip which it has on millions.

For by the very tone of his utterances Roosevelt establishes a new epoch. In these speeches he calls things by their right names. He speaks of the farmers oppressed by the usury of mortgages as "slaves who are being forced to build pyramids," and of "the heartbreaking spectacle" of their labor on poor soil. He invokes every conceivable principle against a return of the good old times of so-called prosperity, and demands new laws for a new age: "The day of the great promoter or the financial titan, to whom we granted everything if only he would build or develop, is over. Our task is now a sober, less dramatic business. . . . Twenty years ago there would have been nothing but public laughter or apprehension at the way some of us are viewing the duties of government."

Always he directs his attack against the accumulation of money, against the big company, every shareholder of which should have the right to test every contract, while he denounces the holding company simply as a form which "lends itself to secrecy, mismanagement, and fraud." Prevention of the unlimited accumulation of credit which had led to the catastrophe he calls specifically "the task of statesmanship in the next years."

So, after half a century of deification of the big-business man, there emerges on the American scene a man in the person of Roosevelt who demands that the system exist for the individual man and the individual woman, and who therefore teaches and fixes the very opposite of all Fascist philosophy: "I believe that the individual should have full liberty of action to make the most of himself; but I do not believe that in the name of that sacred word individuality a few personal interests should be permitted to make industrial cannon fodder of the lives of half the population of the United States." And the New Deal which he wishes to inaugurate he defines as "a changed concept of the duty and responsibility of government toward economic life."

SOME DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN HIS REFORMS AND HITLER'S

All this is moved forward less by the spirit of freedom than by the spirit of justice. Therefore, what drives him is, throughout, not the fervor of the revolutionary, which would overthrow society, transfer the means of production to the state, and make every man a state official; Roosevelt's reforms have much less state socialism about them than those of the Fascist dictatorships. What does drive him is much more his indignation over the unjust distribution of the state's duties; for the rich man should turn over to the community much more than the poor man, so that the state might shield the latter from destitution. But he is all the less against capital in that he needs it in order to relieve the needs of the unemployed.

That, he emphasizes at once, is "no panacea for human misery, but it softens the shock. It takes off the worker's back the nightmare of starvation." He demands as a complement to the political declaration of rights "an economic declaration of rights," which shall protect the poor against the treachery of the rich, which shall enact that a piece of speculative paper be so entitled, and shall not be permitted to masquerade as an investment.

But this is not to be realized through one single all-embracing cure; only through experiment. No declaration is made here, as in Moscow or Berlin, that the earthly paradise can be created, and all one needs is to accept a single dogma. No state philosophy of perpetual motion is offered. All that is proposed is one of the many possible methods. Just as Roosevelt had all his life passed from one experiment to the next, unchained to any theory, and, brought up on the land, had learned to make and alter his decisions by firsthand perception, wholly a child of the present, unencumbered by philosophies and dogmas, so now he demands—in opposition to the insistence of Hoover, who obstinately considers his own method infallible—a "time of persistent experimentation."

"It is common sense," he says, "to take a method and try it; if it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But, above all, try something. . . . We need to correct, by drastic means if necessary, the faults in our economic system from which we now suffer."

DID HE REALIZE IT COULD HAPPEN HERE?

With these gripping demands Roosevelt had no desire to revolutionize the country; he wanted much more to prevent revolution. Or did that never threaten? Were not millions of farmers penniless, compelled by the pressure of mortgages to give up their homes? Were there not fifteen million workers, who with their families represented one third of the nation, living without employment and income? Had not forty thousand ex-soldiers, marching on the capital, been driven back with tear gas?

How should revolution not be threatening in a country whose laws had conceded so much to the inborn gambling instincts of the people that forty billion dollars could be lost in forty-eight hours? How long could a condition continue, without provoking civil war, in which a group of a couple of hundred firms, controlled by thirty banking houses, administered almost the entire industry of the country and half of all its savings?

"There are some"—so he once summed it up for me—"who say that this country is ultimately controlled by eighty men. Others say it is two thousand. Certainly not more than that." Roosevelt had studied too much European history to do what his predecessors had done—namely, to throw a veil of optimism about this danger. The high objective which this man, restored to health, had set himself now confronted him. It seemed that he needed only to stretch out his hand.

ON this occasion, too, the name and the shadow of that popular and legendary relative, Theodore, were of immense importance in the election of the younger man. His own campaign manager, Farley, called it a

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
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ISN'T IT A MARVELOUS DAY, DAD?
I'LL LIKE IT A LOT BETTER WHEN I LIGHT UP THIS PIPE
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SAY, I'LL BET THEY'LL HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION OVER THAT
OH, DADDY --- ELEPHANTS!
YES, THIS IS THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE CIRCUS. THEY'RE TRAINING THE ANIMALS FOR NEXT SEASON'S PERFORMANCES
LOOK, DAD, THERE'S AN ART CLASS OVER THERE SKETCHING THOSE HORSES
SAY, DOESN'T THE INSTRUCTOR LOOK LIKE YOUR OLD ART PROFESSOR BACK HOME
WELL, IT CERTAINLY IS THE PROFESSOR, DAD. SO THIS IS WHERE HE IS TEACHING NOW!
JUDGE ROBBINS - CHUBBINS — HULLO-O-O! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN FLORIDA?
WE'RE SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR
SEEMS A LONG TIME SINCE YOU WERE TEACHING ART BACK HOME, PROFESSOR. PHEW! ISN'T IT A HOT DAY?
COME ON OVER IN THE SHADE FOR A SMOKE
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" magic name," Roosevelt the Second, and fixed the campaign headquarters in the Roosevelt Hotel in New York.

But once again sickness intervened and put him to the last test.

It was a test only of his dignity and honor, but it must have fallen doubly hard on the aristocrat. Or are our physical infirmities not representative of the most private part of our lives? Are we not inclined to conceal, even from a wife or a beloved, those weaknesses which need be revealed only to the doctor? And what man of any pride would offer to the public gaze his physical shortcomings?

Men whose high positions expose them like kings to the gaze of the people are therefore prone to conceal any infirmity. They fortify a small stature with high heels and hats, and an uncertain voice with hours of elocution practice. If a dictator happens to be born neurasthenic, he practices a stern bearing and bellows at the people to make a manlier impression. In all times there have been lame kings, crippled field marshals, blind ministers of state: always history has added to their fame because they mastered a physical handicap. " Lameness is a handicap of the leg but not of the will," wrote Epicurus.

The great Tamerlane, wounded by an arrow in his youth, limped through his victories on a lame right foot. The German knight Götz von Berlichingen fought with an iron arm, Prince Christian of Brunswick with one of silver, the Prince of Homburg with but one leg. Alexander Ypsilanti the Greek smote his enemies with a single hand. The English King James II and the Austrian Duke Albrecht rode with lame legs through their countries, and were soldiers, ruling not merely from behind a desk. Philip II ruled his world empire for decades while almost crippled by gout. Nelson, a weakling from childhood, was compelled to go to sea by his father. At twenty-three he lost his arm in a battle and became lame in his left leg, at thirty-six he lost an eye, at forty he became an insomniac as the result of severe head wounds, and even began to lose the sight of his right eye. What did the man become under these circumstances? The sea hero of the century.

A CRIPPLE MAKE HISTORY? WHY NOT?

And from him there stretches into our own epoch a line of men of action—for here we do not even speak of men of art like Milton and Beethoven, who triumphed over physical infirmity or suffering. There was Fawcett, the blind postmaster general under Gladstone. There was the Irish aristocrat Kavanagh, born without arms and legs, who nevertheless became not only a huntsman and a traveler but also an influential member of the House of Commons, a man who did not seem to behold the frightened glances thrown in his direction when he was being carried around on the back of his servant. I myself visited Philip Snowden, the British pacifist with the head of a field marshal—in latter years he looked like von Moltke—the man who, thoroughly healthy at twenty-seven, was, like Roosevelt, suddenly struck down by an inflammation of the spinal marrow and afterward learned to walk a little with the aid of a stick.

None of these men hid their physical defects. Unterrified, they took as their own the words of Goethe: " It is the spirit which fashions the body to itself."

"SHINING ARMOR" THAT HID A DEFECT

Only Wilhelm II concealed what destiny had reserved for him, and thereby brought misery on himself and on his country. Had he not, for a quarter of a century, kept on hiding his crippled arm at all solemn entries and audiences, in all paintings and photographs, he would not have forced upon himself the attitude of the warlike Kaiser. Thus his character would have been less theatrical and his presence less challenging. He would not have been perpetually haranguing the world in the manner of an aggressive conqueror, and the Great War, which is in part ascribable to Europe's impatience with the insolent attitudes of the Kaiser, might, without this threatening pose of his, perhaps have been avoided. Only in his old age did the Kaiser himself avow, in the memoirs written in his exile, how much he had suffered as a boy from the compulsion to hide his physical defect under the mask of the aggressive soldier.

When Roosevelt was confronted with the identical problem he chose the opposite path from that of Wilhelm II. Fifteen months before the Presidential nomination of 1932, Liberty magazine assigned a member of the opposite party, the Republican Earle Looker, to ask whether Roosevelt felt himself to be physically fit for the position. Mr. Looker received this answer: "Being assured of your integrity, I am prepared to permit you to make an investigation of my physical fitness, and to give you every facility for thoroughly making it, and authority for you to publish its results without censorship from me."

This resolution shows the man in his best aspect. It is the man of open character who has already, in his fight against corruption, denounced all secret paths and is prepared to give the nation which will perhaps elect him the clearest information as to his person. Yet at the same time it is the clever judge of men who bethinks him how an undeserved physical defect awakens the sympathy and tolerance of beholders, and how much the Kaiser would have become one of the people had he openly shown his deformity; and how the masses appreciate doubly a man whose labors are wrung from a handicapped body.

Perhaps even at that time a third motive was added by the idea of the popular educator, that a man who had achieved the highest place in the nation by the conquest of such great infirmities could be a spur and an example to millions. So a committee was set up by the president of the New York Academy of Medicine, consisting of a doctor, an orthopedist, and a neurologist. After long observation and investigation it confirmed Franklin Roosevelt's complete fitness: his chest was unusually developed, his spinal marrow completely normal, every part of the spinal column in healthy and painless condition; the cure was well advanced and would continue to advance; he could cover the required distance by walking and he could stand without fatigue. "We believe his powers of endurance are such as to allow him to meet any demand of private and public life." Liberty Magazine published these results.

Never before has a man setting out to govern a people provided himself with such an attestation. It proved an important factor in the campaign. It is new in world history—not because never before has a physically handicapped man sought to govern a nation of sports-lovers, which was prepared expressly and of its own free will to confirm him in this leadership; it is new and specifically American because it calls a public secret by its name—yes, transforms it into a sort of state document.

Aristocrat that he was, Roosevelt, who concealed nothing, had nevertheless always avoided turning his weakness into a coquetry, and in the whole decade since his sickness he has spoken of it only once.

"Well," he said in one of his campaign speeches, "here's the helpless, hopeless invalid my opponents have been talking about. I have made fifteen speeches today; this will be the sixteenth." This time the victim of this interesting weakness decided to present himself in person to the nation more generously than all predecessors, and although they advised him against campaigning across the whole continent to the Pacific Coast, as Hughes had done only to discover that it had been a blunder, he knew the influence of his personality.

But meanwhile he had not been nominated as yet, and the opponents within his own party were numerous. Two colleagues who had been members of the cabinet under Wilson, Baker and McAdoo, also Young, whose name had become known throughout the world in connection with reparations, and above all Al Smith, were his rivals. Smith could at this stage of his career be compared to a jockey who, throughout a long race, had always been ahead of his nearest rival but who suddenly sees himself overtaken on the last lap. Can he be altogether blamed if he became bitter, and in his speeches issued warnings against candidates who made a "demagogic appeal to the people"?

The friendship with Smith was the first payment Roosevelt had to make as the cost of his rise. When years later, in 1937, I cautiously tested Smith on this point, he refused in his gruff way to give me any information; I liked very much his avoidance of diplomatic trimmings.

One need only compare the working rooms and writing desks of the two men to perceive that difference of character which the last ten years have merely served to bring out in high relief. While Roosevelt ornaments his table with comical little cloth donkeys, Smith has three solid and costly tigers as paperweights;

FORMER GOVERNOR HOFFMAN TELLS WHY

No man in public office was more criticized than was Governor Harold Hoffman of New Jersey when he reopened the investigation of the Lindbergh kidnaping after Bruno Richard Hauptmann had been convicted.

Why did he do it?

The full facts of this perplexing mystery have never been told. But now Harold Hoffman is no longer Governor of New Jersey. Now he feels he can state the facts to the public.

Next week in Liberty he begins his own story of what prompted him to his extraordinary and much misunderstood course. Don't miss his opening statement in Liberty, on sale at all newsstands next Wednesday!

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Recently, sportsman pilot Bernarr Macfadden, took off from Roosevelt field, New York, under adverse weather conditions, his Stinson 'Reliant' heavily loaded with gasoline. Exactly 8 hours and 7 minutes later he arrived at the Miami Airport. Although in his seventieth year and flying the entire non-stop trip alone Mr. Macfadden arrived comfortably at Miami in tip-top physical condition. This is another instance which substantiates our 1937 slogan 'A Transport Ride at Airline Speed.'

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ear by, to one side, stands the picture of the Pope with an inscription to Smith, and to the other side is a cross of blue enamel. When I was there, the cross lay near a business letter of the Empire State Building, the administration of which is Smith's business today. This was on the thirty-sixth floor, in a corner of one of those magnificent rooms whose enormous windows look down on this newest of world cities, which lifted its sun-drenched chivalresque towers between two rivers covered with boats.

This man in the middle sixties stirred in me feelings of profoundest sympathy.

A PORTRAIT OF AN UNHAPPY WARRIOR

Assuredly Smith has grounds enough for denouncing the ingratitude of men. Could he help feeling that he had been betrayed by Farley, whose career he had made until then? To be sure, it is wrong to say that Roosevelt betrayed him, for in the second year of his governorship it was already known to every one, and therefore to Smith too, that Roosevelt was going to present himself as Presidential candidate. At that time a friend of Smith advised him to withdraw his candidacy for President; but Smith, disappointed by defeat, rejected this counsel.

Suddenly, to show me where Roosevelt had betrayed the fundamental principles of his party, former Governor Smith snatched up a brown book, obviously containing the program of the Democratic Party, quickly turned to the outraged paragraph, stood up hastily with the motion of a young popular leader, and thundered forth—as if I were a mass meeting—the dogma of the old state rights. There he stood, a threatening figure burned black by the dazzling sun of the world city, invoking with finger uplifted angrily and in an accusing voice the sanctity of the law—like Martin Luther!

HOW THE PRESIDENT-MAKER DID THE JOB THAT CLINCHED IT

In Roosevelt's first election campaign Howe played the decisive part. It was for him far more than for Roosevelt the high spot of his career: the minister who picks out the king's bride is usually much more agitated than the king himself. There he was, at the very center of the countless meshes of the party net, among campaign literature and placards, articles and telephone messages, reassuring some friends who did not feel safe about the rewards, rebuking others who were too greedy, going through endless correspondence files to find new points of support. Before the convention he even sent to every delegate, to his home, a gramophone record from which Roosevelt's voice issued, saying, " My dear friend, I wish it lay in my power to talk with you face to face "; then followed, " in gratitude and friendship "—an election speech.

Thus the greatest among all the worker bees who were preparing for the queen's flight was in active agitation for months; Howe could see how every one wanted something, while he alone wanted nothing. It appears to have been Howe, again, who brought over one of the most popular men in New York, Boxing Commissioner Farley, to work for Roosevelt—an achievement which, in view of Farley's position in the party, was half the victory over other Tammany men.

THE WRONG KIND OF GLEE

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

They said that Alcatraz, the federal prison on a rocky island of San Francisco Bay, was one donjon that could not be broken. Now two convicts have escaped from the escape-proof fortress. Whether they perished in the tidal rip of those angry waters, or whether a confederates' boat got them safely to shore, is not known at this writing. What was disheartening more than the fact of the escape was a note of glee in the voices of many citizens who seemed to think there was something funny about it.

There was nothing comic in the escape of these dangerous men. In the last twelve years one of the greatest obstacles to law enforcement in this country has been the attitude of our citizens who were amused by crooks. They took the role of spectators watching a game and cheering what seemed to them spectacular plays. We all remember the time when Dillinger's brutal face on the screen was applauded by American audiences. Let's not go back to that mistaken era. It is too bad that the ideal of an escape-proof prison as a terror to the underworld should be marred. But one prediction we make with assurance: J. Edgar Hoover and his brave men will catch those two convicts if they are still alive. They will catch them and take them back to Alcatraz.

Their resolution to do that is worthy of our cheers.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T. Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

HOW THE " BRAIN TRUST " — IF ANY — GOT ITS START

One of Roosevelt's cleverest friends, Rosenman, urged Roosevelt to prepare himself in another way—namely, to have his theoretical groundwork ready for the campaign tour in case he was nominated; politicians and banking experts having come such a cropper, it was perhaps the right moment to turn to the academies. At the same time he proposed several professors, all of them liberal, like Roosevelt's own circle, who were to prepare short, all-embracing theses, not longer than two pages but containing the definitive figures, on agriculture, the stock market, workers' insurance, farm mortgages, and other problems of the day. These advisers then came together for regular sessions in Albany twice a week, with Rosenman himself present, naturally, for he had during many years played a creative role as chancellor and judicial adviser to the then governor, as he still does today. From these conversations there developed later what the public called "the Brain Trust"—which never existed.

This remarkable divan, which the Caliph in the making assembled in order that he might really be made Caliph, belongs thoroughly to this spectacle of an important dilettante who had always been more the farmer and seaman than the jurist and more the man of the immediate hour than the farmer and seaman.

Roosevelt may in this respect be compared to a born poet who, turning historian for the nonce, proceeds to obtain the figures, dates, and proofs for that which his intuition has already apprehended. For just as a man of poetic gifts need not travel through a country in order to portray it, but only travels as a matter of confirmation, so Roosevelt carried in his head a picture of the United States, built up of the countless impressions and data which he had gathered in his journeys through every section of the country and his contacts with all classes of society. He carried likewise in his heart a vision of a better future of which not he but millions of his future auditors wanted the proofs in the form of figures and laws.

That he should be lacking in this groundwork in no way differentiates him from other men of power; that he should in all openness have admitted it was new even in America. He himself told me, for instance, that he had never read Karl Marx. The " no " with which he answered my question was neither astonished nor aggressive. He did not mean thereby to wave aside Marx, from whom even anti-Socialist dictators learn so much, but he told me that " in those days," forty years ago, it was John Stuart Mill who was being taught at Harvard. Assuredly he knows the advantages of this freedom from preconceptions, for since the classic systems do not oppress him he is free to keep on modeling a flexible system out of the changing needs of our transitional epoch.

Meanwhile he knew how to keep his advisers in separate groups. He did not let organizers and money-gatherers mingle with political friends, either actually or in his own mind, nor these with the " Brain Trust." Then, when the Democratic Convention assembled in Chicago in June, 1932, Roosevelt remained at home and heard through the radio the ups and downs of the voting, which the shift of the California delegation finally decided. Like Carmen he stood outside listening for what was going to happen in the big circus; like her, in the lonely place of the last act, he waited for the victory of the toreador Farley, for the moment when the latter should have killed the bull of the opposition.

But then, instead of persisting in this cloistral withdrawal, he at once flew with wife and son to Chicago and that same evening told his party in a speech that it could interpret his hurry as a symbol:

"I want to avoid all hypocrisy and sham, all silly shutting of eyes in this campaign. You have nominated me and I know it, and I am here to thank you for the honor. Let it be symbolic that in so doing I broke traditions. We will break foolish traditions and leave it to Republican leadership to break a promise. I pledge myself for a New Deal to the American people. This is more than a political campaign. It is a call to arms."

But then, scarcely nominated, what does Roosevelt undertake? Does he throw himself into the campaign? He very much prefers to hire himself a sailing yawl and go for a trip with sons and friends.

During his alarm-sounding campaign which immediately followed, accompanied in his own train by his wife, two children, and some advisers, he covered over 17,000 miles in four months and delivered some thousand speeches. He intensified the fight against the banks, for in those fall months of 1932 the want throughout the country had increased in line with prediction, improving the chances of the new candidate. The stormy time seemed to keep pace with his express train, veiled like the latter in mist and smoke, and to fire the man to ever greater daring in his denunciations and promises.

THE CAMPAIGN THAT RIVALED "T. R.'S."

"These unhappy times call for the building of plans that rest upon the forgotten . . . that put their faith once more in the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid. . . . The farmers should be an objective of government itself, to provide at least as much assistance to the little fellow as it is now giving to the large banks and corporations."

Meanwhile there does not stand behind these determined words a born leader of the masses calling to them with volcanic gestures. It is Roosevelt's custom to read all of his speeches, but long practice has given him an understanding of the moods of a great crowd, and he observes the reaction in the front rows which he always has close to the speaking stand. His secretaries can catch from the ring of his voice what he thinks of the meeting. The clear English which he speaks, intelligible to everybody, has become simpler with the years. His speeches, in that they use nature pictures such as we would expect from a man born on the land to illustrate political points, remind one of Bismarck's. He also derived his most successful illustrations from country life, something entirely missing in the case of a Wilson or, let us say, a Hitler.

"Civilization is a tree," said Roosevelt toward the close of his campaign, "which, as it grows, continually produces rot and dead wood. The radicals say: Cut it down. The conservatives say: Don't touch it. The liberals compromise. Let's act so that we lose neither the old trunk nor the new branches."

When the electoral college vote gave him forty-four of the forty-eight states, while the popular vote cast for him was greater than had ever before been received by a Presidential candidate, he could speak of "a direct mandate from the people of the United States." He did not take it dramatically; he said it was a fine victory, but he was not excited; he was, moreover, genuinely pleased to have lost five pounds during this period.

But nothing gave him more happiness than the good wishes of his companions in sickness, to whom he said not long after, in Warm Springs: "We have shown that we people here have determined to get over the small physical handicaps which, after all, don't amount to a row of beans." In that sentence the whole man stands revealed. He has been lifted, the first man in the nation, above the hundred and twenty millions, and it was they who had done it. But as the first man in the medicinal springs he identifies himself with his three hundred fellow sufferers, and shows them all what can be attained even under such a handicap.

Thus definitely does his character maintain its balance; and five years of power will show that his growth has been equal to it. Because Roosevelt began as aristocrat, nothing could awe him; but because he was also possessed of an harmonious nature he was able so to combine simplicity and dignity that the attribute of power did not rob him of the sympathetic confidence of the simpler man. Because he knows how to unite fortune and power without excitement or convulsive hardness, he remains the only wielder of power in his time who has not paid for his power with his good fortune and whose character has not darkened in the struggle.

He has kept everything which fortune bestowed on him, his nearest and dearest, his paternal farm, the sea and the Hudson. Only one thing he lost because of his highest office. It was the word "Frank," the form of address to which he was accustomed. Suddenly every one was saying to him: "Mr. President."

So now at last Franklin Roosevelt was Chief Executive. Yet the record of his most significant achievements was scarcely begun. Inaugurated in that dark hour, he was to find himself face to face with unsuspected problems, difficulties unexampled. How he met them Emil Ludwig will consider in next week's installment.

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WHY OUR YOUNG GIRLS BLUSH NO MORE

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WOMEN are so public and so numerous nowadays with their persons, their exposures, their pushing ambitions, and even their crimes and vices, that most people believe the world is worse now than it was; and that it ought to get back to an imaginary virtue and morality it allegedly used to have.

Before me lie two letters, one from a stranger and one from a dear and honored friend. The stranger asks me if I see any hopes of " a spiritual awakening." He finds in the world " a discouraging indifference to the things of the spirit " and " a definite drift to lower ideals."

I answered him that, as I understand " a spiritual awakening," it is only now taking place, and that a return to old conditions would be deplorable.

The letter from my friend is one of similar alarm, though it is more specific in its anxiety. He feels the urgent need of some form of crime prevention, and believes that it can only succeed if we curb our girls first.

" The standards of morals, especially with regard to sex, are set by the women and not by the men. The women in embryo, the very young girls, want finery, they want fur coats, they want automobiles, they want diamonds, and they give their favors to those who can supply them.

" This morning's newspaper carries great headlines: ' Two Policemen Shot to Death by Bandits.' A seventeen-year-old girl disarmed the policemen for the hold-up men.

" I think that crime statistics would show that women criminals are on the increase. If you remember the horrible old woman, Ma Barker, who was proud of her criminal sons, and died with one of them in a Florida gun battle. If you recall Bonnie Parker, whose name in the papers meant gunplay. There are many examples of girls from so-called excellent homes who go the way of crime.

" The tolerance for the criminal point of view in the younger generation is astonishing. The old standards of character and fair play, being on the level, self-respect are worse today than ever they were in the squalid '20s.

" Over in ———, where some rich people live, the butler brings down a hamper of sandwiches and a case of champagne at ten o'clock every morning, and it is all gone by dinnertime. The young people consume this liquor, and many of them are not over fifteen years of age.

" Last night I talked with a young man and showed him an article exposing some of the rackets. In all seriousness he said there was nothing new in it, because it was practiced in his office in Wall Street every day.

" There was a time when our rich people went to church and were pious hypocrites. Today they never go to church, they have dropped their hypocrisy, they make no bones about their activities in fleecing their fellow man. Is this an improvement or is it deterioration? "

To this I answered that, bad as the world is beyond all questioning, faulty as our women are today, yet they and the world are better than ever they were. The trouble with most of us is that we willfully ignore or forget past evils. I cannot echo the familiar tune, " Things were better when grandma was a girl," because I've read too much about how grandma acted when she was a girl.

Two immensely important facts are overlooked by those who think that people are growing worse: first, the enormous increase in population; second, the enormous increase in information and its communication by way of magazines, newspapers, moving pictures, and radio.

The appearance of a prevalence and increase of crime is due largely to the vast increase in population everywhere, the incalculable increase of wealth and temptation, and the universal publicity. A murderous shot used to die out in the obscurity of its short range; today the shot fired even by one unimportant person at another is apt to be heard all round the world.

To illustrate what I mean: In Puritan times Boston had only three or four thousand inhabitants. Most people think that they led lives of purity, piety, and honesty. But the records of their courts are available, and the sermons of their preachers are packed with horror at their drunkenness, bawdy debauchery, thievery, murder, heresy, the shameless immodesty and lasciviousness of the girls, and the rage of juvenile crime. The churches were harrowed by the number of their married couples whose premature babies compelled them to admit premarital relations. Infanticide, abortion, rape, venereal disease, perversion, profanity, blasphemy, larceny—all our modern crimes were so prevalent that the good citizens laid the blame on youth for the earthquakes that shook Boston then, the Indian attacks, and the devastating storms. They were God's judgments on wickedness.

Read those reports; then read the newspapers of modern Boston with its city and suburban population of 2,307,897 in 1930. Now multiply every offense you find on the Puritan court and church records by about 770, and see if the newspapers are not pleasanter reading.

Do that with your own home town, and don't forget that in the older days the records were carelessly kept and many are lost. There were no sleuthing reporters about and no sensational journalists to make a world figure out of some bad little girl who went wrong or killed somebody or got killed.

We read about our ancestors and learn of their many good deeds, but only a few picturesque crimes are described, and those are hallowed by antiquity. We naturally assume that otherwise they were noble souls. Even in our more recent days our elders try to make us believe that they are shocked by the misdemeanors of our youngsters and that their generation was not so bad when they were young. This is a falsehood and a fallacy. In the first place, crime has always flourished most between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and most middle-

aged people have fallen out of the habit of committing it. They are not really better; they are merely older and less active. They have forgotten their own misconduct, or rationalized it with pretty motives.

Nearly everybody nowadays is set aghast by the freedom and audacity of our girls and women. They go everywhere, and go there nearly naked. They smoke, swear, drink, pet, gamble, divorce, refuse chaperonage, and act as if they were the equals of the men—which is not saying much, but seems to offend the more conceited men and the more self-contented women.

There are just as pure girls and as honest boys now as there ever were; also, of course, just as impure and as dishonest. But in general there is one vast superiority our young people have over earlier generations. They do not believe that ignorance or pretended ignorance is better than knowledge, or that frank speech is worse than prurient silence or shy-eyed hypocrisy. Our girls don't blush any more. Neither do they use tears for their weapons of tyranny. They do not even pretend to obey anybody any more. They have laughed the word out of most marriage ceremonies.

The most horrible evils of the past and of the present have been due to the sanctifying of that slave word, obedience. It has been the drug and the whip of all tyrants, royal, mental, or personal. Many of the things that shock us today are rebellions against ancient false codes of obedience. If women throw off their clothes with their other shackles, it is only to be expected.

For centuries on centuries the ideal of womanhood was a girl kept in ignorance (miscalled innocence) by her parents, and turned over with a broken spirit and a benumbed brain to a husband whose rule she would accept. Meekness (a pretty name for illiterate slavery) was preached as a virtue. Education was a poison.

The whole sex, half of the population, was maintained as if for breeding purposes only. Any flight from the corral or the harem was enough to bring on death, or at least beating, abuse, and imprisonment. The most chivalrous knight would kick his ladye faire in the stomach if she displeased him.

We are horrified today to see how many boys and girls and husbands and wives experiment too freely in sex relations. But there never was a time or a country when they didn't. In Puritan Boston, as nearly everywhere else, the penalty for adultery was death. But it flourished nevertheless.

It used to be fashionable for the man to take the blame. He was called a seducer of innocence; though most of the men and the poets blamed the woman, as Adam did. Nowadays the girls to an enormous extent accept the responsibility for their own misconduct. They pay their way; they expect to earn their own livings; and they sin their own sins. When they marry, or live together without marriage, the vast majority of the new girlhood want to contribute as large a share as possible of the upkeep as well as the responsibility.

Within the memory of many of us, discontented boys ran away from home to escape oppression or to find opportunity. Then boys quit running away; they just walked out. It was the girls who ran away. Now the girls just walk out. Women have written their own Emancipation Proclamation and broken their own chains.

Today we are committed, whether we like it or not, to the influences of freedom and equality. When our forefathers wrote the Declaration of Independence, they left women and blacks in the state of servitude they threw off for themselves.

In 1866 the government gave a semblance of freedom to our colored people; but it was another half century before men gave their wives and mothers the same franchise and equality before the law and opportunity.

Once the dam broke, women moved into all of men's fields. If these included promiscuous vice, barroom sottishness, and the right to carry a weapon and shoot it, are the women to blame more than the men who invented those institutions?

We have girl bandits, gun molls, fierce females who flout the law, just as we have men of the same sort. Yet women in crime are not the novelty we seem to think. We always had wicked women. But we have also now

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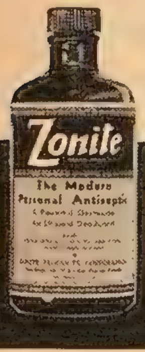

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what the world never had before: women jurors, voters, governors, senators, doctors, lawyers, professors, scientists, sculptors, financiers—and, also, authoresses far more successful than we authors are.

We men writers bite our inferior knuckles at the recent success of Gone with the Wind by a young woman who never wrote a novel before. But no novel ever written by a man approached the success of Uncle Tom's Cabin, also written by a young wife who had never written a novel before.

Another article by Mr. Hughes on women of the past and present will appear in an early issue.

We have in every field of science research workers like Mme. Curie. They do not surprise us any more. Now and then, in the welter of ancient suppression, women stood up like lonely peaks in all the fields of man's achievements: a poetess like Sappho, a queen like Elizabeth, a warrior like Joan of Arc.

But isn't it a frightful blot on male history that their triumphs had to be achieved by lonely women whom chance and opportunity and some astonishing courage forced to the front? Isn't it horrible to realize how many wonderful spirits have been smothered by male stupidity?

The past has shown us also the fearlessness of good women, the pioneer wives and daughters who fought the Indians, the woman captive who slew the sleeping savages and brought in a dozen scalps. As the nation pushed westward into the wilderness, the women went along, as brave as the men, enduring as much.

Women have more than earned any freedom or equality they will accept. What harm can a free woman do that will approach the harm her slavery has done?

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Ida M. Tarbell.
2—Tennis racket.
3—A musical instrument.
4—Fannie Brice.
5—Cyrus Hall McCormick (1809-84).
6—Hänsel und Gretel.
7—Sarah Bernhardt. Bessie McCoy. Clara Bow.
8—Jai alai.
9—The beaver.
10—Five—the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Victory.
11—Maté.
12—The Aleutian Islands.
13—I'll Take Romance, Thrill of a Lifetime, I Still Love to Kiss You Good Night.
14—The American Red Cross Society.
15—Giovanni Giacomo Casanova.
16—Book publishing.
17—No, he favors the moderate use of meat.
18—Two.
19—Porcelain.
20—

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Royalty in the Kitchen

A joyous fable of Russians in exile makes a picture of charm and laughter—A familiar plot bobs up again in a tuneful masquerade

By BEVERLY HILLS

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Royalty in a garret—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert in Tovarich.

★ ★ ★ ½ TOVARICH

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, Melville Cooper, Isabel Jeans, Morris Carnovsky, Maurice Murphy, Gregory Gaye, Montagu Love, Reine Riano, Fritz Feld, Heather Thatcher, Victor Kilian, May Boley, Doris Lloyd, Curt Bois, Grace Hayle, Cliff Soubier, Christian Rub, Tommy Bupp, Delmar Watson, Jerry Tucker, Alphonse Martel, Torben Meyer, Ferdinand Munier. Screen play by Casey Robinson adapted from Robert E. Sherwood's English version of Jacques Deval's comedy. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 92 minutes.

AS a stage play Tovarich was a pleasant, graceful fable of a Russian grand duchess and her royal consort stranded in Paris. Stranded is hardly the word. Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff, for all his desolate garret room, his empty pockets, and his one tattered shirt, is guarding forty billion francs in gold entrusted to him by the late Czar. But this money is sacred until the coming of a new day in Russia—and untouchable. So the two scions of Czarist royalty go into service. In brief, they become maid and butler in a Paris banker's home.

Grand Duchess Tatiana and her spouse make strange and startling servants, and the comedy revolves around their mad handling of the banker's establishment — and their ultimate disclosure to their amazed employer.

An agreeably preposterous farce, amusing and different, but not quite the equal of Robert Sherwood's original stage adaptation as done behind the Broadway footlights. The films have a habit of showing up improbabilities — and Tovarich stretches reality pretty far. Still, the celluloid Tovarich has charm and laughter.

Claudette Colbert is the grand duchess in maid's uniform, and, while she is attractive, it is Charles Boyer who carries Tovarich to ★ ★ ★ ½.

This Mr. Boyer is fast becoming your Beverly Hills' favorite actor. He has charm and finesse, a dexterous and expert touch. A word, too, about Basil Rathbone as the Soviet commissar, Gorotchenko, of hard cruelty and understanding sympathy.

Tovarich is worldly and Continental. It pictures a revolution that may change the course of the whole world through a bubbling glass of champagne.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jacques Deval dashed off Tovarich five years ago in four weeks as a quickie money-maker for the Paris stage. Didn't think very much about it; had put his heart in a play called Etienne, writ simultaneously. Result: Tovarich played every capital and every stick of Europe for four straight years, has had two years in London & New York, has been translated in almost every language, is now invading the colonies and the Orient. In all, it has cleaned up about $2,000,000 in royalties for Deval thus far—some sort of royalty record. As for poor Etienne, she died the sad death of an unnoticed anemic stage virgin. . . . Colbert got $150,000 for role; Boyer the same. Boyer's leaped to Hollywood Actor No. 1 in the last year. He is not box-office No. 1 male, however; he's not even among first ten. Clark Gable still holds that unenviable position. . . . Neither Colbert nor Boyer could speak Rahshn; both had to learn, do menial work for roles. . . . Boyer learned to fence for this part; had never had a rapier in his hands before this; turned out to be pretty expert with it. He almost got a Ph. D. from the Sorbonne; is 38, a native of Figeac, France; has crossed the Atlantic countless times. He plays piano, violin, oboe, and French horn, is a good tenniser, golfer, bobsledder, reader. Makes a picture a year abroad for patriotic reasons; hates small talk, candid-camera addicts; is hard to get before the still cameras. He's married to Pat Patterson; they are childless. . . . Anatole (Little Russia) Litvak's veddy happy with his wifeski Miriam Hopkins. He's an ex-Sovieteer. Made his big megaphone smash with the Vienna-made Mayerling, also all-Boyer. . . . Heather Thatcher insists she's the only actress in Hollywood who wears a monocle. Has 31 of them; wears a different one every day; can sleep and eat in one without losing it in the sheets or soup. . . . Anita Louise has a Brooklyn fan who has written her every month for 16 years. This gent started writing when she first went on the stage at 5. Another Chicago fan has just sent her a set of steel fingertips to protect her fingers while massaging the harp. . . . Melville Cooper's an English import; was a comic magician there for years, when not playing Shaw or Tovarich, being in the war and interned in a German prison camp. . . . Christian Rub has a fine collection of Japanese masks and anti-Japanese sentiments. . . . Bazz Rathbone's the handsomest villain of all time, according to a college-gal poll. . . . Claudette Colbert's a blonde for this, dyeing, rather than wigging her red locks. She has no acting tricks, but took a terrible beating when that fish she serves in that scene began to speak for itself after about the 80th rehearsal under the hot lights. Didn't bat a nose lash, however. . . . Some of the hotter sequences of the staged Tovarich were cooled down to suit the easily flustered Hollywood censors. That bed that collapses was much more active on the stage; was collapsed onscreen by hidden wires, or don't you care?

★ ★ ★ YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

THE PLAYERS: George Murphy, Alice Faye, Ken Murray, Oswald, Frances Hunt, Frank Jenks, Andy Devine, William Gargan, David Oliver, Charles Winninger, Donald Meek, A. H. Trimble, the Norvelle Brothers, Mary Brodel, Edna Sedgwick. Screen play by Monte Brice and Charles Grayson from an original story by Maxwell Shane and Bill Thomas. Directed by David Butler. Produced by Universal. Running time, 90 minutes.

YOU know the plot about the desperate theatrical impresario who is trying to get financing for his big musical production? Here it is again. Producer Don King, being short of coin, resorts to publicity. He manages to open his show on Broadway, and a mysterious Oklahoma oil millionaire—a good-looking young waiter he has groomed for the role—"buys" out the whole theater for the first week. So the musical comedy gets off to a flying front-page start. Broadway naturally fights to see the show it can't get into. The failure becomes a sell-out.

The proceedings move tunefully and speedily, thanks to Alice Faye as the star of the revue and George Murphy as the waiter-into-millionaire. Miss Faye has been advancing steadily. It was only yesterday that she was a gauche tyro who stepped from soloist with Rudy Vallée's Con-

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

necticut Yankees to buck the films. She has improved bit by bit, building up a real following. Murphy is a young man who can sing and dance and who is personable into the bargain. Between the two they make You're a Sweetheart into an above-average musical.

VITAL STATISTICS: You'd better smile before saying this title to tough guys. . . . A. H. Trimble's the famous double for Will Rogers and the same one who impersonates the late Will in The Great Ziegfeld. Trimble's a Cleveland business man of 56, weighs 195, has hazel eyes, iron-gray hair, and gives you a thrill when you come suddenly upon him, the Rogerian semblance is so strong. . . . That giant tree is a monster built for human bird roostage. It's built of steel and concrete, is 10 feet around at the base, big and strong enough for human birds Faye, the Norvelles, etc., to roost and dance in. . . . Those 24 chorusters danced three solid months learning to spin ropes, do bird acrobatics, master the jigs for this. They're the $55-a-week variety of chorine. . . . Meet Miss Frances Hunt, a brown-eyed, tan-haired Irish miss from Buffalo, 22, dotter of professionals, ex-vocalizer for Benny Goodman's swingosophers—a difficult group of tintinnabulators to sing against. Originally slated for 53 lines of plotty dialogue, Miss Hunt's comic delivery necessitated a rewriting of the script and she wound up with 1,014 lines. . . . Donald (Very) Meek was born in Glesca, Scotland, on Bastille Day, son of Matthew Meek, a Scots dauber. Went on stage at 8 for a pound a week; didn't weigh much more. . . . Born in a log cabin near Athens, Wisconsin, Chollie Winninger's no Grik; has been in show biz 46 years; paw was one of Johann Strauss' fiddle sawyers in Vienna, but gave it up for Wisconsin wood sawing. . . . At 13 Alice Faye missed getting into the Ziggie Follies by the fraction of a leg; at 14 she was a Chester Hale girl. She starred via radio with Vallée; for a long time was named as the future Mrs. Vallée, and has finally become Mrs. Tony Martin. She hasn't danced on the screen since her debut in George White's scandalous Scandals, but isn't rusty in the gams because she's kept them well oiled and trained meanwhile. . . . The Norvelle Brothers are Maximillian and Joe, sons of former hoss trainer for the King of Sweden. They've been on the stage uninterruptedly since 4, were trained by poppa Jules in riding, fencing, dancing, singing, violin, guitar, acrobatics, bird calls, and other imitations. Sarah Bernhardt was their great-aunt, and they use little whistles when they trill so sillily to each other. . . . Mary Brodel's only 26 but has 1,126 silver lovin' cups for dancin', singin' and actin'. She also can cook, speak a few languages, take a car apart and put it together again, having been born in a neighborhood swarming with Detroit mechanics. . . . Edna Sedgwick's but 19 and as the world's fastest whirling toe dancer she's rarely ever stood still. She whirls much faster than a whirling dervish. . . . Not long ago Frank Jenks had to play his trombone in the cellar exclusively. His neighbors complained too much. Now he gets about $750 a week for playing it on screen.

★ ★ CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO

THE PLAYERS: Warner Oland, Keye Luke, Virginia Field, Sidney Blackmer, Harold Huber, Kay Linaker, Robert Kent, Edward Raquello, George Lynn, Louis Mercier, George Davis, John Bleifer, Georges Renavent, Andre Cheron. Screen play by Charles Belden and Jerry Cady from an original story by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan based on the character, Charlie Chan, created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Eugene Forde. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 75 minutes.

THE Swedish Warner Oland makes his 'steenth appearance as the bland inscrutable Chinese sleuth, Charlie Chan, created years ago by Earl Derr Biggers. The background is the famous gambling casino on the Mediterranean. The action centers around the theft of a million dollars' worth of bonds and a couple of murders, crimes highly baffling to the Prince of Monaco's police. The culprit is, of course, the person you least suspect.

Chan now has a No. 1 son, not as subtle-witted as his dad. And Charlie is still given to tossing off bits of homely Celestial philosophy in quaint English. Mr. Oland, of course, is the Oriental Sherlock Holmes. Virginia Field looks astonishingly like Sally Eilers as a manikin who arouses the worst in most of the cast. Watch Harold Huber, promising character comedian, as the confused commissioner of police.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is No. 16 in the Chollie Chan series; completes the sixth year of Chollie's screen life. Earl Derr Biggers, Chan's creator, has died in the meantime. Had he lived he'd have made more money from Chan than he did from a full lifetime of writing. Biggers disliked Hollywood intensely; lived only in small California towns and Hawaii. All Chollie Chans of recent vintage are not taken from Bigger plots. They're all homemade for the screen. Many of them were submitted by screendom outsiders; studio liked some idea and background; paid about $2,500 for them; got skilled pros to screenify them. . . . When he started playing Chan, Warner Oland was a Scandinavian leering around in slant-eyed villainous parts. In the six years intervening, Chan has become a very real person to Oland and has softened Oland up. Today Oland'd rather quit the screen than play a leering slant-eyed Chinese villain again. . . . Before playing a script, Oland first inspects it to see that the audience gets as many clues as Chan gets through the picture; that the murderer is not an obscure character, a mental defective, or a suicide; that physical clues lead to the killer; that the murderer has a 50-50 chance to outwit Chan; that police officials are not made to appear thicker than Chan; that Chan works hand in hand with them; that the murderer be not allowed to reveal himself by hypnotism; and that Chan doesn't use violence, drink, smoke, or use profanity. Also he sees that Chan is a family man. Recently Oland and his wife were divorced. . . . That's Andre Cheron playing the croupier. He's son of the founder of the Bouillon Duval, once the largest chain of fine eating houses in the world. Cheron's dropped plenty at Monte Carlo, more than he'll ever earn playing parts which require a knowledge of the Big Casino. . . . Edward Raquello's fresh out of a big part in Idiot's Delight alongside the Lunts. He's Polish-Italian. . . . Oland's No. 1 screen son, Keye Luke, is no dumbbell, but an American-born highly intelligent feller. He is all upset these days over the Japanese antics in China. He was on the verge of going over and fighting but studio begged him not to. Has made up for it by doing all sorts of Chinese war-relief work here, organizing boycotts, donating his own money freely. Luke's very much the highbrow and playboy otherwise. . . . Kay Linaker specializes in self-reliant young screen women of the teddibly soignée variety. She's a sort of unrecognized Kay Francis, has a half acre of wardrobe, is a direct descendant of Charles Linacre, court physician to Henry VIII, hopes that clothes will eventually make the star. . . . Virginia Field didn't think her original name of Margaret Cynthia Field was very Bernhardty-sounding, so she switched it, adopting Virginia because of its association with Mr. Robert E. Lee, her favorite male. Otherwise she's a Londoner. Her father, a barrister, was elevated to King's Counselor by the recent Edward VIII. Her mother was Esme Lee of the Lee fambly. She likes our slang, gum, men, hamburgers, drugstores, lunch counters, drive-in establishments, automobiles.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget.

★★★—Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races.

Too Many Wives

PATSY

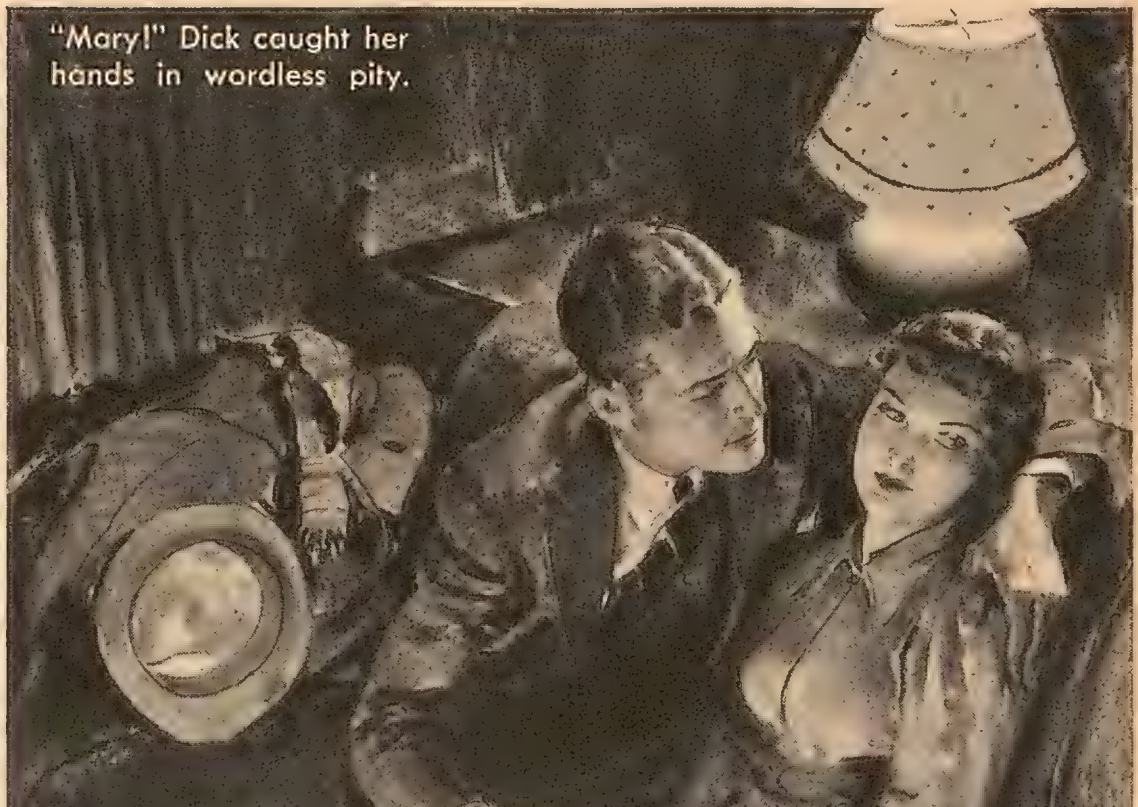
FLORETTE

LUCIA

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR FOOLS


"Mary!" Dick caught her hands in wordless pity.

PATSY and Craig were riding across the Black Rock Desert at the north end of Pyramid Lake. It was an autumn day in 1936, one of those days that are sad, stirring, gloriously beautiful all at the same time.

Patsy was beautiful also these days—unbearably so, thought Craig, who firmly intended to marry her. But there was a detachment about her, almost an air of sleepwalking. Craig couldn't feel it was mourning for Ted. Patsy seemed to have understood Ted's earthly boredom so well that she didn't begrudge him his getting free of it. She had given a large part of the fortune he had left toward the building of a flying school in his memory. To the world, this looked like an act of great widowly devotion. But it wasn't. Patsy did it partly because she felt that Ted belonged more to aviation than to her anyway; and partly because she had always felt guilty about not having loved Ted as much as he had deserved. She had tried hard; had made him reasonably happy; but all the while she couldn't forget Dick and the so-different love that they had shared.

Craig understood her feeling about Ted; but he thought she had now forgotten Dick. Therefore he couldn't understand why she took so little active interest in life.

About the flying school she had said, "Ted would laugh—not at my doing this, but at the difference between *his* feeling about it and *mine*. To Ted's way of thinking, this school would merely provide the opportunity for release, ex-

Love, the will-o'-the-wisp, lures and escapes anew in a vivid modern novel

citement, swift flight from reality to youngsters who need it. To my way— Oh, well, what does it matter? Maybe Ted was right!"

And Craig had said reprovingly, "I neither like nor know you when you talk like this."

So today, riding along through yellow rabbit brush and desert holly, across white sand, beside a lake as greenly blue as the Nile, and under a sky bluer than Bermuda waters, Patsy had again let herself be sucked down into a melancholy mood.

"These days always remind me of Vienna," she said suddenly out of a placid slow-riding silence. "Vienna is beautiful, but Vienna is dying."

"Hah!" Craig snorted. "Vienna is always dying—loves to die!"

"So does the world in autumn," said Patsy.

"My child, snap out of it!" Craig protested. "The only places for beautiful sorrow are German poetry, Victorian novels, and light opera—music by Friml."

"Now you're mothering me again!" said Patsy.

Craig felt he'd scored a victory in at least raising her impatience. He followed his hit with, "Did I ever tell you of the White Russian sweetheart I once had?"

Patsy looked at him in faintly amazed amusement. Craig was laying siege in so many ways these days!

"No!"

"I should. There's a lesson in it for beautiful little girls who behave the way you've been behaving! . . . We were holidaying in Siberia, Natasha and I, climbing steppes. In the middle of the top steppe—with a soul-shaking view below—she turned to me. 'This is the peak of my life!' she bewailed. 'We have reached our climax, you and I. From now on my days merely descend—descend!'"

"Yes?" asked Patsy. "And what did you say?"

"I bawled hell out of her; but she brushed it aside—'Ah, Craigovitch, you do not onderstand us Russian women! It is necessary for us to be a leettle onhappy!'"

Patsy was laughing now. "And you?"

"Oh, I threw her down the steppes! It's the only way to treat women with that complex."

Patsy shook her head, studying Craig. "You're funny, Craigovitch! I never know these days when or when not you're speaking the truth!"

"Then at last I've reached the point where a man becomes interesting!"

"And a woman, too?"

"No. That point is reached too early with a woman."

"Craig," Patsy laughed, "I positively don't know you this year. You sound like Chubby!"

"All right," he answered quickly. "Do to me what Florette did to Chubby! Marry me! . . . Pat, look at those." He waved toward the half dozen or more weird reddish-brown pyramid rocks rising some three hundred feet from the glimmering turquoise waters of the lake. "Look at those. Something happened to them centuries ago; they were turbulent, fluid, going places, seeing things! Then they got trapped here. The moving lava left them. They petrified. Don't be like them, Pat! Don't stay here and petrify! Marry me! I've got to be in London the first of the year for my British picture. There's nothing to keep you here. The school is almost finished. You can dedicate it in a couple of weeks. Lank is running the ranch; your father's much better, improving every day. . . . Pat! Listen, darling child. We've gone through a lot of unhappiness together. Let's go through some happiness!"

Patsy lifted her chin, turned to Craig. "I'll—" She paused. Her Nevada world was closing in on her; sunset creeping over. What beauty here—what everlasting peace! And here young love still rode the hills! Dick! Oh, why do I still think of Dick! This place would always be too full of Dick!

"I'll go as far as New York, Craig," she committed herself. Then she rushed on swiftly, "You don't want me as I am now. I'm a specter draped in cobwebs! Give me a month or so in New York and I'll come alive. Then—if I do—"

"Then?"

"Then, yes!"

AT almost the same time, Dick, cured, hard at work for months now, and Mary Macfarlane, rested, but working beyond her strength on a book of her dead husband's, were driving out to Ranch House on the Hudson. It was to be Mary's first visit there. After their highly congenial time together at the rest factory, they had kept up a correspondence, had met occasionally for lunch or dinner in New York. And now Mary had settled in a little cottage in Bedford, not many miles from Dick's Mad-Dog House—as he had told her he might rename Ranch House.

"Now that you're going to be in the neighborhood," Dick was saying on this drive, "I want you to know the tricks of my hide-out. For one thing—" He stopped the car before an overgrown entrance. Two stone pillars, gray-green with moss, looked as though they were shivering under a mantle of vermilion poison ivy. Ragged lavender asters, almost the last flower to stand out against the advancing attacks of winter, swayed in the wind. Leaves—yellow, red, russet—were ankle-deep. A rusted iron gate flaunted a forbidding scarlet sign to the world.

"For one thing," Dick repeated, having jumped out of the car, pushed open the gate, "that sign doesn't mean you."

The sign read: "Ranch House. Smallpox. Keep away."

"For another thing," Dick headed the car up the drive, "now that you're insisting on finishing your husband's last book, in spite of—"

"Stop being fatherly!"

"—in spite of doctor's, relatives', *my* advice—all right. Anyway, since you insist on writing and wearing yourself out, I've a swell library here in Ranch House on sea things. Or should I say oceanography? Don't give me credit for the books. My ex-unlamented wife, Lucia, tried to make—as well as a golfer—a sailor out of me. It appears that her uncle was an admiral."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MARRIED and divorced before they are twenty-one, Dick Lombard and Patsy Van Heuten seek happiness apart, but neither of them can forget the other. Remaining in Nevada, where they lived, Patsy goes into the resort ranch business with Craig Wendell, a popular novelist who is in love with her. Going to New York and hitting the high spots, Dick soon marries Florette Vincennes, a beautiful torch singer. But their life together is one of constant tension and petty quarrels.

Visiting the Lombard ranch, Florette meets Patsy, and together they taste the gaiety of Reno café life. For a lark Florette sings in Chubby Nixon's night club, and the jolly proprietor loses his heart to her.

Meanwhile Dick has become too interested in Lucia Valiant, a society girl and golf champion, to suit the temperamental Florette, who promptly divorces him. And, to complete the ironic farce, she rents one of Patsy's cottages for her legal stay in Nevada.

When that period is over, word comes that Dick and Lucia are all set for wedding bells. On the night of the ceremony on Long Island, Dick's two ex-wives in Reno join forces in a double wedding! Florette marries Chubby, and Patsy, in sudden recklessness, allows herself to be married to Ted Anderson, wealthy widower and crack flyer.

Later, on New Year's Eve, Dick and Patsy face each other in the Waldorf. They dance. He makes love to her and Patsy repulses him.

The following year Ted is killed in a plane crack-up, and Patsy is a widow. And by then Dick and Lucia have been divorced. He is a wreck and is compelled to take a rest cure. At the sanatorium he becomes deeply interested in Mary Macfarlane, a young widow with tuberculosis.

"Not bitter, are you, Richard?" asked Mary dryly.

"Only jealous, Maria. Admirals can spend such a long, long time at sea away from women."

"Whereas you have spent such a long, long time at sea *with* women?"

Dick looked at her. "You would be annoying, Maria, if you weren't so sweet."

Mary Macfarlane laughed because, even though she had dedicated the rest of her life to completing her dead husband's writing, it was good to hear a young attractive man say silly things to her.

WHEN she looked in her mirror one morning a week later, saw the gray in her sandy curly hair, saw the lines about her bright eyes, she asked herself, "Isn't it really very, *very* nice to have a young attractive man—"

Tnen her thin face paled, but the red spots that always burned on her cheeks burned brighter. "Oh, Donald," she cried, "it's been so long—almost seven years! And with a man like Dick, who's had so many meaningless loves, it wouldn't matter, would it? Couldn't I take from him just a little and give him just a little in return? He's a real person under all his bluster and flipness. He's had tough breaks. Couldn't I give him just a little of what he needs—when, darlingest, I'll always have so much, so world-without-end much, for *you!*"

PATSY came East with Craig Wendell in November of '36. Her father, when he'd told her good-by at KX Ranch, had remarked wistfully, "You'll go to the Waldorf? You'll remember you and me in the old one?"

She had kissed his now-shrunken cheek, saying evasively, "We'll never forget those days, will we, dad?"

"*I* never forget anything," he had mumbled. "No, I never forgot anything! It's a curse of thinking old age, Patsy, this never being able to forget! Learn to forget, baby! Some people are permitted by the gods to do it. And what a gift!"

"Yes," repeated Patsy, "what a gift! And she thought, Dad knows. He knows only too well about Dick!

1936—almost '37—was not a bad time in New York, in spite of the lingering sleeping sickness of Depression. New night clubs were opening; WPA apartment houses were being built; women were curling their hair under and beginning to wear flowers and feathers in it. England—most persuasive country in the world so far as her self-orphaned but still filial child, the United States, was concerned—was mourning the death of one king, the abdication of another. Young England had expected in Edward a democratic leader; Old England had mobilized against any such crisis. Old England had won. . . . Mussolini was doing good in Italy, dirt in Ethiopia. . . . The world caldron was boiling.

AND so the day before New Year's, 1937, dawned. But Patsy didn't plan to dress in red. Nor did she plan to step out.

"You go places, Craig," she begged. "Too many things happened to my other New Year's Eve in New York to let me sit in with any amount of equanimity at 1936's funeral." She was thinking more of Dick than Ted. New Year's, '35, had been the night when for her Dick had killed himself. She'd never forget his drink-flushed face, his words—the insult in them. . . . Or was it? And *had* he killed himself for her? Or wasn't he as alive as ever? Tell the truth, Patsy!

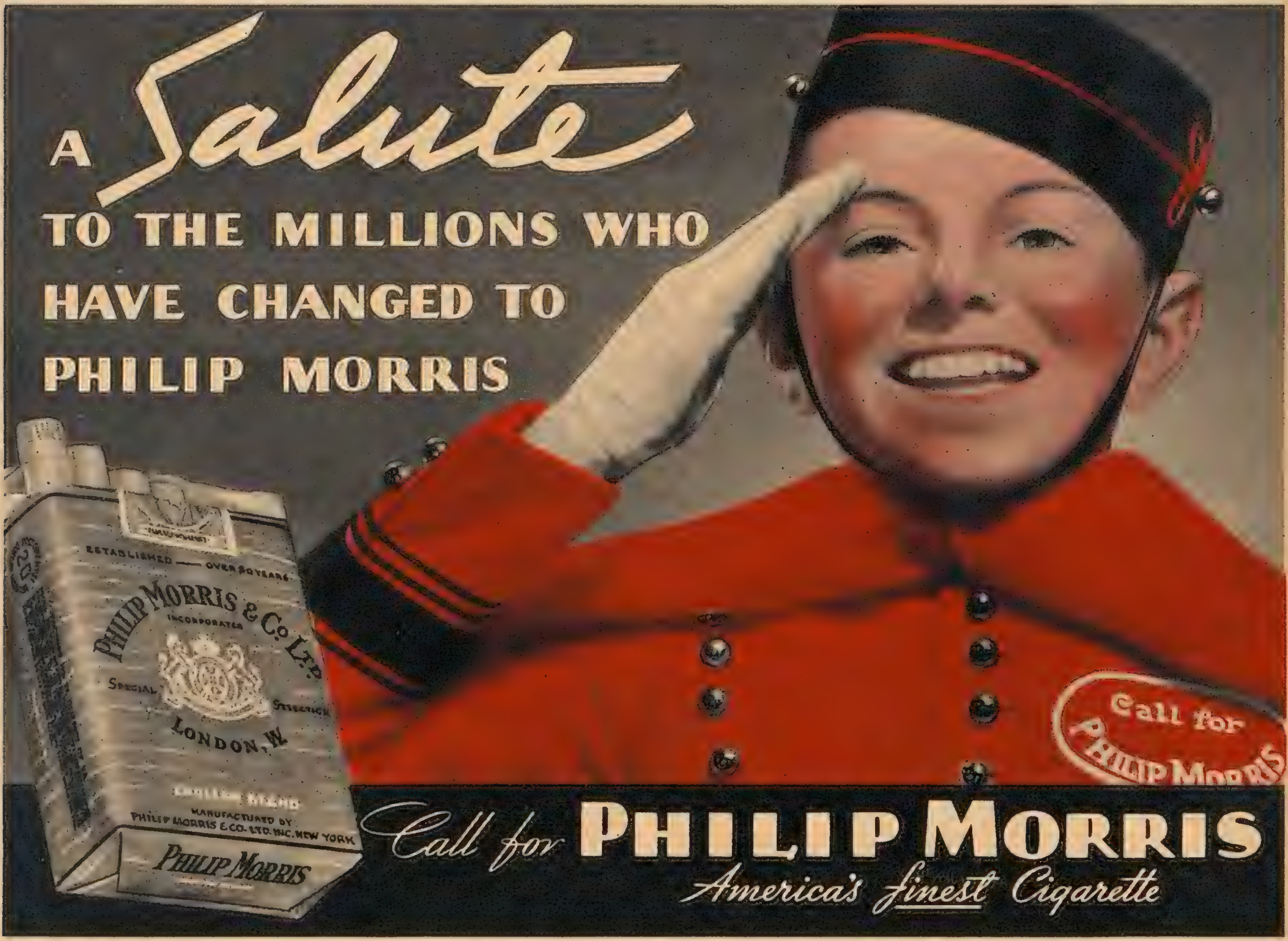
"Forget any unpleasant things," Craig advised promptly, cutting in on her mood of self-analysis, "also stop looking at New Year's Eve as a funeral. It's a beginning, the opening of a new book, the rise of another curtain!"

Patsy laughed. "You never used to be such a belligerently happy person, Craig!"

They were lunching at the Savoy. A holiday air was in the golden-lit room. People were laughing more, drinking less than usual—looking forward to the night's celebration.

Craig Wendell was looking forward to something much, much more vital.

"Of course I'm happy," he answered Patsy, touching



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BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
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GOOD FOR DIGESTION
Beeman's
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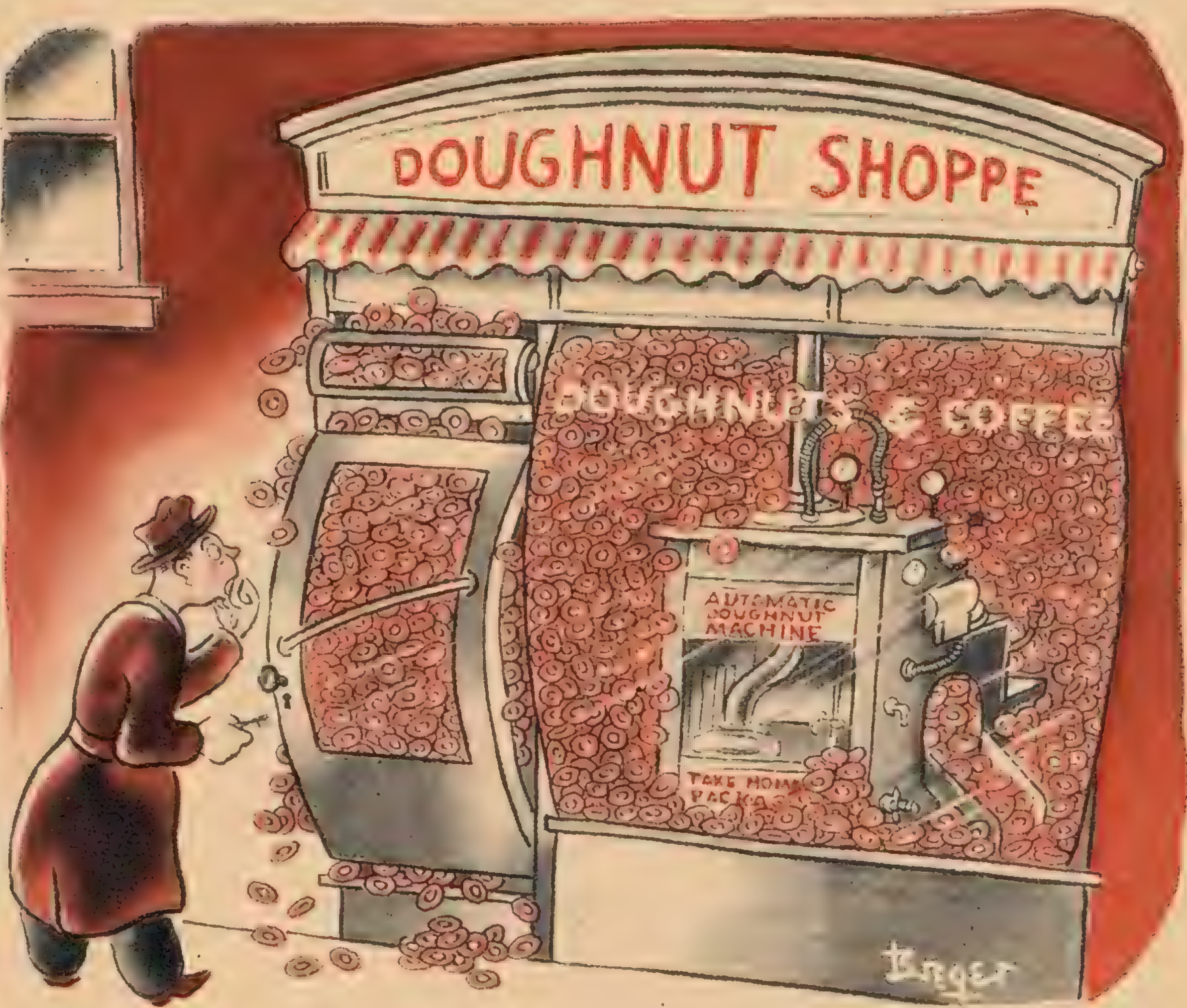
"It's brisk — it's tangy! Refreshing as a hasty shower! And good? You never tasted anything smoother, more luscious! Beeman's flavor has something mighty special about it, if you ask me!"

"But naturally! Cast your eye over that Beeman's package. See that triple wrap—that airtight foil? Perfect protection for Beeman's delicious freshness and flavor! No wonder Beeman's always tastes superbly fresh and luscious!"

her hand suddenly. “You're going to marry me any minute. We're leaving the country and everything in it. New York, Reno, unhappy memories, KX Ranch and divorcees who want this and that and don't know what they want. We're leaving melancholy, inertia, the settling-down-into-middle-age-just-as-you-hit-thirty — *you*, Pat darling, not me. I wearied of the thirties a while ago! We're leaving everything that dead years—and a dying one—tried to tie about our perfectly good necks!”

Patsy looked at Craig long—his graying hair, gray eyes, clipped mustache above fine sensitive lips; at his hands—she'd always liked his hands. They hadn't the nervous artistry of Ted's, nor the big warm masculinity of Dick's; but they had intelligence, kindness.

Craig leaned swiftly forward, caught her fingers in his. “Come on, Pat darling! Say yes definitely. Put behind you whatever it is that's holding you! Let's announce our engagement tonight, be married tomorrow, sail Saturday!”



"Dear me! I guess I forgot to turn it off last night."

LATER Pat was to tell Florette part of what happened. And Florette was to say, “I wouldn't have believed it of Craig. A man of action at last! I can't imagine what happened that you—”

But Pat kept some things from Florette and from every one for all time.

“You're rushing me, Craig!” she had protested there in the Savoy.

“About time I did, isn't it—after years of watchful waiting?”

Patsy, looking into his eyes, wondered suddenly if something inside her was crumbling at last. Hadn't she really been a sentimental little idiot for years? Positively old-fashioned and stupid!

How many times during this stay had she gone to the telephone with Dick's number on her lips? How many times had what little dignity and common sense she still possessed prevented her from doing anything so silly? The loneliness she had known in Nevada was nothing to the loneliness she had felt in these New York weeks.

“All right,” she said at last to Craig. “I—I hope you're right. I'm willing to try to prove it, anyway. No, don't say anything now! Call for me at the hotel at nine.”

His face was so joyous. It wasn't right, thought Pat, that she could work this transformation in him, when it meant so little— But she'd done it once before—married Ted. And she'd try harder this time.

“Darling! But — until nine?” Craig asked, and his tone betrayed a kind of premonitory fear against letting her out of his sight.

Patsy had laughed. “Rest, hair, dress, silly! What does a woman do between dates?”

“As long as you don't vanish into thin air!” he had exulted. “Pat, sweet! This is almost too good to be true!”

And Craig, the prophet, left Patsy at her hotel.

MEANWHILE in the beautiful little old town of Bedford—with white houses, white church, a New England-like village green — stark tragedy had walked. It had walked up a lovely old path, had tapped with sinister lightness on a door still bravely flaunting a Christmas wreath. It had entered, spoken, gone.

To be accurate, it had driven away

in a 1936 roadster. And it had lighted a cigarette viciously, cursing out loud to itself, "Damn, damn! This is the hellish part of my job! Why didn't I take up bricklaying? . . . She's such a hell of a sweet woman—and with something to live for, if rumor has it right! . . . But I had to tell her the truth, hadn't I? Oh, God! Why can't I do it all with sugar-coated pills!" The doctor almost ran into Dick Lombard's big sedan.

Dick stopped before Mary's quaint evergreen-bordered brick path. He ran up it, banged the knocker briskly, making the holly wreath tremble.

"H'lo, Maria!" he saluted. "Ready? Traffic's fierce. It'll take us—" Then he looked at her red woolen hostess robe. And from that to her white face. Even her usually flaming cheekbones were pale.

"What is it?" And his mind produced a photographic flash of the doctor's car that had almost hit his.

"Come in, Dick."

"Now, don't tell me he won't let you go—" Dick began to protest, talking against time, against revelation, against the lurking something that was lying in wait in that usually so gaily welcoming little living room.

Mary Macfarlane sat down, held her white-knuckled hands tightly on her thin knees. "It's—" She lifted her sea-distant eyes to his. Then smiled apologetically. "You've come so soon after him, Dick! I haven't quite collected—"

"What did he tell you?" Dick leaned forward. Firelight turned his yellow hair to gold. He looked so alive, so— He was a grand companion! Sweet! Mary realized she would miss him. Or would she? No, not where she was going. Not with— She caught her breath. Color flooded back into her cheeks.

"What did he tell you?" repeated Dick.

"That I have only—three months—at the most. . . . That this climate, this—"

"Mary!" Dick caught her hands in wordless pity.

"No," she protested, "I don't mind at all. I'm so ready; but"—and now her voice was a cry—"I did so want to finish the book!"

"You will."

She nodded her head. "I hope. But you don't know—"

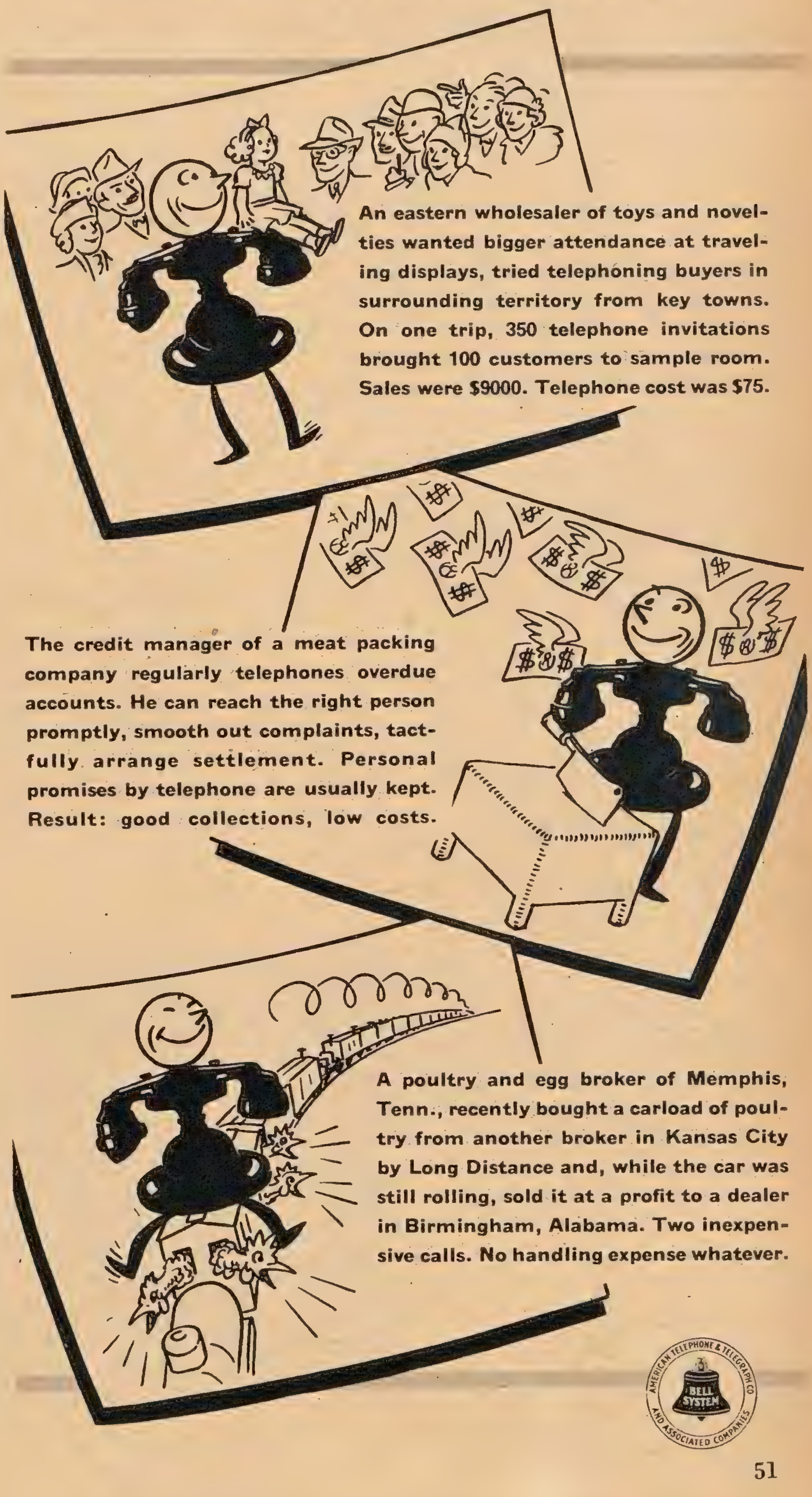
Dick looked at her in the firelight. Firelight that had begun to sizzle and sputter because rain was trickling down the chimney. . . . Seaboard weather . . . drenched atmosphere. . . . The next three months would be like this or worse—January, February, March—three months—

Suddenly Dick knew what he was going to do. The only thing for him to do. Might square a lot of accounts.

Is Dick going to be quixotic? Is he going to become freshly entangled? What part is Mary Macfarlane going to play in his comedy of errors? Next week's Liberty will give you a lot of new complications in this fascinating story of marriage a la mode.

Tabloid Telephone Tales

Brief stories of how Long Distance is ringing the bell for businesses of all sorts and sizes



An eastern wholesaler of toys and novelties wanted bigger attendance at traveling displays, tried telephoning buyers in surrounding territory from key towns. On one trip, 350 telephone invitations brought 100 customers to sample room. Sales were $9000. Telephone cost was $75.

The credit manager of a meat packing company regularly telephones overdue accounts. He can reach the right person promptly, smooth out complaints, tactfully arrange settlement. Personal promises by telephone are usually kept. Result: good collections, low costs.

A poultry and egg broker of Memphis, Tenn., recently bought a carload of poultry from another broker in Kansas City by Long Distance and, while the car was still rolling, sold it at a profit to a dealer in Birmingham, Alabama. Two inexpensive calls. No handling expense whatever.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

EARLY in his career as a Hollywood wig and make-up magnate, Max Factor used to shave his own head, put on a toupee, and get into conversation with some bald-headed man. Soon he'd lead up to the subject of toupees: *"You* should talk about them," the bald man would say, "with a head of hair like yours!" Off Mr. Factor would snatch his toupee, showing what seemed to be a smooth bald spot. Whereupon a customer was born.

In the old Russian town of Riazan, where Max Factor grew up, his father was a merchant of the Second Guild—government contractors permitted to live outside the Pale. As a young man Mr. Factor started his wig and hairdressing business there, employing two Jewish assistants and two non-Jewish—so they wouldn't all get drunk on the same holidays. Sent a son of one assistant to college. Police discovered revolutionary literature in the boy's possession—so Mr. Factor took a quick trip to Carlsbad, then to America. Lost all his money at the St. Louis World's Fair. Worked his way to Los Angeles, started another wig business. Then along came the movie industry and the Factor fortune was founded.

When I talked with him the other day, Mr. Factor had just delivered twenty-five theatrical wigs to Norma Shearer for her forthcoming part as Marie Antoinette—every one of the twenty-five entirely different. Mae West's wigs are made of Italian, French, and German hair all amicably combined, Mr. Factor told me. I asked him if he ever uses his own make-up. "Twenty years people have been interviewing me," he laughed, "yet nobody ever asked me that question before. Sure I use my own make-up. I put some on every time I have my picture taken. That's why my photographs always come out so good. Everybody ought to use a little make-up when being photographed. Men as well as women."

☆ *Mr. Factor gives us some good make-up advice.* . . . It is important to make up very carefully, he says, when we go shopping for a new dress or a new hat. Unless we look our absolute best, we can't really tell whether the new things become us or not. Trying on dresses without proper make-up is about as sensible as trying on hats in the nude! Remember that make-up nowadays is an integral part of your attire. . . . Now a word about mirrors. Your make-up mirror must be big enough to let you see your whole head in it, hair and all. The light must be arranged so that no shadows are cast on your face. . . . Eyebrows being our most expressive feature, the main growth of the eyebrows never should be plucked. Trim them a little to neaten them if you like, but don't change their natural shape. . . . Go easy with the lipstick if your nose is too small. Put the color emphasis on your cheeks instead. Reverse this rule if your nose is too large. Cut down the cheek rouge and accentuate your mouth. . . . At all times Mr. Factor warns us against too much make-up. He disapproves vigorously of the face made up like an expressionless mask. Expression, he says, is the facial quality our make-up should aim to increase and improve, since expression is the *life* of any face.

Max Factor

☆ Calling on friends at an extremely ritzy hotel, I went up in the elevator with a most magnificent young man. Yellow gloves, walking stick, flower in buttonhole, brand-new derby hat with a cute little feather sticking out of the band. We got off at the same floor, he striding rapidly down the hall ahead of me. He knocked at a door, which at once flew open, and he was yanked into the room amid whoops of joy. He and that young lady were certainly glad to see each other. Dropped his hat in the excitement. Left it reposing, open side up, on the floor outside her door. The celebration was still in the whooping stage as I passed the room. On my way out, more than an hour later, I heard no whooping, but the door was closed and the young man's new hat was still there on the floor of the corridor. As far as I know, it may be there yet. Isn't love *wonderful!*

☆ *Tip to jewelers:* Hatpins are coming back in style this year. The new ones are only three inches long, made of gold or silver. Necessity of them has arisen because of the way our new hats fit in back. We need a short pin to keep the back of the hat in place. So it's hatpins we'll have!

☆ Sixteen Girl Scouts—or Girl *Guides*, as they are called in England—are now carrying on their flag-signal drills and first-aid practice every Wednesday afternoon up and down the long marble halls of Buckingham Palace. The girls are daughters of the court, including the two little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret. The latter is too young to be a *Guide*, so the others employ her as a mannequin on whom to practice tying bandages. In warm weather they'll do their Scouting around the garden, but the palace will continue to be their campground through the winter. I'll bet the royal servants will be glad when spring comes!

☆ Readers interested in palmistry will like the new book, Lions' Paws, by Nellie Simmons Meier, who analyzes life lines, fate lines, etc., of famous people. (Published by Barrows Mussey.)

☆ As every housewife knows, feeding vegetables to the family is a real problem in winter. So many husbands, sons, and daughters dislike this vegetable or that. The following *squash-with-cheese* recipe from Mexico may help you out. . . . Use little green squashes if you can get them. Parboil; slice thin; salt and pepper the slices; add a dash of tabasco. Sandwich a thin slice of cheese between two slices of squash. Dip in batter and fry golden brown in deep fat. Serve very hot, with tomato sauce slightly flavored with a pinch of thyme. Corn bread is a good accompaniment.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Cannisters, cops, and the cooler! New woe hits Shorty McCoy

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HIYA, kid?

Listen, Mazie, slip me a pair of airdales and a pot of oo-long, hey? If theys anything that gives me gindigestion it's those hot muts, but I like 'em anyway. Speaking of hot pups, I drew a pair at Coney the other day that were wows. If they had stuffed a horse in an inner tube they couldn't of tasted more delicious.

Listen, Toots, I suppose I'm goofy or something, but all I do is *think* of you when I'm driving these nickle-nursers all over New York. Honest, it's pathetical! I love you more than that frog dame I had in Paris when Uncle Sam had me measured for a gun. I suppose I'm a sap to tell you all this, but I just can't help it because you get me down. Only yesterday, I was talking about matrimoney to a guy who had just sprung himself from Joliet and he said to me:

"Listen, Shorty, if your thinking of getting hooked, make *sure* you grab a *good dame.* Take *me* f'rinstance. I married a gal who'd do a handspring off the Frisco bridge anytime I asked her. If it hadn't been for *her* I wouldn't be on the *loose now.*"

"How come?" I asked.

"How come?" he exclaimed. "She helped me *bail out* of the *iyron rooming house,* that's what! Why, when she came to visit me in the cooler, she gave me one big kiss. After it was over I had a mouthful of *nice fresh razor blades.* If it hadn't been for *them,* I couldn't have whittled my way out, get it?"

Seriously, Toots, we should get spliced and raise a flock of bilikins. I'm telling you we could be as happy as two sailors with a pair of blondes. Your old man had the right hop, he went for the wedlock stuff when he was in the kindergarden and look at him now. All he does is sit back and play the nags while his fourteen kids kick in with the rent.

As I told you before, we can grab that "Louie the Fourteenth" ten piece set for three bucks down and start housekeeping. —Let's have a copy of that cherry pie and put an ice cream Cohen on it, eh, Mazie?

The salesman told me that for 50c. extra the week he would toss in an electric washing machine for good luck. After thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that if the taxi business got bad you could invite your old lady to live with us and take in washing. What with three clothes lines out the window, she could clean up. Then again, Mazie, you could keep your job in this here lunch wagon if you *insisted.*

What's that, you don't want to get hooked—yet? And how did I get the holes in my hat? Oh, that's a long story.

The other night I was parked in a dark spot opposite the "Tomatoe Can" listening to my radio, when who came trucking up to my cab but two suspicious looking birds that looked like gorillas.

Without paying any attention to *me,* the little runt pulled out a tape measure and begun measuring the door of my cab like he owned the thing. "Thirty-six by sixty-three," he says to the guy called "Dynamite."

"She'll go through okay," says the other.

"But what about the *big baby?*" asks Dynamite.

"The same," he replies. "If she *won't go through,* we'll *pull off her legs!*"

Now wasn't that a cute conversation, Mazie?

Well, without batting an eye, I just sat there nice and calm—like I was going to the electric rocker. A minute later, the rear door opened and in they bounced.

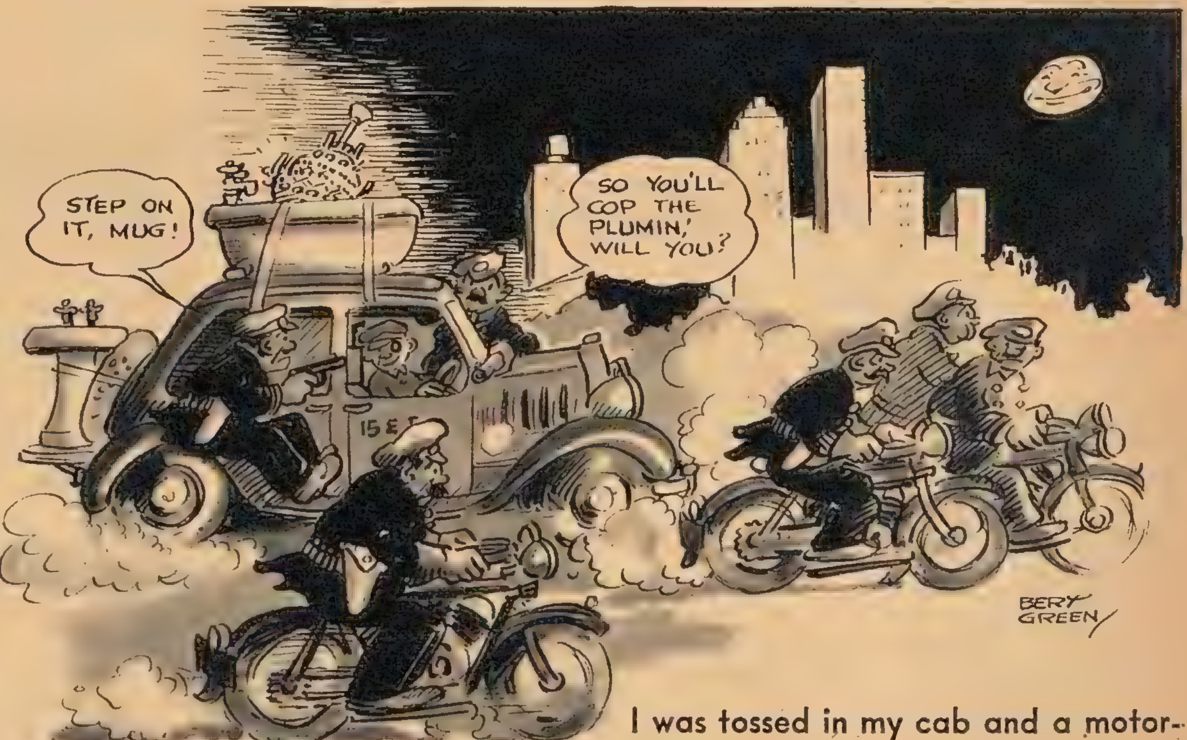
"Drive over the Fifty-ninth Street bridge!" ordered the big gorilla.

So I pulled down the iyron flag and threw in the remains of my second gear. As I beat it along Third Avenoo, I began to wonder what was coming off. First I pictured the two guys, then I thought of the business of measuring the door, and when I got to thinking about "If she won't go through we'll pull off her legs" I got wringing wet. Maybe it's a stick-up or a murder? I said to myself. —Pass the ketchup, Toots, and let's have another slab of butter!

When I got half way over the bridge, the guy called Dynamite said to his pal, the Greek: "If this dizzy dumbell"—meaning me—"puts up a squawk, we'll stick the cannister in his slats and blow his hat off."

Now wasn't that a sweet load of news?

Well, Mazie, you can imagine the spot I was in. First, I thought I'd holler "coppers," but on second thought I figured I'd better keep my trap shut for fear they'd start using the monkey wrench on my gourd. Believe me, if I ever prayed, I prayed then.


STEP ON IT, MUG!
SO YOU'LL COP THE PLUMIN,' WILL YOU?
BERT GREEN

I was tossed in my cab and a motorcycle escort led me to the bastile.

When I got over to Long Island City, one of the yeggs yells, "Drive to Great Neck!"

On reaching Bedside, the little runt said to Dynamite:

"How did you make out with that Yaphank job?"

"Oh, that went off sweet," he replied, lighting a lung-duster. "The *take* was *twenty grand,* but we had to *croak two guys.*"

"Oh, yeah," said the Greek, as cool as Christmas Eve in Glasgow.

"Yep," grunted the other, "the watchman got a bit tough so we *drilled him.* As for the *taxi driver,* he wouldn't listen to reason, so we let him have the works and dumped his body in a concrete mixer. Right now he's reclining in a State road."

"What about the cops?" asked the little runt.

"Who, them?" grunted Dynamite. "We locked (*Continued on page 56*)

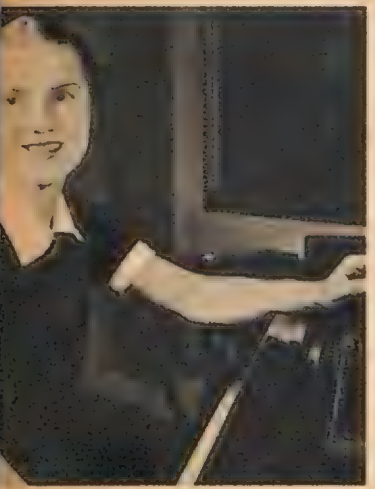
Words and picture by BERT GREEN

Louisville's Broadway almost as
known as Manhattan's. But Louis
is more than a play place—so empt
stands at Churchill Downs mean "bus
ness as usual" along Broadway.

Owsley Brown is Presiden
Brown-Forman, one of Kentucky's
ing distillers. Mr. Brown, a re
reader, says, "I think Liberty
great magazine."

Louisville—BLUE RIBBON CIT

Villiam A. Stoll is Presi-
lent of the Louisville Board
f Trade. Active in civic af-
airs, Mr. Stoll says, "I am
eartily in favor of Liberty's
nti-crime articles."



Miss Helen Hilliard, is
rominent in Louisville's
ocial life. "Liberty is full
f pep." says Miss Hilliard,
'why even the educational
ticles are exciting."

ONCE A YEAR the dusty thud of flying hooves at Churchill Downs is heard around the world. Louisville's street and lobbies are packed with people. Private cars jam the railroad yards, and foreign license plates line the curbs.

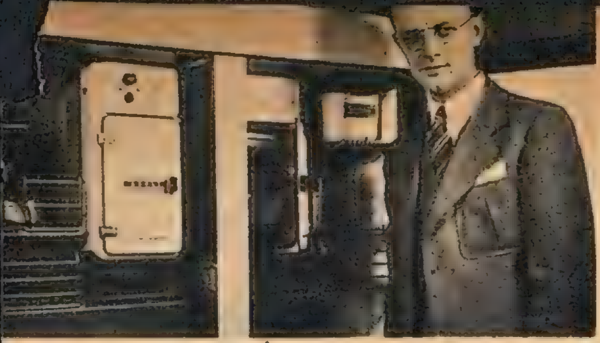
But Louisville is bigger than The Derby. During the other 364 days, this thriving city of 330,000 goes about its business as a self-contained community typical of "Worthwhile America." Louisville is a living example of the qualities which make a community great.

To know the real Louisville, go there when Churchill Downs is quiet, when the cars in the railroad yards are box cars loaded with cigarettes and cased liquor. Talk to the merchants and manufacturers, the business, social, and civic leaders, when the city's pulse is normal and you will sense the importance of these people to their own community—and to the country.

Interviewed on these pages are some of Liberty's readers among the business, social, and civic leaders of Louisville—where Liberty goes into every tenth home.

President George Cooper of B
Williamson, makers of Raleighs, Ko
Wings. "As you can see," said Mr.
pointing to current issues on his desk,
joy Liberty every week. I think artic
the Dewey series get people thinking

Arthur Peter heads Peter, Heyburn
Marshall & Wyatt—a law firm we
known in Kentucky. Judge Peter says
"Mr. Macfadden's editorials get m
attention first. Your articles on lega
reform are well written and sound.



awrence Willenbrink, me Appliance Manager of utcliffe Co. "I like your stories and your short s, but the thing I like best Liberty is the stuff that people think."

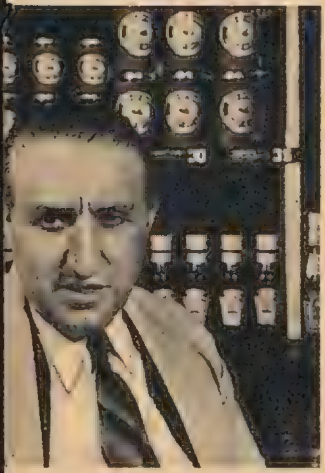
umsey Weir, Chrysler-outh dealer, says, "asking me like Liberty is like asking me like apple pie—I just like it. s like that deep-sea diving one *Six in the Mud*) keep me a to-cover reader."

The Maas Auto Service runs 24 hours a day, sells Goodyear Tires, Willard Batteries, and Standard Oil products. Stanley Maas commented on Lloyd Douglas' recent article, *Surly Old Sam*. "I think articles like this wake the government up to the fact that citizens are customers."

Mrs. Walter Radford is Louisville's Welfare Director—the first woman ever appointed to the Mayor's cabinet. She says, "My work makes me most interested in Liberty's articles on social problems. But that doesn't mean I don't enjoy the short stories."

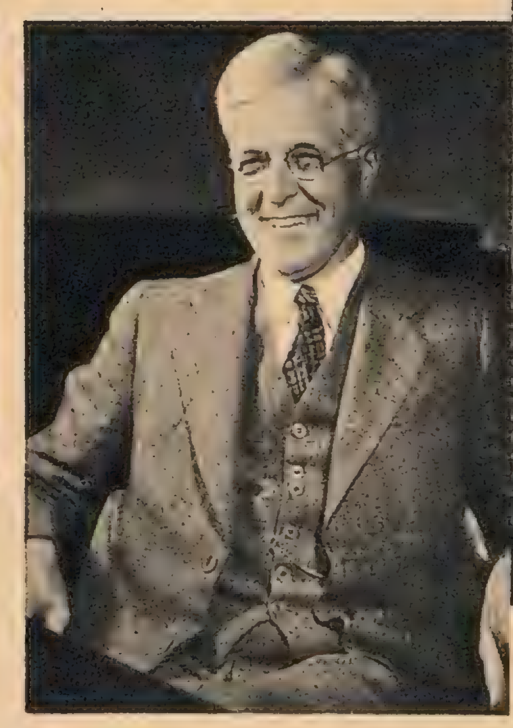
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY
ROBERT W. LEAVITT FOR
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

F THE BLUE GRASS STATE



auss's" stands for good in Louisville. Lester uss, who owns the business thinks well of Liberty. particularly liked the ey series," he says, ught it a most human nteresting biography."

Arthur T. Schreiber owns the Newman Drug Co., operates two stores. Says Mr. Schreiber, "I like the way Liberty digs into the future—for instance, the recent articles on a third term for Roosevelt."



Dr. Raymond A. Kent is President of the University of Louisville, oldest municipal university in the country. Dr. Kent says, "Liberty gives me both relaxation—and stimulation. Your views on modern education are interesting, and appropriate." (Photo above shows the domed and pillared Administration Building on Belknap campus.)

Liberty

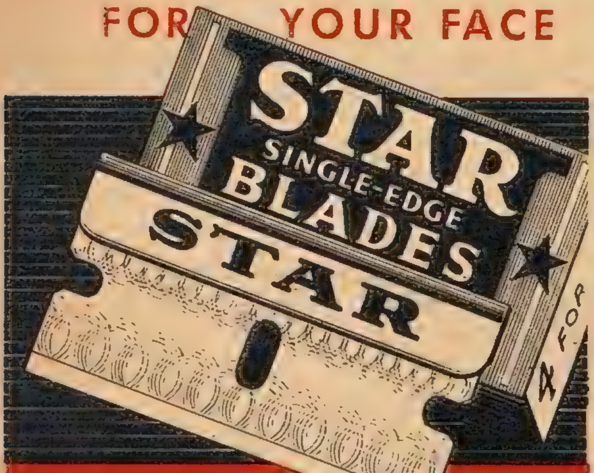
Louisville is famous for gracious living, and Southern hospitality finds new expression in modern homes like these, as well as in the stately houses of the older parts of town.

JOY HODGES IN NEW MOVIE GIVES STAR PERFORMANCE

Joy Hodges highlights the Universal Picture, "Merry-Go-Round of 1938", with her singing and dancing. Why not highlight your mornings with another Star Performance —a clean, lasting shave with a Star Single-edge Blade! Made since 1880 by the makers of the original safety razor, Star Blades wilt your whiskers in record time! Their keen edges can't scrape! 4 for 10¢.

Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N.Y.

A STAR PERFORMANCE FOR YOUR FACE



STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

(Continued from page 53) six of them in a broom closet and threatened to tattoo our initials on their backs if they let out a squawk."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other.

"A soft touch," replied the big mugg with a wave of his paw.

Just a frollicking pair, eh, Mazie?

When I got to Great Neck it was three bells. Dynamite ordered me to turn down Mortgage Drive and made me pull up to a new house that would make a castle look like a flagman's shanty.

"You wait here while I case the jernt!" he whispered to the Greek.

Well, in a few minutes Dynamite come back and told his pal everything was jake. He also warned me that if I attempted to screw he would wing me off, so there was nothing left for me to do but look pleasant. Fifteen minutes later as I looked towards the shack what did I see coming out, but Dynamite. In his arms was a brand new water heater and a flock of shiny faucets. Behind him trecked the Greek with a Ritzy gas stove over his shoulder that must have cost a couple hundred slugs.

Before I had time to think they dumped the stuff on my imported upholstery and went back for more. The next thing I knew, out came another load. Dynamite sported a gold plated bath tub draped over him like an opry cloak. As for the Greek, he had a baby blue sink in his mitts and in it was a great big chrystal chandaleer.

Well, Mazie, to dwarf a tall story, in twenty minutes the inside of my hack looked like the business end of a plumbing factory.

In it was brass pipes, valves, chromiun faucets, steam guages, sinks, not to mention ten pounds of solid gold door knobs.

Just as the bandits were lashing the tub on the roof, a cop's car turned the corner and all I could hear was whistles, sireens, and bullets. Without thinking, I ducked under the cab while the two yeggs took it on the lam.

I don't know much what happened after that, Mazie. All I know, is, when I came too I looked like I had fell out a plane and landed on a brick yard. My left lamp was closed tighter than the Bank of England, and my scull felt like it had been hit by a steam hammer. Without further ceremony, I was tossed in my cab and a motorcycle escort led me to the bastile.

"What's the charge?" asked the donkey behind the desk.

"*Burglary,* carrying *concealed weapons, resisting arrest* and *assult and battery!*" roared the flatfoot.

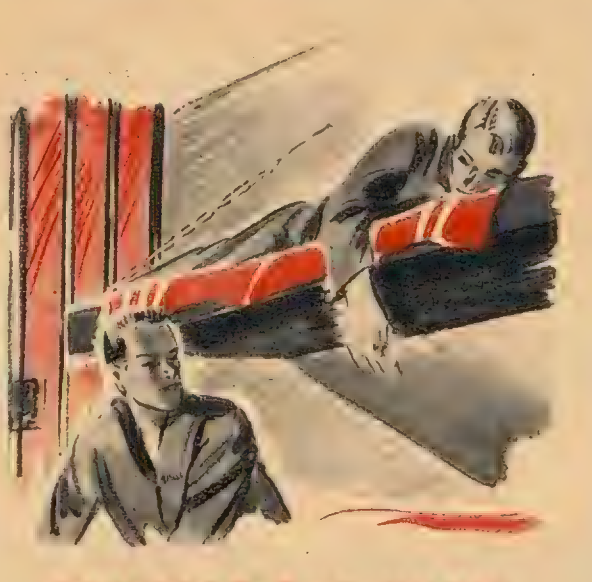
"Throw him in the can!" bellowed the head man.

To top the fun, sweets, I had to stay in the cooler four days before I could get bailed out because the judge was in Boston.

And that, Mazie, is a sample of the taxi business. We never know from nothing.

More of Shorty's samples and shortcomings will appear in an early issue.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆



COMFORT THE DYING

THE moan of the prison whistle filtered through the death-house walls, lessened, and died. Tangible silence crept back to crowd the tiny cell.

One trembling hand shielded Montgomery's eyes from the lone light bulb as he lay back on the bunk.

"Only minutes now." His bloodless lips formed each word as though speech were a half-forgotten art. "How did any one ever stand it in here alone? It's tough enough on a man even when he has a trusty for company."

Ah Lee's almond eyes regarded him impassively. "You agree then with the warden, that company comforts the man who waits for death?"

Montgomery's body jerked at the word "death."

"Don't you? . . . Don't you?" he insisted shrilly. "How would you like being in here alone? With nothing to keep your mind off that door, knowing you're going to be led through it and . . ." Montgomery covered his eyes again as though to shut out what awaited in that little room adjoining the death cells.

Ah Lee's voice was gentle: "Do not grieve, my friend. All men must die sometime."

"But they don't all die like that! Sitting there strapped down, helpless, while they . . ." The words trailed into mute terror as Montgomery saw the group of officials before the cell.

"Are you ready, son?" The warden's face was expressionless as Montgomery shrank back against the wall.

"When is man ever ready to die?"

Ah Lee stepped forward between two guards and started his slow march into the little room.

—*Ralph W. Hunter.*

Inmate 16902 Washington State Penitentiary.

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

ALAN HUGHES
Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

Morning Swim

READING TIME
4 MINUTES
56 SECONDS

BY THEODORE BENTLEY

THE chill December morning was six hours from midnight when the man awoke. His sleep had been the fitful sleep of the man with something on his mind.

He threw back the covers and walked to the window. Outside a shrieking wind was whipping the Pacific into a gray-white frenzy. As far as the eye could reach in either direction the beach was barren and deserted.

The man turned away from the window and lit a fire under a coffeepot. While the coffee was brewing he removed his pajamas and put on a pair of swimming trunks.

He was above middle height, a young man and a powerful one.

When the coffee was done he drank several cups. Then he opened the door and stood for a while looking down the beach—toward the north.

Satisfied, he ran down to the surf and plunged in. With sure, strong strokes he headed straight out and was soon lost to sight.

IN another cabin, a half mile to the northward of the first one, another figure was preparing to swim. The movements of this one were jerky and unsure. He glanced nervously over toward the bed he had just abandoned. Then he turned away and walked to the door.

This man was older, a sagging, spare fifty.

He entered the water and began swimming. In contrast to the other swimmer, his strokes were clumsy, inadept. After several minutes he too could not be seen from shore.

Soon the paths of the two swimmers began to converge. Presently they were directly abreast of each other; a pair of invisible specks in the foaming ocean.

" Hello, Polk," the first swimmer called.

The older man started in surprise.

" Good morning." He looked at the other more closely. " I'm afraid I don't know you, do I? "

" No, I'm afraid you don't. I know *you*, though, Polk. My name's Martin."

" I see. Well, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Martin. You'll excuse me now. I've got to be getting back."

He began to swim toward shore. In four quick strokes Martin was in front of him.

" Just a moment. I want to talk to you."

Polk's tone stiffened. " Look here, what is this all about? "

" I wanted to talk to you—somewhere where we could be alone."

Polk laughed uncertainly. " How did you know I'd be here? "

" I've watched you, Polk. Many times. You swim every morning, don't you? "

" So? I don't understand what you're getting at."

" You will. It's a long story. It goes back to the day I met your wife. Why do you look like that, Polk? You didn't know, did you? No, you didn't—we were too careful. We fell in love, Polk. And you're standing between us. Our lives are too short to deny ourselves any longer. Polk, I'm going to drown you."

" This is no time for jokes, man."

" I know. I'm not joking."

Polk saw it. Terror-stricken, he tried to swim away.

Martin was on him instantly. They thrashed about in the water for a minute, then Polk's head went under. He slipped from Martin's grip and came up.

" Wait—wait, Martin! "

Martin pushed him under again. Then he slipped his legs around the older man's head like a vise and squeezed. He felt Polk weaken and sag and finally lurch toward the ocean floor.

Martin came up gasping for air. He treaded water, breathing deeply.

With the air he drank deep drafts of future, of freedom, of Virginia Polk.

Life could begin for them now.

With long easy strokes he headed for the point where he had entered the water. When the body was found—just a simple case of drowning. There would be no evidence—there had been no witnesses. . . .

When he emerged the beach was deserted.

Now to wait for word from Virginia. As soon as it was safe, she had said.

He stayed in his cabin all that day—nervous, waiting.

The next morning the sun broke on a dismal world. Martin stayed again in his cabin, and slowly there grew upon him a nameless dread. He got out the pair of steamer tickets they had purchased and read them over many times. When the sweat from his hands began to soften the cardboard slips he put them away. He started to pack his bag, thought better of it, and unpacked it again.

Toward nightfall he ventured up the beach halfway to Polk's house—a point where he could see and not be seen.

The house was in darkness. Where was she.

He walked back to his own cabin—resolved that if no word came by the following night he would go to her.

The next morning he could not eat his breakfast. He decided to go into town and get drunk. There might be news in town.

HE had trouble with himself when he sat down at the bar. He crossed his legs to stop the shaking.

" Hello, Martin," the bartender said. " What'll it be? "

" A double rye, I guess, George."

When the bartender came back with his drink, Martin tried to speak naturally, unexcitedly:

" Well, what's new with you, George? "

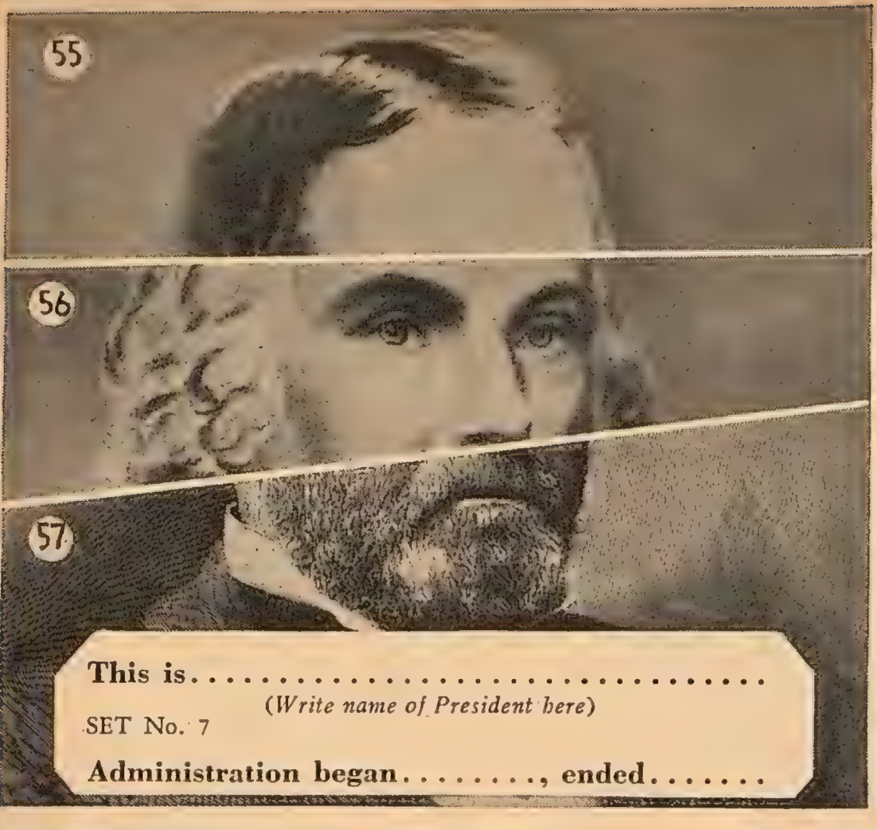
" Oh, nothing much, nothing much. You've probably heard the news from up your way, haven't you? No? Where you been? Louis Polk—you knew him, didn't you? " . . .

Now—here it was. Martin steeled himself.

" I knew *of* him. But I didn't know him."

" Well, it seems he found out that his wife had been playin' around with some other guy. So the other mornin' he emptied his shotgun into her and then drowned himself."

THE END



This is.................................
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 7
Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who was Quartermaster General of the New York State Militia; the eyes and nose are of one who was born and died in Virginia; the mouth and chin are of a soldier who died near Saratoga, New York.

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

DON'T DELAY! START TODAY!

$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

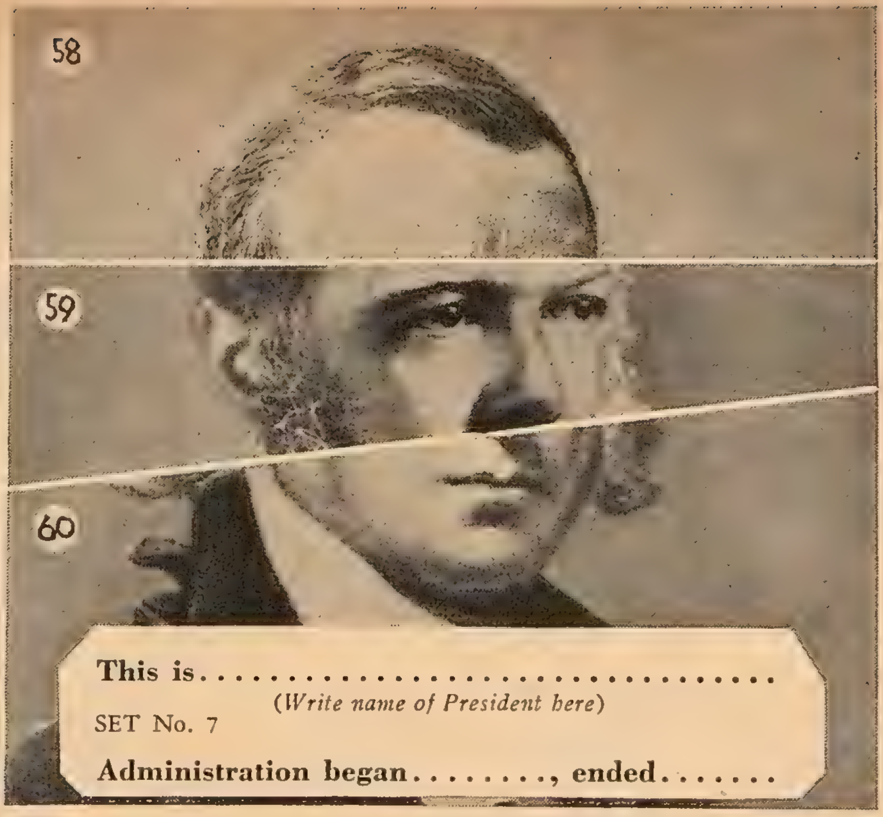
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**200**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
70 PRIZES, each $10	**700**
200 PRIZES, each $5	**1,000**
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$2,500**

IF you have failed to enter this interesting game during its earlier weeks, get into it today. Your chance to win is still excellent! By starting now you can take advantage of the reprints of the preceding puzzles of the series which Liberty has made available in convenient form. However, no reprints will be supplied of this or later pages. So, if you want to file your claim to a share in the $2,500 cash prize fund, now is the time to act. Read the rules and then get busy.

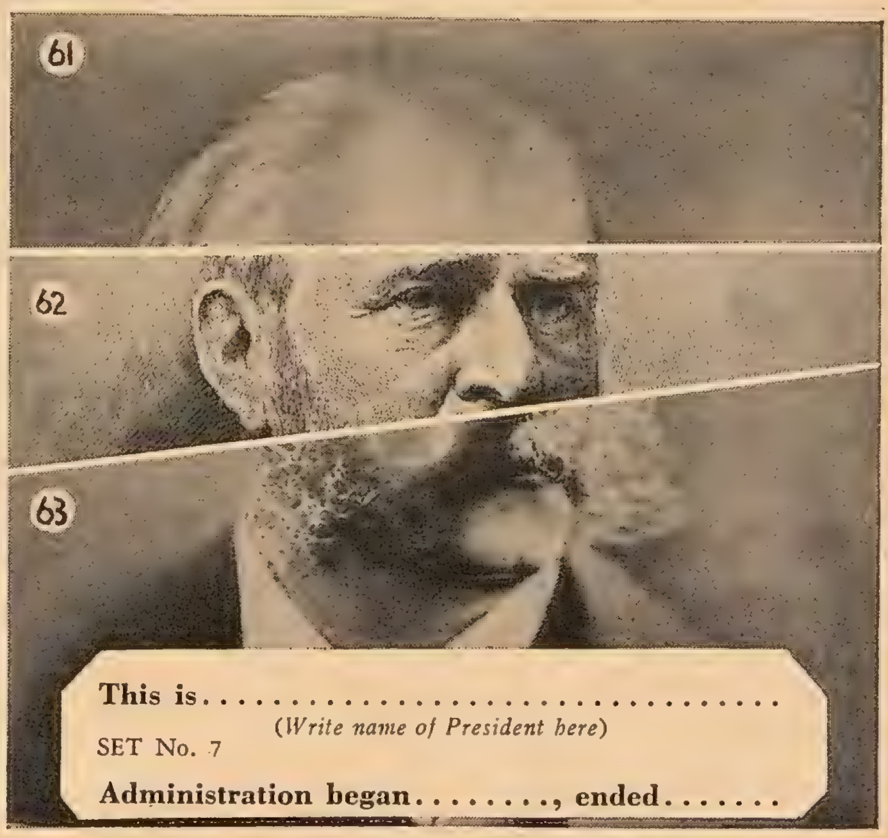
FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you need reprints of the first six sets of composites in order to bring your entry up to date, you can obtain them by writing to the contest address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. No reprints will be supplied after January 24, 1938, for this contest.



This is.................................
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 7
Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one whose father was a tanner in Ohio; the eyes and nose are of one who was Collector of the Port of New York; the mouth and chin are of one who was graduated from Princeton.



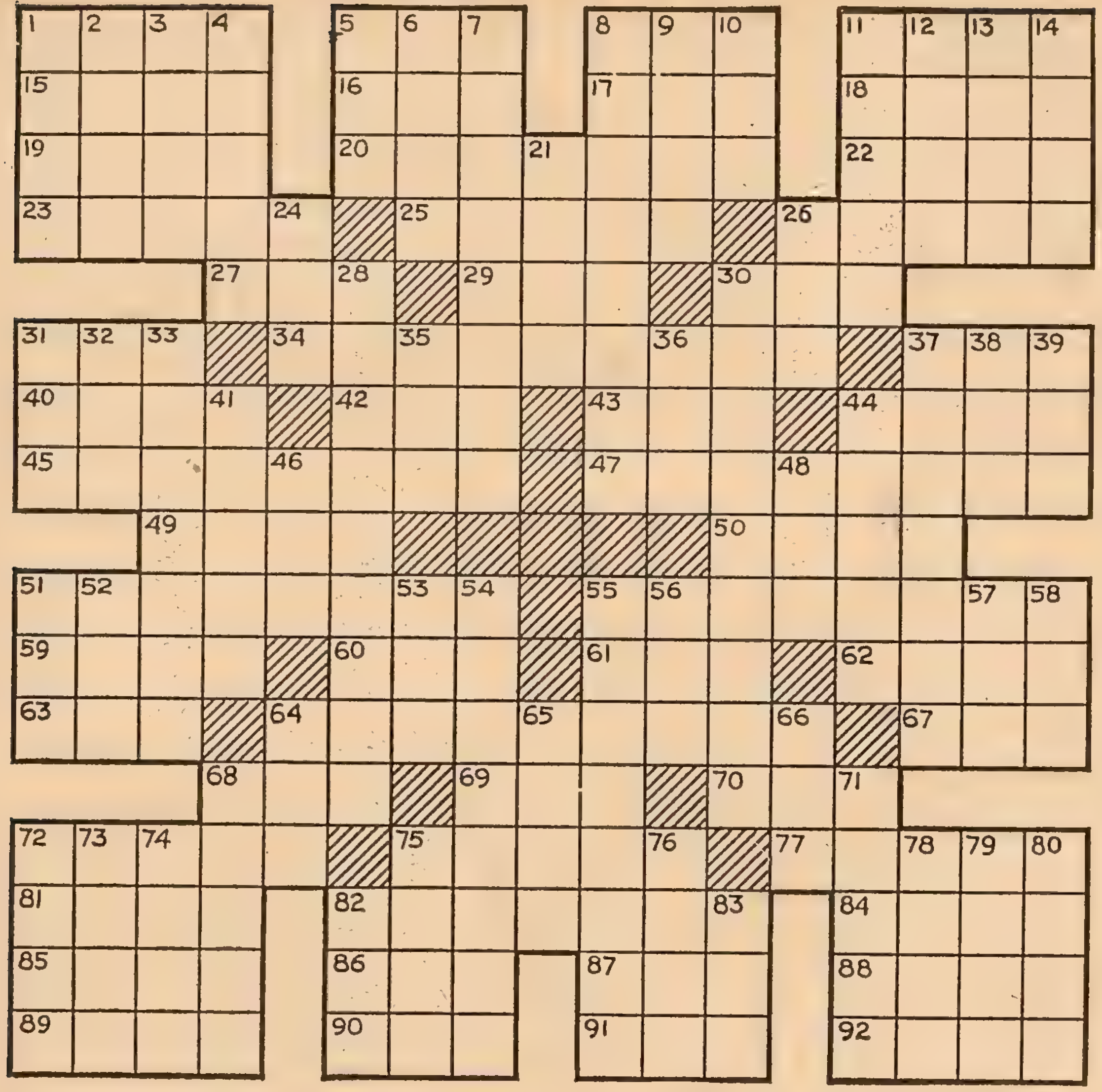
This is.................................
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 7
Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who helped draft the Virginia State Constitution; the eyes and nose are of one who served under Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War; the mouth and chin are of a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1880.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Rich soil
5 A wooden block
8 Moisture in small drops
11 Bundle
15 Capable
16 Past
17 Woman's name
18 An Arabian title
19 City in Alaska
20 Propelled
22 Political radicals
23 Darling (pl.)
25 Compound ether
26 Thick
27 Plant by strewing
29 Wooden pin
30 Tub
31 Snake
34 Entertained with open-air music
37 Antelope
40 Cattle
42 Comprehend
43 Label
44 Greek deity
45 Abhorred
47 Render feeble
49 County in Ohio
50 Mammilla
51 Medieval musical entertainer
55 Weavers
59 Poker stake
60 Born
61 Tennis stroke
62 Silkworm
63 Form of to be
64 Arrestable
67 Turf
68 Conflict
69 Animal doctor (colloq.)
70 Attention
72 Raid
75 Sanctions
77 Candle
81 Metal
82 Small birds
84 Went horseback
85 Classify
86 Measure of work
87 The turmeric
88 Pieces out
89 Wheelless vehicle
90 Printer's measures
91 Enclosure
92 Torn

```
BIGAPPLE TOMCAT
ROADSTER OTOOLE
IOOI■SIR HIMMEL
MOLES■SOT■SUE■E
   UTE■RUB■STOP
 HE■YES■BID■HYA
DATE■LAP■TAR■ST
INCAS■TOP■NORTH
PS■TOT■TEA■WHEY
LOY■DOG■PRO■OR
OMAR■NAP■FUR
M■WOW■SAP■RAJAH
ANNUAL TOE■ZULU
TRENDS HORMONES
SADDEN SHAMROCK
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Alight
2 Wind instrument
3 Woman's name
4 Mares (Scot.)
5 Short sleep
6 Molding
7 Success
8 Assign
9 Always
10 Espouse
11 Tam
12 So be it!
13 Covers
14 Gaelic
21 Solar disk in Egyptian religion
24 Distress signal
26 Male parent
28 An Occidental
30 Food plant
31 In addition
32 Bishop's domain
33 Grants of rights
35 Sandpiper
36 Man's nickname
37 Abraders
38 No
39 Employment
41 Succinct
44 Avoid
46 Perch
48 Portuguese coin
51 Bird's crop
52 Woman's name
53 Fish
54 Remnants
55 Prates
56 Plunder
57 River (Sp.)
58 Downcast
64 Division of time
65 Bring forth young
66 Consume
68 Diminished
71 More unusual
72 Trees
73 Verbal
74 Mechanical repetition
75 Business partnership
76 Proofreader's term
78 Thrust
79 Paradise
80 Repose
82 Shelter
83 Speak

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

DRESS YOUR HAIR AS NATURE INTENDED IT—

Use VEG-E-LAY

Lucky Tiger's New DE LUXE HAIR DRESSING

Keeps your hair youthfully well-groomed. Never sticky or greasy. Only a few drops needed.

NO MORE dry, unruly hair. Veg-E-Lay corrects all of that. It tones the scalp, keeps the hair handsome and dandruff-free. A bottle costs little at druggists or barbers, or we will send you a 35¢ trial size FREE if you will send 12¢ for postage and packing. Give us your dealer's name.

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. 38 Kansas City, Mo.

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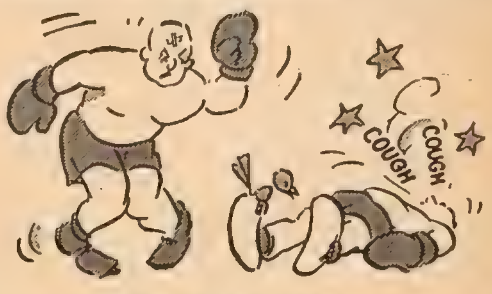
The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s



LET PERTUSSIN SMACK THAT COUGH

● A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

Large Trial Bottle for 10¢

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC-30
440 Washington Street, N.Y.C.
Please send me a large Trial Bottle of Pertussin. I enclose 10¢.

Name__________

Address__________

PERTUSSIN

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Married—and Glad of It"

HUNTINGTON, N. Y.—Please don't throw this in the wastebasket simply because it isn't typed. At least read it. After all, you could hardly expect every wife to own a typewriter, and I'll write just as clearly as possible and number the sheets to make it easy.

I've read several articles in Liberty at various times dealing with "live alone and like it" and much in the same vein. In the October 30 issue there's an interesting one by Elita Wilson, Live Alone and Look It.

Now I think it's about time the readers of Liberty heard from the other side, so here's one I've called:

Married—and Glad of It!

In spite of the fact that I've just read in November 13 Liberty an article by Ethelda Bedford entitled No One Can Take My Husband, I think it's about time we had the view of a normal everyday housewife. With all due respect to the lady—I wouldn't want her husband!

My first impression on reading her article is that she spends plenty of money and apparently all of her time making herself attractive and beautiful for the man who married her. She makes no mention of any children; and if she has none, believe me, she may think she's a "slave" to her man, but she doesn't know the real meaning of the word. Because, from the minute you realize you are going to have a baby, from then on your slavery begins. A bondage I wouldn't swap for all the beauty parlors, all the beautiful clothes, and all the men on earth!

We are just ordinary people living a most ordinary life. Full of our own special pleasures and friends and fun. My husband is a bit older than I—nine years, to be exact. That in itself would be excuse enough for some gals to have ditched him long before this on "incompatibility" grounds, or some such foolishness. But next year we will celebrate our silver anniversary (that is, we will if he remembers he's married!). Twenty-five years, and he still has a mania for forgetting important dates. But perhaps his ideas of importance differ from mine. No two people agree upon everything!

I don't believe there's a married woman living whose husband at some time hasn't made her wish fervently that she could wring his neck around so he'd be able to count every vertebra in his backbone. But that doesn't mean that we wouldn't twist it back again when we decided he'd counted long enough!

I have two grown sons, the finest pair of lads any mother was ever blessed with, and their dad has been the swellest sort of pal and comrade to them both. Usually just the three of them "rough it" on their fishing trips. I go occasionally just for the day or supper and the "night tide" with them. But looking back over the years, I wouldn't trade one single second of those good or hard times we've all had together. If I've sometimes envied my friends' new cars, it was only because my back ached when I thought how many miles I had personally conducted our heavy old car up a hill because the battery seemed to have died of old age. But even that never meant I was tired of my husband! Another used car is so much easier to pick up or get rid of than a used husband.

Twenty-five years seems a long time to have stayed married to one man, but my own mother and dad celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary this last summer, and if they could "take it"—so can I!—"*Less.*"

CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK ON A LAUGH

DENVER, COLO.—Here's a bigger laugh than the one you got out of J. D. Robin's letter (December 4 Vox Pop). "J. D. Robin" is (1) not in the telephone directory; (2) not in the city directory; (3) I haven't time to check relief rolls or lunatic asylums.—*Digusted.*

[But did it occur to Disgusted to check hotel registers? Mr. Robin wrote us from one of Denver's best hotels. There are transients in every city, you know.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

GOOSE NECK 3 YARDS LONG!

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—I've heard it's something one drinks that makes them see pink elephants, and eating too much whipped cream may develop blue cats spitting yellow snow; but pray tell me just what Princess Kropotkin's friend had or did to see a goose with a neck three yards long (December 11 Liberty).

How about it, folks—wouldn't you like to know? I'll have to see a goose's neck that long before I believe it.—*Vivian Carn.*

SURPRISED AT OUR PULLING POWER

ORLO VISTA, FLA.—I'd never have believed it—the pulling power of your publication, the number of people who read it from cover to cover.

Many people important in business, professional, and civic life of this county have spoken to me about my letter in December 4 Vox Pop. Letters have come from others. One correspondent has written me:

"That sure is some article-letter, and no doubt will not only cause considerable thought and consternation among the American travelers but will be the 'fillings for pipe' upon which both the government and the steamship companies can smoke for a while."

Thank you very much for using my letter expressing my experiences and opinion about the American merchant marine. Liberty cannot help but succeed by giving the entire matter full publicity, from both sides.—*John Forney Rudy.*

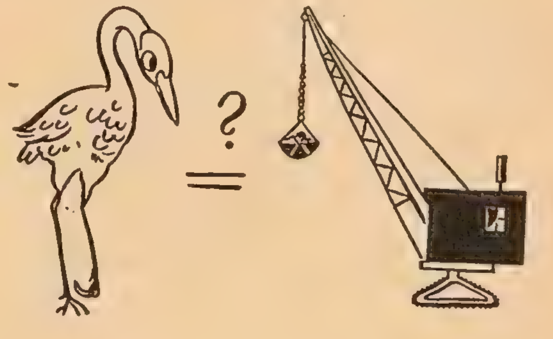
4 TEEN

OCEAN PARK, CALIF.—I get a great kick out of your Vox Pop. I think it would be lovely to have a children's page, and I offer this little saying that I put in verse about my little girl:

My little girl, just five in September,
Asked something one day I want to remember.
I was working away, she sat close by,
And raising her head with a thoughtful eye
Said, "What does seven plus seven make, mother?"
"Fourteen; but, dear, you're too young to bother."
She marked down a 4 that could plainly be seen,
Then she looked up and asked, "How do you make a teen?"
—*Gwen Wuneburger.*

DONKEYS AND CRANES

JOPLIN, MO.—A reader of Liberty for years, I always had a feeling when I read Vox Pop as if I was slumming. Never till now was I the least inclined to join the ranks of the Poppers. But I cannot keep quiet when I think of the sarcasm used by G. A. C. from Azalea, Oregon (December 11 Vox Pop).



To start with, I want to state that I have operated a donkey engine, but at no time did I think that was the only meaning of the word donkey.

I wonder, if some one said that a crane was a long-necked, long-legged bird, whether we would hear from G. A. C. telling us that we were all wrong and that a crane was a hoisting machine.—*Doc Jones.*

OLD FORT, N. C.—I think G. A. C. has his work stock and machinery confused. Here in this fair Southland that powerful piece of machinery is known as a dinky, not a donkey.—*M. Buck.*

WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIAS

DENTON, TEX.—In December 11 Liberty you have advertised for an editor, to wit:

"WANTED—An Editor for Vox Pop. *He* must," etc., etc.

If you will put an *s* before the *he* you will find your editor.

Most she's are "walking encyclopedias."—*G. A. S.*

EDITOR WANTED
VOX POP

Mr. Brogan Misinformed on Wassermann Test

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—In answer to H. S. Brogan, whose letter condemning the tests for syphilis was published in December 4 Vox Pop, I would advise him to go further in his investigation and reading before attempting to apply brakes to the present campaign to eradicate syphilis. He says he is sincere, so I assume he is either uninformed or misinformed.

In the past fifteen years I have seen many medical textbooks and read much on tests of all kinds. Unfortunately (or fortunately) I never heard of Butler's Diagnostics of Internal Medicine, nor the Sachs-Georgi or Kahn gold-ring tests. The Kahn precipitation test was awarded high honors by an international commission of scientists.

I never heard either of any one claiming treatment caused syphilis of the central nervous system. The spirochete causes it.

As for enriching medical coffers (Heaven knows they need it!), probably half the cases of syphilis, or cases of positive blood tests if you prefer, are treated in free clinics. Coffers are emptied, not filled.

Whoever told Mr. Brogan that high protein diets and hosts of diseases other than syphilis cause positive tests misinformed him. Strongly positive Wassermann and Kahn tests always mean syphilis; weakly positive tests are not treated.

If Mr. Brogan wants unbiased authority let him write to the United States Public Health Service.—*P. W. Kniskern, M. D.*

SEE MR. MACFADDEN'S EDITORIAL OF JULY 4, 1936

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In December 4 Vox Pop a Mr. R. H. Knapp asks Mr. Macfadden to write on the private control of our money and credit for the benefit of a few.

I wish I could make his suggestion more imperative, because, for reasons which are a mystery to me, the press, high and low, very seldom touches the money "question" from that point of view.

Let's have a blast, Mr. Macfadden. —*J. T. Manseau.*

ARLINGTON, GA.—May I respectfully refer Mr. R. H. Knapp, who asked Mr. Macfadden in December 4 Vox Pop to give an exposé on the subject of the private control of money, to Mr. Macfadden's editorial (which I have on file) in Liberty under date of July 4, 1936.

In these times of "Constitutional destroyers" and criticism of our economic royalists, I am of the opinion that this editorial should be again published in Liberty.—*Ben Burnt.*

LOOK UP FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES, RUBY

BAYONNE, N. J. — Will you please explain why out of the entire dictionary you decided on those two words Vox Pop? Looking up the words, after a great deal of research and inquiry (I have found that no one knew of the meaning), I see that Vox means absolutely nothing, for it is not even in the dictionary.

Maybe I have not looked it up correctly—or is it another language?

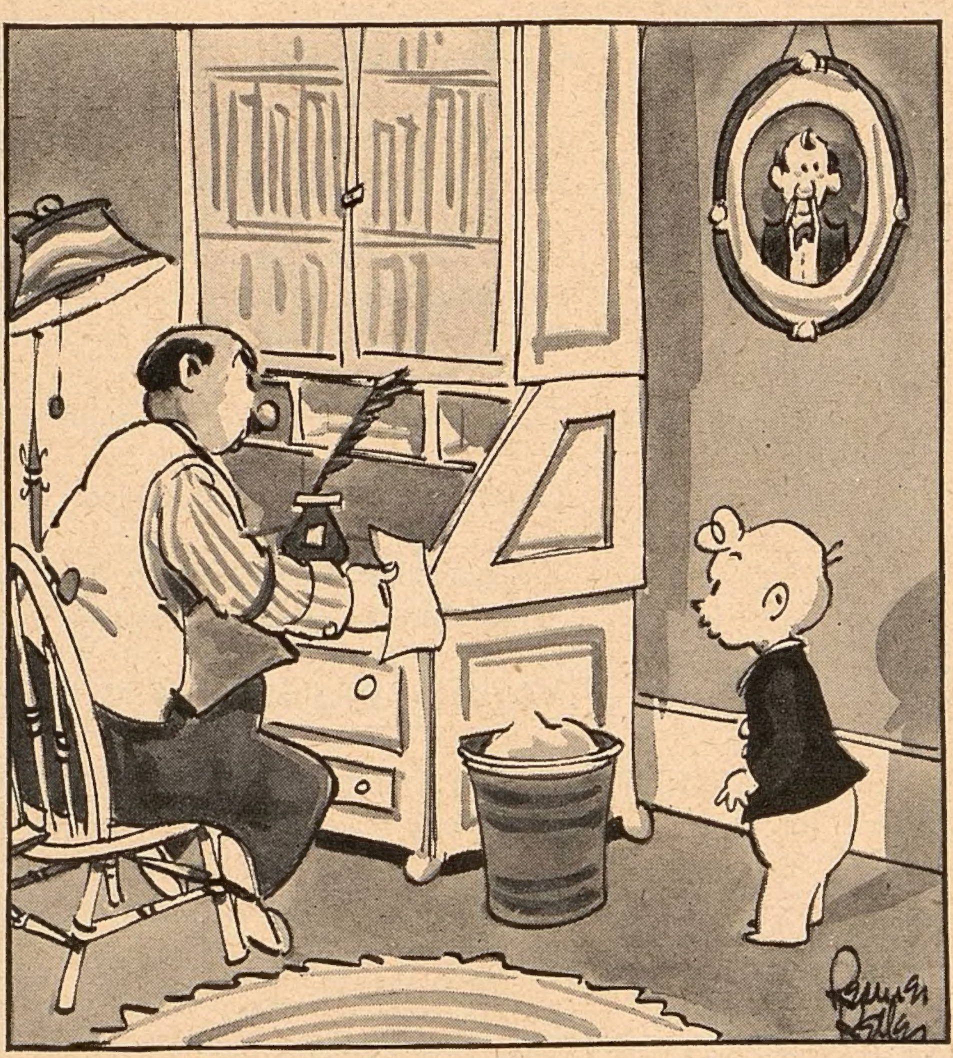
After reading your magazine for such a long time, I think, as a full-fledged Liberty reader, I should be let in on the secret of the magical words Vox Pop.—*(Miss) Ruby Blum.*

WHY STUFF ROBERT TAYLOR DOWN OUR THROATS?

HERTFORD, N. C.—Having just waded through Howard Sharpe's masterpiece of slush and tripe about Robert Taylor's wanting men to like him (December 4 Liberty), and still a little ill at the stomach, I am prompted to inquire of Vox Pop if Taylor's female following at the box office isn't enough to support him in the style to which he has become accustomed. Must he be stuffed down our throats also? Can't we enjoy just one little pet peeve in peace?

Religiously I've bought Liberty every week and blithely plunged into its pages for a couple of hours of constructive and informative reading, never suspecting that in the December 4 issue I would be confronted with this Taylor-Sharpe junk.—*Lucius Blanchard, Jr.*

"HARDTACK"



"Show this electric bill to your teacher—she's got to cut down on your homework."

REPRESENTATIVE GAVAGAN SPIKES WILL IRWIN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Assuming the policy of Liberty is to state correctly the matters discussed therein, I direct your attention to the article They Lynched the Wrong Man, by Will Irwin, in the issue of December 4, wherein the writer states for everybody to read:

> "In this special session of Congress the Senate is to consider the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill. . . . In the regular session, the House passed this measure by 277 votes to 119."

If the remainder of Mr. Irwin's article is as inaccurate as the above quotation, I regret it sincerely. The Senate is not considering the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill, and such a bill did not pass the House of the last session. The Senate is considering H. R. 1507, introduced by the writer and passed by the House after one of the greatest debates in the annals of that body. Subsequently the bill was amended in the Senate; but it still is and shall continue to be the Gavagan anti-lynching bill, known as H. R. 1507. Were it not for the action of the House, the Senate would not now be considering this type of legislation. — *Joseph A. Gavagan, Representative, 21st District, New York.*

Governor Hoffman Talks On Lindbergh Case

HAROLD G. HOFFMAN is no longer Governor of the State of New Jersey. . . . Next week in Liberty he begins the publication of a complete account explaining his course of conduct in the Lindbergh case following the trial and conviction of Richard Bruno Hauptmann. . . . No man in public office has been more severely criticized than Governor Hoffman for his activities in this historic case. . . . There was a large body of public opinion which held to the view that Hauptmann had been fairly tried, that he had been found guilty, and that the sentence pronounced upon him should have been promptly executed and the whole matter forgotten. . . . At no time did the Governor ever express the opinion that Hauptmann was innocent. . . . He did, however, express his skepticism that the case as presented against Hauptmann fully accounted for the known facts. . . . He believed that there must be accomplices and that to execute the sentence upon Hauptmann would be to close the door against ever learning the full truth. . . . The reasons that impelled Governor Hoffman to postpone the electrocution of Hauptmann, the cause for his vigorous investigation after the trial have never been fully revealed. . . . Now Governor Hoffman will tell the whole story, candidly and completely. . . . When Governor Hoffman went on that midnight visit to the death house at Trenton he took along with him a woman. . . . Who was this woman? . . . He has never before answered this riddle publicly, but in Liberty he will tell the name of the woman he took to the death house and why he took her there. . . . The explanation is guaranteed not only completely to justify the Governor but also to surprise his critics. . . . His story may be the concluding chapter in the long saga of the Lindbergh case and the Hauptmann trial, the final contribution to the documents in the case, unless of course the Governor is right in his supposition that there is still a mystery to be explained, and unless that mystery is finally solved. . . . The heat of the battle has cooled off, and now, without passion or prejudice, Governor Hoffman leaves his office and promptly turns to the public to explain the course for which he was denounced. . . . We believe the American public will hear him patiently and with an open mind. . . . THERE WILL BE many other features in next week's Liberty which will make it a "must" on your reading. . . . Frazier Hunt contributes an important article called War on Your Doorstep, a document for preparedness important to every American. . . . Ben Whitehurst, once an alphabetical official of the New Deal, offers, in his Skullduggery in the WPA, a disturbing inside view of some of the wrong things that are going on side by side with the right things. . . . Adela Rogers St. Johns tells more of the secret sorrows of the American wife of the Duke of Windsor. . . . Benny Friedman discusses the new six-man football craze and tells his opinion of how far it will go. . . . There will be generous installments of Ludwig's biography of President Roosevelt, Grace Perkins' novel The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, and Cornelius Vanderbilt's Too Many Wives. . . . Two fine short stories are guaranteed to thrill you, You Never Can Tell About a Woman, by Mildred Meese, and When I Need Your Help, by Oscar Graeve. . . . HERE IS SOMETHING important from Scott P. Squyres, commander in chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States—something for every liberal with common sense to think about, something truly worth while: "We call your attention to the enclosed literature for the purpose of acquainting you with the militant 'Peace-for-America' program being sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. We are launching a campaign to obtain the signatures of twenty-five million citizen voters on petitions addressed to Congress, designed to impress that body with the prevailing sentiment against war. As America's largest organized group of overseas veterans, we believe we are keeping faith with our comrades who sleep in France by adopting this practical method of letting Congress know the people of this country are vigorously opposed to America's participation in another World War. In bringing this program to your attention, we simply want you to know the members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States are doing their utmost to defend the security of our country, and the best interests of its citizens, in times of peace as well as in war. If you feel inclined to endorse this program with an expression of your moral support, we know your views will help stimulate a greater degree of public response and a greater measure of success in this endeavor dedicated exclusively to the nation's welfare."

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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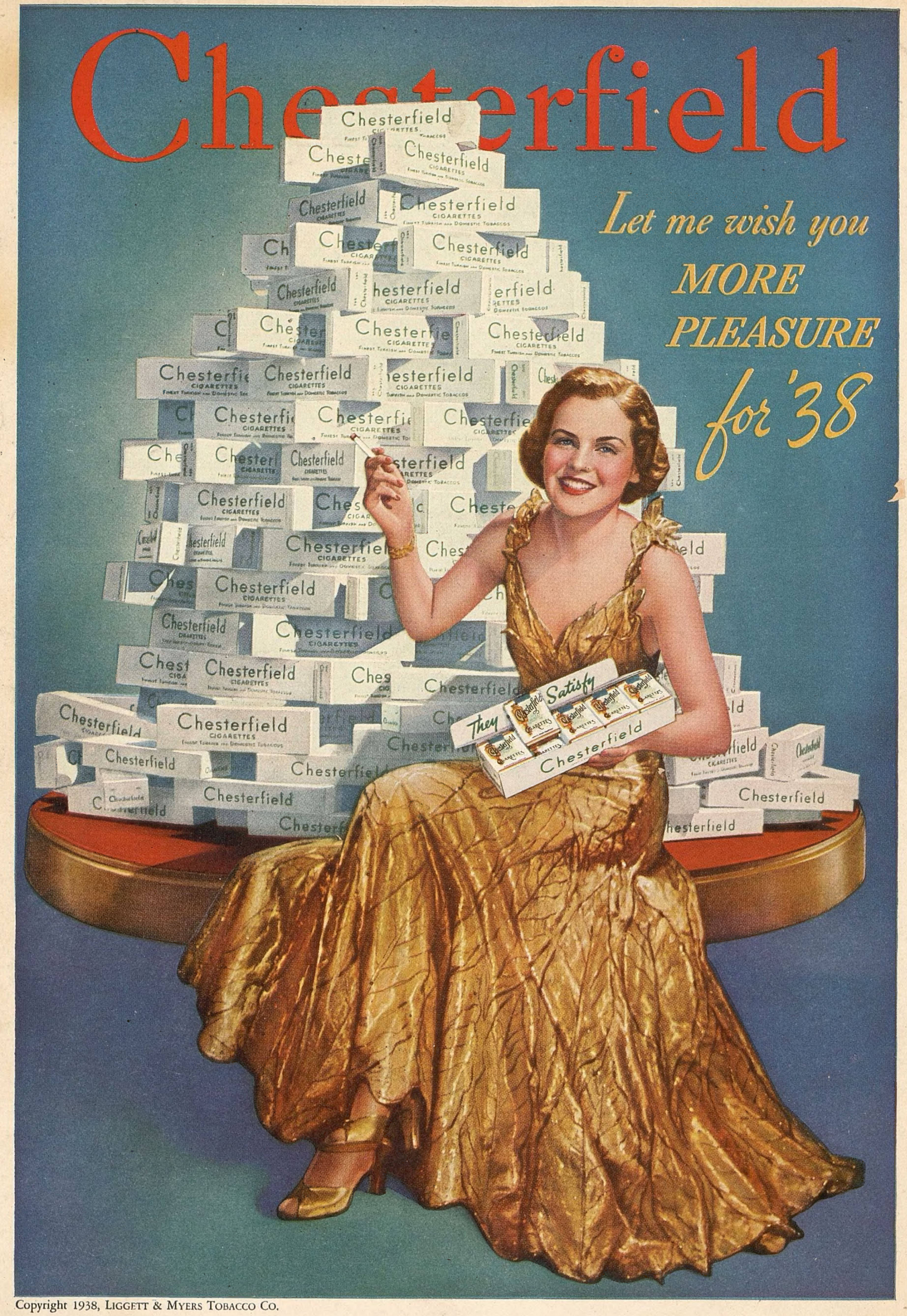
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